

CONSTANTINOPLE

AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

EXHIBITING

THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND HABITS OF
THE TURKS, ARMENIANS, JEWS, AND GREEKS, AS MODIFIED
BY THE POLICY OF SULTAN MAHMOUD.

BY / A N A M E R I C A N,
LONG RESIDENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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C O N S T A N T I N O P L E .
A N D I T S E N V I R O N S .

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

LETTER XXII.

Kadi Kieuy, July 27, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

It appears to me to be a long time since I have given you any of my hieroglyphics to decipher, but the fact is, I have not been able to write, not that I have been sick, but that I have not been well. I have been just in that state when a man is fit for nothing under heaven, that I know of, except to sleep and lounge about. I have been bilious, and had not the courage to take the proper medicine. A slight sickness of the stomach, a dull stupid feeling in the head, an absolute laziness of body and mind. To tell the truth, I believe I have had the "blue devils." Were you ever troubled in that way? It is abominable, and serves only to reconcile one to death. If I had been in England, I should have hanged myself, or done something equally ridiculous.

I am in no humour for writing now, and my only object, or the chief one, is to inclose you a news-

paper, wherein you will find an account of the progress of "civilization," as Mr. Canning calls it.

At the fete described, were all the higher officers of the Turkish government, and no people could have enjoyed themselves more. They drank champagne like water, and tumbled down upon it, all sorts of wine. Some of them got as tipsy as lords. The Hakim Bachi was so far gone that they had to carry him to his boat, and the seraskier and the younger pachas actually attempted to waltz with the young ladies, but it was too much for them, they could not stand it. A few nights previous, a similar fete was given by Mr. Banting, the Russian minister, and the Turks, of whom there were great numbers, manifested great satisfaction; but they all got fuddled and danced. They were exceedingly fond of our society and of imitating our manners; and I have not the least doubt that the feast given to the Sultan by the Hakim Baché, which is mentioned in the same paper, was an exact representation of those which he had seen at the foreign minister's, for he collected together all the dancing-boys, one half of whom were dressed in the Frank male dress, and the other half in the Frank female dress, and he made them dance the *contre* dance, cotillions and waltzes, before the Sultan.

The same has been done in the palace of the Sultan's sister, when she had her women dressed in the Frank female and male attire, and taught to dance in the European manner. There is no doubt that they had royal times of it at the hakim's pal-

acc^o, who appears to be a very great favorite of the Sultan. This I had an opportunity of witnessing a short time since.

Mr. Eckford was advised to build a despatch boat, which was to beat every thing on the Bosphorus in sailing. When she was finished, I went on board of her, on her first trial, and we beat up to the truly magnificent new palace of Beler-beg, just finished, and the present residence of the Sultan.

He was apparently much pleased with her working and sailing, and from his window directed Mr. Eckford to make two or three tacks, which was done; after which, he directed the vessel to come to the quay in front of the Golden Gate of the palace. The order was soon obeyed, when he descended to the vessel, accompanied by two pachas, his aids, the Hakim Baché, and a humorous fellow, a privileged character, and a sort of buffoon, whose business it is to keep the Sultan in good humour. This is the same man who formerly steered, and I believe now steers the Sultan's boat. He is a terrible fellow for swearing, breaks out on the boatmen in the most profane language, and the reprimand of the Sultan has no effect in restraining him. On ~~one~~ occasion, the Sultan bet with him some thousand piasters, that he could not cross the Bosphorus without swearing at the boatmen. The money was staked on both sides, and they started, the Sultan having previously given to the boatmen a hint that he wished them to be as awkward as possible. First, one began to "catch crabs," then another,

and the greatest confusion was produced in rowing, each one pulling his own stroke without regard to time or regularity. The steersman bit his lips, shook his fist, stamped his feet and groaned, but all to no purpose, it only increased the confusion. He was bursting, he could stand it no longer; and poured out a torrent of impiety and abuse, such as never before assailed imperial ears. "You have lost your bet," said the Sultan calmly, and pocketed the money.

This old fellow ran about every part of the vessel, peeping into every hole and corner, continually beckoning, and calling to the Sultan to come and look.

As the Sultan approached the vessel, the old hakim appeared to be explaining to him something about the dances he had seen. They both appeared to be in fine humour, and every now and then, the doctor would touch the Sultan's arm, and desire him to look at him, when he would try to imitate the steps of the European dances.

The Sultan came to the distance of about three paces from the vessel, when he stopped, and assuming all the majesty of the sovereign of a great empire, he cast his eyes around among us, and immediately asked who I was? They told him. He then inquired who my nephew was, and on being informed called Mr. Eckford to him, and gave him a snuff-box set with diamonds. I landed with my nephew, and walked to a little distance, when every person on board, down to the very lowest, was called

on shore, and each one in turn, received a present in money.

I had a fine opportunity of seeing the Sultan. He has a noble countenance, though an eye that cannot bear your earnest look for an instant. His features are regular and handsome, and he has a fine rosy complexion, but a little brown, from frequent exposure to the sun. His form is erect, about five feet ten inches high, a little inclined to corpulency. His beard is rather short, but full, and of a deep shining black. It is said to be stained, which I think is probable. His head was covered with the red fez, without any other ornament than the full blue silk tassel, which hung from the top and fell behind. He wore a straight-breasted, light-blue silk jacket with a collar closely buttoned up to the chin, on the breast of which was a small diamond badge.

His trowsers were of crimson silk, rather full, and gathered round the waist, descending to the ankle, where they were quite tight, and showed off to great advantage, a handsome foot, covered by a silk stocking, and a remarkably neat European shoe, tied with a black ribband.

The whole dress was simple and very becoming. It resembled, except in the fez, such as gentlemen of the United States put on their sons between the ages of six and eight. The jacket was rather short waisted.

The whole personal appearance of the Sultan was very clean, and what surprised me was, that it was much more so than that of the young pachas, and

the others who attended him. In fact, there was a slight air of dandyism about him.

There were three or four servants or pages leaning against the sides of the gate and the garden wall, and every body about the Sultan appeared to be as much at their ease, as military or naval officers are generally in the presence of their chief; nay, more so, than I have myself witnessed on some occasions, and on my first entrance into the navy, was made to feel. I look back with horror to that period, when an unfriended and unprotected youth, I was made to feel the contumely and oppression of, a proud and tyrannical, though gallant naval commander. How I had patience to submit to it, or fortitude enough to bear it, is to me now a wonder and a mystery. Perhaps my sufferings then, may have had a powerful effect on my character subsequently, in giving it a disposition to resist oppression, and oppose tyranny, in whatever quarter they may manifest themselves.

The Sultan Mahmoud, the most absolute sovereign on the earth, can afford to be kind and courteous to those around him; but the little tyrant, who scruts his few fathoms of scoured plank, dare not unbend, lest he should lose that appearance of respect from his inferiors which their fears inspire. He has therefore, no society, no smiles, no courtesies for or from any one. Wrapped up in his notions of his own dignity, and the means of preserving it, he shuts himself up from all around him. He stands alone, without the friendship or sympathy of one on

board; a solitary being in the midst of the ocean. This, nine times out of ten, is the condition of naval commanders.

A man of war is a petty kingdom, and is governed by a petty despot, exacting from his subjects, all the respect and homage, that are voluntarily and spontaneously bestowed on a higher order of legitimate sovereigns.

But what am I doing on the quarter deck, when my business is with Constantinople? Excuse the digression; my thoughts happened to turn on the navy, a thing that occupies them generally as little as any other, except as an arm of general defence to our country. When they do turn on it, they are always unpleasant. During the whole thirty and one years, that I have been in the naval service, I do not recollect having passed one day, I will not say of happiness, but of pleasure. Enough of this.

The Turkish women are no less anxious and curious to learn our customs than the men. I have frequent visits from them. Whole harems come to my house, and go all over it. The husband sometimes, though rarely comes with them. About three weeks since, six or seven of them, the wife and relatives of a captain of the Imperial Guards, came to see me, and brought with them two boys, one of the age of seven, the other nine years, who were soon to be circumcised, and invited me and my family to witness the ceremony. I promised to attend. They remained some hours, insisted on my showing them every thing in the house, looked

into my drawers, examined my coats, shirts and cravats, and insisted on my putting on my uniform. I gave them sweetmeats, fruit, and coffee. They were delighted, and said they had never been so happy, and would come again, but that I must come and see them, and dine with them; and we parted on both sides, well pleased with each other. Some of them were very beautiful, particularly the youngest, about seventeen years old. It is not usual for them to take off their "yackmacks," but profiting by my character of doctor, (for I practice physic in my neighbourhood), when they asked me to feel their pulses, I desired them to take off their veils, that I might examine their faces and tongues, which they readily did, and gave me a good opportunity of examining their features, and three of them were certainly very handsome.

The time came round in a few days for the circumcision, and on notice of it being given me by a soldier, I repaired to the house, with all my family, except one servant who remained in charge of the house. We found three boys, decked out in all sorts of finery preparatory to the occasion. A kind of throne, highly decorated, and large enough for all three of the boys, was in one of the rooms, where they were seated after the ceremony was performed. There was a great concourse of male friends in the house, and the one on the opposite side of the street (which was so near that one could reach across from the projecting windows,) was filled with females; while the street below, was crowded with

young girls of from ten to thirteen years of age, all well dressed, who were busily engaged in buying up the confectionary and sweetmeats of two or three venders of these articles, who had taken their stand near the door.

Perhaps more pulling and hauling, and more noise was never before witnessed among an equal number of girls, than was witnessed on this occasion. Every now and then, the hoarse voices of the venders might be heard among their pining and shrill pipes, for several attempts were made during the confusion, to seize violently, on the tempting articles of which they were the legitimate proprietors. The railing and scolding of their mothers from the windows above, were drowned by the voices from below, and had no effect whatever in restraining this predatory disposition, as long as a sugar-plumb was to be seen. A few handfulls of paras which were showered down among them from our windows, increased the noise, and hastened the disappearance of the sweet things.

Our host gave us some soup and meats, and made a bowl of excellent drink, while some Greek musicians belonging to the Sultan's household, regaled us with tunes and songs. The windows were open on both sides of the street, and the women anxiously waiting to witness the ceremony.

The father asked me if I wished to be present at the operation, when answering in the affirmative, he took me into the room, where I found three or four persons, a member of the church, (an Imaun,) and

one of the boys, There were no prayers, nor church service whatever. It was done in an instant, and the women on the opposite side of the street, and the girls below, gave three shouts of Amen! Amen! Amen! The boy was taken out, and placed on the throne, and the others were brought in, and operated on, in succession.

On leaving the room, I found them all seated on the throne, each sucking an orange, and laughing with one another as if nothing had happened.

The ceremony being over, I took leave of the host, and proceeded to the mosque of the howling and jumping Dervishes at Scutary. I do not know how to give you an idea of these people; but from what I have heard of the Jumpers and Shakers among us, there must be some resemblance between them.

The mosque is situated at the back of Scutary, and not far from the grave-yard. It is a little wooden building. After-passing through a small yard, you enter it by a door in front, and find yourself in a square room with a large enclosure in the middle, having a platform outside, on which you stand or sit, as you please, leaving your shoes or boots on the outside of the door.

On entering, the chief "Dervish," a tall, grave-looking man, dressed in the old Turkish costume, with turban and loose robes, and his hands crossed on his breast, was addressing a prayer to the Almighty. Those who were standing in front of him, about a dozen or more in number, occasionally re-

sponded, Allah! These were the performers in the scene which followed, and consisted of inferior dervishes, two or three soldiers, a very respectable looking Turkish gentleman, a few more amateurs, and two young boys.

After the prayer was over, all, except the amateurs, stepped forward to receive the blessing of the chief dervish, who placed both hands on their heads, and uttered a short prayer. They now formed a row along one side of the square, with their faces towards the chief dervish, who stood near the middle, with his back towards a kind of altar, over which and about it, hung various large coloured cloths with various Turkish inscriptions. Around and about the altar, were a multitude of instruments of torture, such as whips, scourges of iron chains, sharp iron spikes, rusty daggers, knives, swords, axes and hatchets, with which they formerly tortured themselves, as well as one another, but latterly the Sultan has forbidden the practice; however, I am promised a performance of it; but I am getting ahead of my story.

• Two persons with small drums, placed themselves on sheep-skins, in front of the line, also two singers. • They began by chaunting a slow and melancholy song, while the turbans and other head-dresses of those of the line, were taken off and laid on one side; those in the line responding to the chaunt, and the drums kept time. At this moment, several very aged and venerable looking men, with long white beards, entered the mosque, and seated

themselves on sheep and lion-skins, on the side of the square opposite to the performers.

The chaunting and the music became gradually more loud, rapid, and animated, and the responses more piercing and wild. The bodies of all the performers began slightly to move from one side to the other, the chaunting became louder and louder, the motion of their bodies more and more rapid,—their heads were thrown from shoulder to shoulder, the drums beat louder, the chanters clapped their hands and shouted, the performers stamped their feet, and began to swing their arms about, to roar, to bawl, to jump, and gnash their teeth. Huge drops of sweat rolled down their cheeks and breasts; the chief dervish in the middle of the room, keeping time by the motion of his body. The performers, the chanters, and the drummers, were worked up apparently to madness. They rolled their eyes, and foamed at the mouth, their voices became hoarser and hoarser, and weaker and weaker. They lost the power of utterance, and could scarcely breathe. They were exhausted and fainting madmen.

The chief dervish now threw off his outer robe, and laid aside his turban. His long and loose hair fell down his back and over his face. He threw out his arms, and looked to perfection the wild and frightful maniac.

He sprang forward, he roared, he clapped his hands, he jumped, he ran from one side of the room to the other, encouraging them to new efforts. They exerted themselves to the utmost. Human nature

could do no more. They were ready to faint. All was still as death. This scene lasted about half an hour.

One of the performers now stepped forward a few paces, and in a faint voice, and most graceful manner, sang a hymn to the Divinity, to which all responded, Allah! Allah! Allah! One verse, as translated to me, ran thus : .

“ God is my love, my hope, my delight,
With God, I am every thing , without God, I am nothing.
God is great and holy,
Great and holy is God.
Great is God,—God is great.”

The respondents sang,—

“ Allah! Allah! Allah!”

The effect of this hymn was charming. It appeared to me as if I could have listened to them for hours. It lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, and I regretted when it ceased.

After this, another performance succeeded, similar so, but more wild and frantic than the first, as well as more violent in the action, in which the chief dervish participated from the beginning, he, and the old gray-bearded man, keeping time by the motion of their bodies.

In about half an hour, they had worked themselves up to a high state of phrenzy, when, at a signal given by the chief dervish, they advanced hand in hand, forming a wide circle, of which he was the centre,

They danced round and round him, stamping, jumping, and bawling, he turning first to one, then to another, like a maniac ready to spring on his victim. He seized on one, and drew him into the circle, while the rest whirled round and round as in a waltz. Hands were now placed on the elbows; the circle grew smaller, gradually smaller and smaller. Their arms embraced each other's necks, and they formed as it were, a solid mass. Animal magnetism was now at its greatest height, they jumped, they screamed, they were at the pinnacle of madness. They ceased, and apparently exhausted, every one calmly walked to the door for air.

When I left the mosque, the sweet singer was singing a hymn to the gray-bearded man. We were immediately surrounded at the door by the dervishes, who, before we left them, made out to extract from our purses, the value of about three dollars. They informed us of the prohibition of the Sultan to the exhibition of their tortures, but said, if I would appoint a day, they would perform before me. I am told that they beat Mons. Chautaubert all to nothing in fire-eating and other matters.

If you want a description of the dancing or whirling dervishes of Galata, you will find a most accurate account of them in "Jones' Naval Sketches." I believe he copied from Hobhouse; however, the account is perfectly correct. As I have referred you to him, it is not worth while for me to describe them.

LETTER XXIII.

• Kadi Kieuy, July 28, 1832.

MY DEAR — ,

YESTERDAY being a fine day, I started early in the morning in my "*Kaick*," for Prince's Islands, to pass the day.

I will spare you the description of the voyage, the beautiful views of Constantinople, Barangoloo, Manu Baurme, Fanar Baché, Maltepec, &c. &c; the calmness of the sea, the hundreds of small craft with which we were surrounded, their sails lazily flapping against their masts; the clear blue sky, the Island of Marmora, and Mount Olympus clearly in view, the thousand beauties of the distant hills, and the group of Islands to which we were bound. All these I leave you to fill up, as your fertile fancy may dictate. Let it suffice to say, that in one hour and a half after our departure from the quay of Kadi Kieuy, we landed on that of the town of Prinkipo on the Island of that name.

The group consists of the four inhabited islands Peoti, Antigone, Chalky and Prinkipo; the last being the largest. There are some smaller islands in and about the group, but they are not worthy of notice.

On Peoti, stands the lonely monastery of the redemption. At Antigone there is a small, but very neat and comfortable looking town, and a good harbour, being protected by the little island of Pitta. At Chalky, there is a town of about one hundred and fifty houses, a palace, and mosque of the grand seignior, with extensive apartments for the women, domestics, and guards, and gardens. This establishment is very magnificent in the exterior. We had not an opportunity to enter it.

On this island, there are three monasteries, to wit, St. George's, the Three Virgins, and the Holy Family. At the latter is a Lancasterian school of one hundred scholars. At each of these monasteries there is at least one Greek *ναρπα* or priest.

On Prinkipo, there are three monasteries, those of St. George, St. Nicholas, and Christ. Like the others, they have but one or two priests in each, who are paid by the Greek patriarch, and derive a small revenue from furnishing visitors to the islands occasionally with meals and lodgings.

The inhabitants of the islands are all Greeks. I saw but one Turk, the representative of the age, who resides on the main, at a town called Maltepec, a visiter. and in the Frank dress.

They are governed by their own magnates, and appear to be very happy and comfortable. I saw not the least appearance of distress among them. The women are very handsome, and dress with a vast deal of taste. Many of them, at least twenty in a group, were dressed in the very height of Pa-

ristan fashion. I do not know whether they were visiters or not.

The town of Prinkipo, is on the northern ~~part~~ of the island. It may number from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred houses.

The landing place is near the market, for the sale of fish, meat, and vegetables, and of course the street is very dirty. About this place are a number of coffee and tipping shops, and a crowd of boatmen and fishermen. Turning off to the right, you ascend to a promenade called the Mijar or Magiar, the resort of the ladies and gentlemen resident on the island, and of visiters. It is an agreeable walk, and is filled with company every pleasant evening. There are long rows of benches here for public accommodation. At the end of this walk, there is a small public house, and by the side, there are handsome little shops, where ice-creams and other refreshments may be had.

I am told by those who have spent some weeks during the hot season at Prinkipo, that there is no part of Turkey where society is so agreeable, or where one can enjoy oneself so much. People go there to enjoy themselves, and it is asserted on good authority that the Perotes, and even the Drogermanerie are bearable at Prinkipo. Prinkipo is in fact a watering place, where people go to wash themselves in salt water, to dance in the dirt, eat bad food, and be flea bitten. There is but one pleasure to be enjoyed, and that is, to be agreeable to each other.

As we were walking along the Mijar or Magiar, I saw a hand bill stuck up at the side of one of the shops. It ran as follows,—

“TEATRO

AL ISOLA DI PRINCIPE A MAGIAR

DI MARIONETTE,

*Questa Sera Li 27 Lubic, 1832, si rappresentera:
Il poeta Straciapane farsu da ridere Il foletto farsa.*

Si chiuderà il Divertimento con cen Caletto.

Prezzo d'ingresso per i primi posti 2 Pro.

In piedi do. per i secondi posti 1.

Si dará principio al Divertimento alle ore 8 1-2.”

And on arriving at the public house before mentioned, which consists of a bar-room and a back room, I saw suspended a large board, on which the contents of the hand-bill were printed. I inquired of the landlord where the theatre was located, “please your excellency,” said he, with a bow, “this is the theatre.” “When does the performance commence?” “At eight o'clock, when the ladies come out to take a walk. We must have something to amuse the ladies; besides, we have a *Milor Anglaise* here, who will be at the theatre, and we expect a full house, as they all want to see him. He is now in the room,” pointing over his shoulder.

I had determined to remain to see this extraordinary

production of genius, but was struck all-aback when I was informed of the presence of his lordship, who was no less a personage than lord *****~~, in whose~~ company I had dined and supped, no less than five times, since I, (or rather he) came here, without ever having exchanged a word with him, or ever having heard him address a word to any other person. I have never known him to condescend to glance his eye on any one. I have watched him carefully, and cannot to this day swear to the colour of his eyes. He appears to be a most consummate fop, wrapped up in his own importance, too good for any person's company; and the rest of the world, it would appear, have agreed to think him so too, for his lordship had not a single companion with him, except two Swiss boors who were lounging near the door.

There were some half dozen Perotes who were watching at a distance to get a sight of the *lion*, who did not think proper to make his exit.

The presence of this wooden lordling would have driven me from Paradise, and it did drive me from Prinkipo. Chalky was in sight, and the lively song, and the tinkling of the gay guitar came sweeping over the water. This settled the business. We left the sociable and no doubt improving traveller to himself, and soon after, were skinning the calm surface of the sea for Chalky. On passing Mijar we had an opportunity of seeing his lordship listlessly lounging on one of the wooden benches, swinging his right leg to and fro like a pendulum, in

full consciousness of his dignity, and of nothing else. Lord ***** is a handsome young man, so far as I could get a look at his face, and of a good figure; but perhaps a more unsocial being does not exist.

An Elche's "kaick" always commands attention, and on the minister's approach to Prinkipo, and departure from it, every eye was on ours, and on our landing, crowds of men, women, and children, were assembled at the spot. It is not common for Elches to visit Prinkipo, and when they do, it is a wonder. The news soon spread. We walked through the town, and on our return, in some parts, the streets were literally lined with ladies and gentlemen, whom curiosity had attracted to see an Elche from the new world, "somewhere in London, where all the gilt buttons and pen knives come from."

The monastery of the Three Virgins, crowns the summit of a conical hill that overlooks the town of Chalky, and thither we wended our way, by a spiral road that winds round the hill. Some attempts have been made to cultivate, on the slopes, a forest of the pine, but with little prospect of success. The north wind had stunted and blighted them. The views from the ascending road were very fine, but all around the hill was barrenness and solitude. Not a sound was to be heard but the pipe and guitar from below.

A wide breach in the wall of the monastic enclosure appeared as we ascended the road, and tall cypress and other trees began to show their tops. A fine plain on the summit of the mountain, dis-

closed itself, covered with Greek men, women, and children, who were amusing themselves in various ways, and who had taken up their residence at the monastery for a few weeks to avoid the stench and ennui of Stamboul, Gallata and the Fanar. There were thirty-six of them; jewellers, and other respectable tradesmen, with their families, and among them, a public writer of great volubility of speech and much intelligence. His conversation served more to amuse than instruct us. His ideas of politics ran more on men, than on measures, and the *summum bonum* of all his ideas of liberty, was exemption from "karach," (the capitation tax) and the right to wear a hat. I here, for the first time, learned that the Greek workers in jewelry, gold and silver smiths, dealers in silk, furs and other trades, above the ordinary shop-keeper, wear the Armenian dress. It was the case with all now present, but it was much neater than that worn by the Armenians with whom, I had before associated. It was finer and more *choisi*. The women wear the Greek head-dress and the Frank gown, with wide, or rather big sleeves, such as our women use.

The Greek men were very sociable, and drank our wine with apparently great *goût*. But the women were more shy, and kept themselves, or rather their husbands kept them confined to their rooms in the monastery, while we occupied a "kiosk" of a single room, which overlooked the villages of Chalky, Prinkipo and Antigone, and had a view of the apartments of the women.

When the Greeks departed to take their dinner, it was intimated to them, that it would be quite agreeable to me to have an opportunity to pay my respects to their families, and they promised to introduce me. We could see by the view into the windows when their repast was finished, and accordingly sallied out of our kiosk to meet them, but were surprised to find on entering the monastery gate, that every door was shut against us. After remaining some time, (every now and then, a pretty face peeping out of the windows), we were about to return to our kiosk, when one of the Greeks came to ask in a very kind way, if we wanted any thing, and if he could be of any service? Another came to show us an ancient inscription at the back of the church; a third, to show us the most pleasant walk on the top of the hill, and in fine, they wheedled us out of the monastery yard, and towards our own kiosk, where they lighted their pipes, sent for a bottle of their sour wine, and some rotten apples and pears, and after they had drank all our wine and a bottle of our gin, we took our leave of them.

They expressed many kind wishes for us, and wanted to show us the way down the hill; invited us very pressingiy to return again, and *themselves* to visit us, as soon as possible, at Kadi Kieuy; "although it was a place not sufficiently respectable for an Elche Bey, as it was inhabited by Turks who were nearly as bad as the Franks of Pera."

On descending to the town, we were the subject of curiosity. Every window was open, and every

eye upon us. All Grecian women looking out of the window, look like pretty pictures in their frames — their head-gear and busts showing off to great advantage, and many a pretty picture we saw at Chalky.

We embarked in a pleasant, light and refreshing drizzle, which served to blunt the rays of the sun, to which our faces were exposed, and (at the expense of a slight sponging of our hats and coats, which were dry almost as soon as wet) answered all the purpose of an awning or umbrella. This, however, did not last long. The pleasing mist suddenly ceased, and the rays of the sun, which it had resisted, darted upon us, reflected from the water as if from a mirror, with an intensity almost insupportable.

It was necessary to seek relief from it, and we took refuge at *Farar Baché*, where we found a considerable concourse of people making “keff,” and some of them our acquaintances. A pipe and coffee wasted half an hour, a quarter more, placed us on *manu bournee*, and a few minutes’ walk brought us home. “So endeth this day’s work,” as they say in the log-book.

Yours most truly.

P. S. The church of the monastery of the Three Virgins, is the largest I have been in, in this country. It is well filled with pictures, and is handsomely finished. On entering the door, there is a tombstone of the wife of a waivode of Wallachia on

which is inscribed an eagle flying towards the sun, with this proud motto; "Nothing beneath this rules me."

The ancient inscription which I mentioned, is at the back of the church, over the door, and may be seen from a pig-pen.

The papa who attended the monastery was quite old. In return for the "pickled cucumbers, olives, sardinias and fried eggs with which he furnished us, we gave him forty piasters, with which he was well satisfied.

LETTER XXIV.

Pera, November 1st, 1832.

MY DEAR —,

A GREAT while has elapsed since I had the pleasure of writing you, and during which time, many events of interest have passed. I do not know now, whether I can call them to mind and unravel them, amidst all the confusion which a variety of circumstances jumbled together in the brain (or wherever the seat of memory be) produces.

I have had the *plague* in my family. This caused great consternation, and a quarantine in tents, for one month, in one of the worst spells of bad weather that I ever experienced, during which I took a severe cold, followed by a bilious fever, from which I have not yet recovered. Captain and Mrs. Read, and fourteen or fifteen of his officers, with their servants, were at my house on a visit for a week. A servant of mine whom I had engaged only a few days before, was taken sick. I had him brought up to my room, felt his pulse, and prescribed for him a dose of calomel. Some time afterward, I went to his room, assisted in undressing and putting him to bed. Some of the servants assured me that he had the plague. I felt for the buboes which gene-

rally appear as soon as the person is attacked; but could not find any. Next morning a person came from the pest-house to examine him, and immediately pronounced his disorder to be the plague. On the next day, the poor fellow was taken to his grave, covered with buboes.

My fate was supposed to be sealed. Twenty-four hours was the time allowed for the appearance of the plague on me. This is the usual time after personal contact when it has appeared. Twenty-four hours elapsed. The minutes were counted. I was shunned by all. My servants talked of deserting me, and leaving me to my fate. I sent for tents, and encamped them in different parts of the grounds. Armenians were employed in purifying the house and furniture. Every article of clothing which it was in the slightest degree possible had been contaminated, were burnt, and after a month's employment, and suffering from the "pelting of the pitiless storm," we were enabled to go in safety back to the house.

Captain Read and his party left me on the day after the plague appeared, in a small Turkish vessel for Smyrna. On board of this vessel was a passenger who had bought a *turban* in the Bazar, and strange and incredible as it may appear, this man escaped the pestilence, as did all on board; but three of his brothers, a short time after his arrival, caught it, and all died. These were the only cases of pestilence which had appeared this year in

Smyrna, and its introduction was traced to the aforesaid *turban*.

These facts were well authenticated, and have been published by authority in the Smyrna paper. It is inconceivable, what trouble, alarm, and expense, the occurrence of a plague case occasions in a family. I had no idea of it until it occurred in mine, and it will be a warning to me in future, to use every precautionary measure to guard against its introduction into my household. I have them now all under strict quarantine. Nothing whatever comes into the house without undergoing purification. Letters and papers are smoked; other articles, when practicable, are passed through water.

It could hardly have occasioned more surprise, if I had risen from the grave, than that I should have escaped the pestilence, after having come in personal contact with it. It is a case that rarely occurs.

About the middle of October, finding the weather too cold for a residence in the country, I was compelled to remove to this place, where I am very comfortably fixed in a new house, (or palace as it is called,) built since the fire which destroy'd the town. Nearly the whole of the houses which were burnt down, have been restored by others, of improved beauty; and in passing through the principal streets, a stranger would hardly be able to discover where the fire had raged. From my house I have a most magnificent view of the port, the seraglio, (which I look down into,) the Sea, of Marmora and Prince's

Islands, Kadi Kieuy and Scutary,—the Bosphorus, and the greater part of Pera, and Top Hana. I am as it were, situated on the camel's hump, and can see all around me. There are few houses in Pera more elevated than mine, and not one so snug, handsome, and commodious. Yet it is a sad thing to be eternally obliged to preserve quarantine, to shun every human being you meet in the street, be he a friend or otherwise; no approaching one another,—no shake of the hand,—nothing but a distant salutation, from opposite sides of the streets; no sociability,—no meeting at one another's houses; all is mistrust. To be suspected of the plague is the same thing as being suspected of crime, and to have the plague is to be guilty; for you are abandoned by every human being, and left to your fate with as little compassion and compunction as is felt for a dog. And yet, self-preservation makes this somewhat necessary, for at this moment, and for some time past, the deaths by plague, have been reported at seven hundred, and eight hundred per day! In one week, three thousand five hundred persons are said to have died of it! I passed through the village of St. Demetrius a few days since, and one half of the population were encamped in the fields, undergoing purification from plague. A gentleman who visited its grave-yard at about the same time, told me, that forty large open graves awaited the tenants, who were ready to be deposited in them. Another, passing by a landing-place at the navy-yard, counted upwards of twenty dead bodies just landed from

Constantinople, on their way to the grave-yard of Pera. Dead bodies for the grave-yards, and plague patients for the hospitals, are frequently met with in the streets; and as these are narrow and crooked, there is great danger of running foul of them in turning the angles. They are generally carried on the backs and shoulders of the "hamals," or porters, and so little is their apprehension of the plague, that they will carry a corpse to its grave, or a patient to the hospital, for two piasters, not quite twelve and a half cents. The plague hospital is at the upper part of Pera, near the grave-yard, a dark, gloomy looking building, without any opening on the street, into which nearly all who enter die.

There are plague hospitals for every different nation; one for Greeks one for Franks, another for Armenians, a fourth for Jews, and a fifth, sixth, and seventh, for Turks, for it is a mistaken notion that they take no precautions against the plague. There are many of the respectable Turks who use every means to preserve themselves and families from it, as the Christians do. I may mention the Reis Efendi (the Secretary of State) as one instance. He will, during the prevalence of the plague, permit no one to approach him, before he has been put into a box, made for the purpose, and which has been thoroughly smoked. The box is high enough for a man to stand erect in, and is something like a centry box, with a hole in the side to put the face through;

the bottom is perforated, and under it, is a drawer, where the materials for purifying by smoke are placed. In every Armenian house, and indeed in almost every house, of persons who are in the habit of visiting the Bazars, and other crowded places, there is a similar box, and every one of the inmates of the house, when they return from their business, before they have any communication with the family, are subjected to the process of smoking.

In other families there is a smaller box, about three feet high, prepared with a smoking apparatus, into which every thing is thrown that may contain the plague, before it passes the barrier between that part of the family which is in quarantine, and that which is not; such as the door-keeper, the official guards, the *cavaïsse*, and the *yackzackgée*, who are Turks.

At this time, throughout Pera, there is a barrier thrown across every shop-door, to prevent the entrance of pestilence. If you want any thing, you point it out to the shop-keeper, who shows you the article as a sample, but you are not allowed to touch it until after you have bought it. All these precautions are no doubt very necessary, but they are very troublesome and annoying, for they remind you every instant, that death is staring you in the face. Do what you will to divert your mind from the subject, you cannot do it; plague and pestilence are for ever at your elbow, and you can never get clear of the recollection of them.

But enough of this unpleasant topic. I send you (to give you an idea of the state of literature in this country,) a list of Turkish books, published in this capital and at Scutary. No doubt there are many others, but these will satisfy you that the Osmanlees are not so far behind the rest of the world as some would imagine. You will find in this list, books connected with the highest branches of learning. Recently, the French Military system of Tactics has been translated into the Turkish language, and published here in two volumes, with all the corresponding plates. They have excellent colleges established here, and many of the Turks are well educated and well informed men on general subjects, and have a very tolerable idea of our government and institutions.

I intended to have given you an account of an accidental interview with the Sultan, which was highly flattering and gratifying to me, but as there were a great many with me at the time, there will no doubt be letters written and published on the subject, and as I feel sick, I will for the present bid you adieu.

Yours truly.

P. S. It is an immense time since I have received a line from a soul in America. I begin to think that you may be tired of my scrawls, but as I have told you before, I merely send you the rough material. The Moniteur Ottoman will furnish you with some excellent matter, as it contains a tolerable

history of the Sultan's difficulties with Mehemed Ali, his conquests, and the progress of "reform" by the Sultan.

I send you an itinerary of Constantinople, the result of my peregrinations.

ITINERARY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE stands on seven hills, and to see it to advantage, the traveller is advised to examine each hill separately, by which means he will save himself a vast deal of useless trouble and fatigue, and the objects of curiosity and interest will be the less likely to escape his notice.

There is a lithographic map of Constantinople to be sold in some of the shops of Pera, which was published in 1827, by Levrault of Paris, which is very correct, and will be found of the greatest utility in threading the labyrinth of that irregular city. This, with a *cavaisse*, or personal guard to protect him, and the directions which I purpose giving him, will enable him to see almost every thing worth seeing, in this extraordinary place.

We will begin by dividing the labour of examination into as many parts as there are hills, so that

he may be enabled to finish his examination in one week, and shall commence with the seraglio which occupies the first hill.

FIRST DAY.

The lovely position of the seraglio which occupies the first hill, offers so irresistible an invitation to commence at that point, that we cannot refuse to accept it. Indeed, it is impossible to direct our attention to any other object until we have examined that. It is the first thing that strikes our attention on approaching the city from the Dardanelles, the constant object of our wonder and admiration, and the last thing on which we cast our parting looks.

The magnificent mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Achmet, the burnt porphyry column, the square column, the Egyptian obelisk, and a thousand other objects of beauty and interest, although not within the walls of the seraglio, which enclose its palaces and mosques, the mint, its massive towers, its gardens, and hundreds of magnificent *kiosks*, yet mingle with, and are even united with the white walls, the green shrubbery, the gilded roofs, and the tall and tapering cypress, that it is impossible to separate them. They all mingle in the view and the imagination, as necessary to form a beautiful whole, not one particle of which can be taken away without injury to the magnificent scene. Even the gilded miniature crescent, twinkling in the sun beams,

which decorates the slender rod that terminates the graceful minaret, and which points to another world, could not be spared, without material injury to this splendid picture.

No sovereign on earth can boast of a residence more favoured by art and nature. Both seem to have united to bestow on it their greatest beauties.

The extent of the walls which enclose the seraglio, are, as near as I can judge, about three miles and a half in circumference; or in other words, enclose a space of as great extent as is contained within the walls of the City of Vienna, the capital of Austria.

There are certain gates through which one may pass the exterior walls, and walk through part of the grounds of the seraglio; but admission to the interior cannot be obtained without great difficulty, except to medical men and others in the service of the Sultan. Formerly, it is said, the difficulty of passing the interior walls was not so great; but since the revolution, which cost Selim the third his life, the access has been shut to all Franks, except those before mentioned. We must therefore content ourselves in taking the rounds of the exterior, which may be done in about three quarters of an hour.

Let us land at *Tali Kiosk*, the first public landing place above the point of the seraglio, and near the houses where the gala barges of the grand scignior are kept in preservation. In one of these places is deposited the splendid barge of Sultan Murad,

highly ornamented with precious stones of the greatest value. For a few piasters to the guardian, it may be seen. They have a tradition, that a Turk stole two of those stones, and that the day after, they were found in the places from whence they had been taken, and that the Turk became blind. This tradition, which is firmly believed by every true Musselman, is a sufficient security for the jewels with which this barge is decorated. Suspended in copper chains near this place, are several large bones, evidently those of a whale, which they gravely tell you are the bones of a giant.

At *Tali kiosk* is a spacious place, where it was usual in grand solemnities, to have tents placed for the dignitaries of the empire, and foreign ministers, to witness the fire-works and other public sports there exhibited. The grand seignior on those occasions, is seated on a silver throne, which is kept at *Techid Kiosk*, or the green pavilion, which is close by. This green pavilion, is a beautiful marble building, with a portico all round it, and for its better preservation, is entirely covered with green painted canvass. I found no difficulty in obtaining access to it, and was shown the silver throne, occupied, as before stated, by the Sultan.

Let us now step into our *kaick*, and proceed towards Scraglio Point, and thence along the walls. We pass several ancient looking cannon of a strange construction and size, some of which have a bore for large balls, and the outer shells containing smaller calibres, for balls of from six to nine pounds

weight. Many are calculated for balls of an enormous size, and are said to have been brought from Damascus, where they were used in the siege. From this place, the signal for the *Bairam* is fired, and salutes for other great public festivals.

Passing the "giant's bones," we come to *Top Kapa*, or the cannon gate. In this neighbourhood, are some beautiful *kiosks* or pavilions, highly decorated with ancient marble columns, the pillage of neighbouring cities; and the *Mermer kiosk*, is supported by some of verd antique. At this position, but at some distance from the quay, may be perceived in the interior of the seraglio, among the cypresses, a beautiful antique column of white marble, of the Corinthian order, and of about sixty feet in height, which is said to bear on its pedestal the following inscription :

Fortune reditici al devictos Gothos.

In passing along the walls are to be seen many pieces of ancient architecture inserted in them. Some say, that they were taken from the church of St. Sauvent; others, that they are the remains of the palace of Marcian. Among them are several Greek inscriptions.

Passing successively different pavilions, some of which are built in the Frank style, we arrive at *Balik Chané*, or the fishing place. A pavilion built of wood, and glued, as it were, to the walls of the seraglio.

To this place they bring the grand viziers imme-

diately after they are deposed. Deprived of all their dignities and splendour, abandoned by all the world, they tremblingly await in this pavilion, the determination of their fate. A boat, like that of Charon, takes them from thence, either to death or banishment; for a deposed vizier cannot live in the capital after his fall.

Gadab Kiosk is the last building on this side. At the gate *Achar Kaper*, are the great stables of the Sultan. A small light-house terminates the walls of the seraglio on the sea-side.

We now land, and proceed along the walls to the interior of the city, and come to the open square called *Aya Sophia*, (which is ornamented by a beautiful fountain of Persian architecture), and to the grand gate of the seraglio, called *Bahé houmayoun*.

This is the place where they expose the heads of their enemies killed in battle, those of highway robbers, and state criminals.

You may pass freely here into the first court of the seraglio, when you will see to the left, the ancient church of St. Irène, where is kept in good preservation, the ancient armour, which is at times exhibited at the tournaments and exercises of horsemanship, which occasionally accompany public rejoicings. This is not so much the case now as it was formerly. The old mint, or *Sarb Hané*, is in the same court.

The gate which leads to the second court is called *Marbin*, or between both. Here they execute the viziers who are condemned to death. This

is the permanent station of the public executioners ; and what will appear strange, this is the place where foreign ministers are made to wait, before and after an audience with the Sultan, and to witness the passing-by of the train of ministers, belonging to the Ottoman Porte.

The second court is divided into walks or passages, and has on each side, the vast kitchens of the seraglio. It was in this court that they were in the habit, during the time of the Janizaries, of distributing to them the *pilau* during public audiences.

This dangerous and tumultuous body of undisciplined troops, at the moment the minister was admitted to audience, precipitated themselves pell-mell, on the dishes arranged on the ground, and seizing them, rushed towards the hall of the divan, to the great discomfiture of all present.

The hall of the divan is surrounded by a square wall. It is of a handsome oriental architecture, but is very dark. The minister is here subjected to long ceremonies previous to the audience, which terminates by a répast at the table of the grand vizier.

The peristyle which leads to the third gate, terminates the distance within the seraglio, that cannot be penetrated by a Frank, except at the audience of a minister.

There are about a dozen persons who, on these occasions, are allowed to accompany the minister. Formerly it was the practice to dress three persons in pelices lined with fur; these were called "pelices

of honour;" the *Capiji Bachés* or chamberlains, then seized them by the arms and hurried them along through the rows of white eunuchs, to the hall of audience, where the Sultan, seated on his throne, allowed them to enjoy for some minutes, the honour of his presence. It was considered an extraordinary distinction if he condescended to address a few words to the foreign minister.

The present Sultan has done away, in a great measure, with this formality, and it is now usual for him to meet foreign ministers at one of his palaces on the Bosphorus, where the dressing with pelices is dispensed with, and the presentation of snuff-boxes is substituted. The Sultan has lately been known to converse familiarly with foreign ministers speaking the Turkish language, and to lay aside his dignity so far as to give a hearty shake of his hand.

All the rest of the seraglio, (except the new mint, which on some former occasion, I described), the gardens, the treasures, the harem, &c. are inaccessible to profane eyes; we will therefore proceed to other examinations.

SECOND DAY.

We will now land at *Baktche Kapouri*. The mausoleum of Sultan Abdulhamid, built of white marble is near this gate. The stone coffin of the Sultan is surrounded by those of his wives' and children. They are covered with pieces of carpet which

the piety of Ottoman princes has sent annually to Mecca, to be used in the holy house of the Caaba, and brought thence by the pilgrims, to sanctify the graves of the deceased. On the other side is the *imaret*, or pious establishment of the same Sultan, where soup is daily distributed to poor students. Near this is the library of Abdulhamid, which is open nearly every day of the week for every body, not excepting the Franks. Among other rare manuscripts, (you find little else than manuscripts in a Turkish library), they show you at a respectful distance, an Alcoran, written by the hand of *Calif Osman*, the third successor to the Prophet Mahomet.

In ascending the hill, and keeping by the walls of the scraglio, we come to the sublime Porte, or the palace of the government, which was rebuilt in the year 1812; the old one having been burnt down on the night of the fifteenth of November, 1808, which cost the life of the famous *Barakdar Mustapha Bacha*. It is here where the affairs of state are principally conducted. It is the habitation of the grand vizier, or his *Kaimakam*, and here are the principal bureaux, or offices of the empire. From a *Kiosk* placed in a salient angle of the scraglio, the Sultan observes the approach, and the manner in which foreign ministers who visit the Porte, conduct themselves.

Near the stables of the grand vizier is to be found the entrance to the famous cistern called *Yerbatan-Sarai*, or the subterranean palace. It is a vast cistern filled with water, the top of which is supported

by some hundreds of columns, in which you may proceed in a boat to a considerable distance. Another cistern, larger still and more accessible, and for this reason better known, is situated not far from the first mentioned one. It is dry, partly filled with earth, and is supported by two hundred and forty columns. It is called the "Thousand Columns." Many of these columns, which are in three tiers, one standing on another, have on them numerous Greek inscriptions. There is a silk spinning establishment here which is worked by a number of squalid looking wretches who torment you from the beginning to the end of your visit for *etmek para*, bread money.

A short distance from this, in an obscure lane, we find extensive ruins, said to be those of the palace of Belisarius; and among these, the entrance to another of those extensive dry cisterns, now occupied by spinners of cotton thread.

These cisterns once served as reservoirs for the water brought from an immense distance by the noble aqueduct, the ruins of which now serve only as an embellishment of the picture which the city presents in some points of view. There are many of these ancient cisterns distributed in different parts of the city, some of which are nearly full of water, and others dry. The latter are generally used for the purpose of spinning silk and cotton. The dampness, although unfavourable to the health of the persons employed, as their appearance proves to be the

fact, is said to be favourable to the operation of spinning.

The celebrated mosque of St. Sophia, which has served as a model for all the mosques in the city, deserves to be visited more than once. Its exterior is not prepossessing, and the enormously heavy abutments attached, serve greatly to disfigure it, and never could have entered into the original design of the architect.

Constantinople and its environs, have at times suffered severely from earthquakes, of which there are sufficient evidences in the fractures and rents of some of the old churches, and of some of those of the Prince's Islands, but particularly the old church of St. Stephano, on the point of that name, about eight or nine miles below Constantinople, on the Sea of Marmora. It would appear to me, that the stability of the church of St. Sophia had been found insufficient, after one of these shocks, and that these unsightly abutments were added to give it additional strength. The front of the church is handsome, and encrusted with marble, and the interior, as far as I had an opportunity of observing it through the door, elegant.

It is said that this mosque may be visited without a firman from the Porte, and that some ducats judiciously distributed among the guardians of the temple, will unlock the doors, for it is alleged that a golden key is not less efficacious at Constantinople, than elsewhere.

In the street which leads from St. Sophia to the *Atmeidán*, or Hippodrome, formerly stood the palace of the princess *Heibetullah*, and beautiful barracks of the *Djebedjes*, built by Sultan *Selim*. During the revolution of 1808, the Janizaries here fortified themselves, and *Cadi Pacha* despairing of forcing them from this post, set fire to the buildings. This terrible fire raged during two days and two nights, destroyed the most beautiful part of the city and a thousand of the best built houses, the ruins of which testify to the fury of a civil war which ended in the total destruction of the corps of Janizaries.

It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of the traveller to the brazen serpentine column, the Egyptian obelisk, and the square column, formed of cubical blocks of granite, which now ornament the *Atmeidán*, and are all that remain of the magnificent monuments which existed even at a late period. It is not my purpose to dip into history, if it can be avoided, but I may be permitted to say that the triple heads of the twined serpents, once supported the golden tripod, which after the defeat of *Xerxes*, were consecrated in the Temple of *Delphi*, by the victorious Greeks; and that the space between the two goals of the Hippodrome, where these ancient monuments are to be found, was once filled with statues and obelisks. Various historians mention the removal of the sacred ornaments of the Temple of *Delphi* to Constantinople by order of *Constantine*, and among them the serpentine pillar of the Hippodrome, is particularly mentioned. *Mahomet*

the second, broke the under jaw of one of the serpents with a battle-axe. The heads have entirely disappeared, and are said to have been taken at night. The beauty of the Hippodrome has long since been defaced by the rude hands of Turkish conquerors, and although now the most extensive and regular place in the whole city, its space has been retrenched by the building of the mosque of Sultan Achmet and other encroachments. Its ancient dimensions were four hundred paces long, and one hundred wide. Almost all that remains of what it once was, is the use to which it is applied. Under the similar appellation of *Atmeidan*, (horse place) the Hippodrome, still serves as a place of exercise for horses.

There is to be seen on the Hippodrome, a stone building for the preservation of the archives of state, and a niggardly menagerie, the gloomy entrance to which, announces with much truth the residence of wild beasts. At the other extremity of the Hippodrome there is a menagerie of another kind. This is the hospital for maniacs and other deranged persons, who are confined in about twenty rooms which surround a spacious court.

The mosque of Sultan Achmet in its exterior has the most imposing appearance of any in Constantinople. This is owing in a great measure to its isolated position, on so extensive a square as the *Atmeidan*.

This is the mosque which the Grand Seignor visits with a numerous and brilliant suite, at the

Feast of the Bairam. In the court before the church, are to be seen many columns of verd antique. With the colonnade which surrounds it, no fault can be found. The oriental architectural ornaments are beautiful. As I have before described, they somewhat resemble the accidental formation of stalactities of the lime-stone caves. The fountain in the centre, is also handsome. • The interior of the mosque however, although in some respects distinguished by that simplicity of structure which distinguishes all Mahometan temples of worship, is disfigured by four clumsy round pillars, which support the cupola, and are much too large in circumference for their length.

On descending on this side towards the Sea of Marmora, it is worth the trouble to visit two Greek churches, and the church of the Armenian Patriarch in this quarter, which is surrounded with taverns and wine shops. One of the most beautiful baths of Constantinople, is to be found not far distant.

In passing along by the palace of Esma Sultan, we arrive at an irregular space called *Condas Kalé*. Here are to be seen several ancient columns of granite of a large size, lying on the ground.

One of the most remarkable objects in this quarter, is the little St. Sophia, an ancient Greek church, changed to a mosque as the large one has been, and for the construction of which, it no doubt served as a model. A well preserved Greek inscription, runs all around the exterior frieze of the mosque.

From hence, you proceed to *Kadirgalimar*, or

the old gate of the Gallies, and embark at *Kaum Kapa*, to return to Pera.

A List of the Bronze Statues &c., which once decorated and embellished the Hippodrome.

1. 'The Victorious Charioteers in bronze,' standing aloft in their chariots.

2. The Sphinx, River Horse and Crocodile, the spoils of Egypt.

3. The She Wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus.

4. An eagle, holding and tearing a serpent in his talons.

5. An ass and his driver.

6. An equestrian statue of Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus.

7. A square and lofty, and highly ornamented obelisk of brass.

8. Paris presenting to Venus the apple of discord, the prize of beauty.

9. An incomparable statue of Helen.

10. The manly form of Hercules, of such magnitude, that his thumb is equal to the waist of a common sized man, and all the parts of the figure in just proportion.

11. A colossal statue of Juno, which once adorned the temple of Samos.

12. A colossal statue of Pallas, thirty feet in height.

With the exception of the last figure, which was destroyed by the Greeks themselves, all the rest were broken and melted by the avarice of the cru-

saders, for the purpose of coining into money for the payment of their troops. The marble forms, the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, perished here, as elsewhere, by the hands of pious, ignorant, and prejudiced Musselmans.

The bronze horses which ornament (or ornamented) the place of St. Mark's at Venice, were pillaged from the Hippodrome.

Translation of the Latin inscription on the base of the Egyptian obelisk.

“It was difficult to equal what gods accomplished, and to snatch the palm from the hands of vanquished tyrants; but every thing yields to Theodosius and to his immortal race.”

“Thus, under the prefectory of Proclus, this monument, which was lying on the ground, and which now lifts its proud head to the clouds, was raised in thirty-two days.”

Translation of the Greek inscription on the same.

“This quadrangular column (or obelisk) was lying on the earth, but by order of Theodosius, and by the efforts of Proclus, (none other could have effected it,) this astonishing mass was placed erect in thirty-two days.”

Translation of the inscription on the mural column, or column of bronze, as it was called, before it was stripped of its ornaments.

“This obelisk, celebrated among the chef d'œu-

vres of art, having been injured by time, the Emperor Constantine has ordered that this monument, the glory of the empire, should be restored in a manner far exceeding its former magnificence. The colossus of Rhodes was certainly a wonder of the world. But this bronze is a still greater wonder.”

The figure of Apollo, which occupied the summit of the porphyry column, was the work of Phidias. After it had been placed there, Constantine caused it to take his own name.

A historian says, “the master of thunder, to revenge this insult, offered to the sovereign of Olympus by a mortal, hurled at the statue one of his bolts, which precipitated it from its throne, carrying with it in its fall, the three upper blocks of the column.”

This happened under the reign of Alexius Comnenus, and as the Greeks considered this a presage of misfortune, he sought to repair the damage ; but as there were no Phidias or Praxiteles in his day, and as the column could not be restored as it was, he sought to mask the defect with the rude masonry which now occupies the place of the missing blocks.

This repair, barbarous as it was, was thought worthy of being commemorated by an inscription in Greek, which may also serve as the epitaph of the arts and good taste.

Translation.—First Inscription.

“O Jesus Christ, Arbiter and Sovereign of the world, I offer my prayer to you; protect this city, this sceptre, and the Roman Empire, and preserve them from all dangers.”

Second Inscription.

“This divine work, injured by time, has been restored by the orders of the Emperor Emanuel.”

Second Translation.

“This divine work, injured by time, has been restored by permission of our Sovereign Lord (Jesus Christ) Emanuel.”

THIRD DAY.

We now land at the grand custom-house, or *kumreck*, a villainous wooden barrack, badly calculated to protect from the dangers of fire, the immense quantities of merchandise of every description which accumulate there.

The mosque in the neighbourhood is called *Valide* or *Valide Dschami*, the mosque of the *Sultane Mere*. It was built by the widow of Mahomet the fourth, who was the mother of several sultans. It is encrusted inside with porcelain of Persian manufacture.

After having crossed the *Misir Dscharschi*, or the Egyptian market, an edifice solidly built of stone, with two wings each two hundred steps long, where they sell all sorts of drugs and spices of the Levant, we come to *Tahmis*, where they burn and pound coffee. This is a perquisite of the Sultan, and between two and three hundred persons are employed in the process, which I have described elsewhere.

We shall do well to visit some of the fine khans in this quarter, such as *Yeni-Khan* and *Walide-Khan*, which are large edifices built of stone, very much in the fashion of European convents, where the merchants and bankers of the city, enclosed in their niches or cells, remind you of monastic poverty, while they are disposing of millions.

These khans are of great utility in the fires which so frequently desolate Constantinople, and have been the cause of its entire renovation, more than once in a century.

In these fire-proof buildings, the riches of the capital for ages past, have been deposited, and without them it would long since have been reduced to poverty.

The *Besisen*, (the Bazaar) or the grand market, forms of itself a large and considerable town, and is the most animated part of Constantinople. It is difficult, and almost impossible to give a sufficiently lively picture of this immense collection of shops, corridors, and stairs, filled with rich merchandise and articles of trade of every description. All

sorts of trades, whatever can be desired for the purpose of furnishing your house, for dressing or ornamenting the person, or for any purpose of necessity or luxury, are to be found in this place. A whole day is not sufficient to examine the Bazaars in detail. I have been there several times, and still am ignorant of their full extent. I have on a former occasion attempted to describe them, but to form an adequate idea, they must be seen. The gates of the *Bazaar* are shut at night, and there are few examples of theft, even in a place which offers as many facilities as temptations.

The mosque of Sultan Osman, although smaller than the other imperial mosques, is unquestionably the most elegant, and the most regular in its construction, both inside and out. Its dome covers the whole edifice, without leaving lateral windows, and is perfect in its architecture. It was finished in the year 1756 by Grecian architects. In the court of the mosque is to be seen through a grating, a beautiful porphyry sarcophagus. This is one of the two, which are pointed out as the tomb of Constantine the great.

The entrance to the slave market is generally prohibited, but the *golden-key* will be found as efficacious here as at the mosque of St. Sophia. It is a miserable place, and not worth the time and trouble of visiting it. I have described it in another place. There is nothing to be seen here, but negroes, ugly white women, girls, and small children of the ages of

from eight to ten years, the refuse of other markets, exhibited for sale.

An ancient cistern, smaller than the others described, is to be seen near this place; also, an ancient column generally called the "*burnt pillar*," from its cracked and injured condition, the consequence of the numerous fires which have happened in its neighbourhood. This column is of porphyry, was erected in the time of Constantine, and bore on its summit, the figure of Apollo in bronze, the work of Phidias. Its injured condition made it necessary to hoop it with strong iron to prevent it from falling to pieces. To appearance, these hoops by no means give it the security for which they were intended.

During the siege of Byzantium, here Constantine pitched his tent, and to commemorate the event and his success, he here established the forum, of which this column was the centre. The forum was of a circular, or an elliptical form, having for opposite entrances, two triumphal arches. The porticos which enclosed it on every side, were filled with stables.

This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high, and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about two feet in height, and thirty-three in circumference. Each piece at its junction, is ornamented with a rich garland.

This once magnificent column now bears the degrading appellation of the "*Burnt Pillar*," and its

appearance corresponds well, with the ruin and desolation which surround it.

The Tartars or couriers of the government, have a khan near this place. The *eldsché khan* which was also in this neighbourhood, was in former ages the residence of foreign ministers and ambassadors to the Sublime Porte.

Behind the mosque of *Sultan Bajazet*, (in which there are a number of beautiful verd antique columns and of Jasper and Egyptian granite), is to be found the shops of the engravers of seals and talismans, and in front, those of the braziers.

From the fowl market, or *Taouk Bazaar*, we pass the quarters of the book-binders and copyists, the dealers in paper, ink, and other writing materials, and arrive at length at a beautiful palace, where they removed the bureaux of the state, after the destruction of the Porte in the year 1808. This beautiful edifice belonged to the famous *Yusuf Aga*, the favorite of Sultan Selim and of his mother; that favorite, who for many years governed the court of this empire, under the modest title of *Kiahaja* of the Sultana Mère, and after amassing immense treasures, finished his career by a violent death, as do the greater part of the favorites of the Sultan of Turkey.

Here is to be seen the beautiful mosque called *Laleli* or Tulips, and that of *Bodram djamessi*, the ancient church of St. Theodore, which takes its name from an ancient cistern, supported by eighty columns, which is to be seen in its neighbourhood.

If it should be preferred not to go to *Yeni-Kapou* on the sea of Marmora to embark for Pera, it will be well to return to the landing place at the custom house, taking in the way *Eske Serai* or the Old Palace, and mounting to the top of the great tower, from whence is to be seen the most splendid view of Constantinople and its environs, which appear like a map beneath your feet. The view fully repays you for all the labour of the ascent, which is very great, and for the few piasters which you give the guardian. This tower was recently built by the present Scrasekier Pacha, who now makes use of the *Eske Serai* as his bureau. The walls of the enclosure occupy an immense space, which is used for the purpose of disciplining the new troops, and teaching the young officers military tactics.

Eske Serai was anciently the residence of the Sultans, and for a long time after they ceased to live there, was used as a prison of the women who were turned out of the harem of the grand seignior. The walls which surround it are of a great height and strength. Here, isolated from the rest of the world, the poor wretches were condemned to pass their days in listlessness, within their gloomy enclosures.

It may be of use to those who are blessed with a good appetite to know, that at the termination of this fatiguing excursion they will have the means of restoring their strength. Near the custom-house, there is the most famous eating place in all Constantinople. Persons who like what is good, go there to regale themselves with *kibobs*, a dish in

great favor with the Turks. It consists of pieces of mutton or lamb, cut into small mouthfulls, and seasoned; then strung on an iron skewer, and exposed to the heat in an oven of peculiar construction. They are, when done, served up in their own gravy, or in *kaymar*, which is cream. There is also served up with them, a soft, flat kind of bread, or pancake, which, as no knives or forks are made use of, suits admirably as a means of conveying the *kibobs* and the *kaymar* to the mouth, whence they soon find their way into the stomach. The bread is called *Firna Pidésé*. With this mess, they give you a large vessel filled with sherbet, or a drink prepared from dried grapes, and to each person is given a large spoon, to sip it with.

After your mess of *kibobs* is well washed down, you may embark at your leisure to return to Pera, as you will be in no haste for your dinner.

FOURTH DAY.

On the fourth day we land at *Zindar Kapousi*. Passing a long line of shops which compose what is called *Ouzoun Tcharchy*, we arrive at an ancient building called *Sou Serai* or water palace. From thence, mounting the third hill, we find ourselves suddenly in the vicinity of the beautiful mosque of *Suleimanie*, the largest and most elevated of all the mosques. Suleiman, called the legislator and the magnificent, built it from the spoils of Christian

churches. The church of St. Euphemia, where the "Council of Chalcedon" was held, in the suburbs of Chalcedon, now *Kadi Kieuy*, furnished the mass of the materials, and many of the ornamental parts of this stately mosque. There are to be found in it also, splendid columns of Egyptian granite of sixty feet in height, taken from Ephesus.

The vast edifices which belong to this mosque, such as the *imarets*, the hospitals, and the schools, testify to the enlightened views, the liberality, and fine taste of Suleiman. This prince, the greatest of all the Osmanlees, was unhappy in his family. Many of his sons revolted against him, and perished the victims of an implacable step-mother. The beautiful mausoleum of *Tcharzade Khan* contains their ashes. A monument of an octagonal form surrounded by a dome, contains those of Suleiman. The scholars of Suleiman, are said to be the greatest fanatics of the whole city, proofs of which they have occasionally given to those who have visited the mosque.

When we consider the immense structures erected by the Turks, we are struck with astonishment at the contrast between those of a public, and those of a private nature. The solidity, and the sumptuous appearance, which characterise edifices consecrated to the divinity, to suffering humanity, and to public utility, such as the mosques, the hospitals, the baths and the khans, seem calculated to defy the ravages

of time, while the humble shelter of individuals, built of wood and mud, seem destined to fall on the heads of those who built or who occupy them.

In front of the mosque of Suléiman, is a range of coffee-houses, which are the most frequented of any in the city. To these the *Teriakis* or lovers of opium resort, to inebriate themselves with this poisonous drug. During the Ramazan, these brutalized wretches may be seen waiting with the utmost anxiety for the moment when the *Muziem* from the height of his minaret, announces the setting of the sun. They then hasten to swallow their pills, making a thousand contortions and grimaces, which end in a drowsiness that brings them sensations or dreams of pleasure.

It is a fine sight during the Ramazan, to walk through the most frequented streets of this immense city. The mosques are then beautifully illuminated with differently coloured lamps. Long extracts from the Koran are strung from minaret to minaret. Representations of ships, steam-boats, vases of flowers, tents, and a variety of other fancies are every night exhibited suspended in the air, and produce an almost magical effect. The coffee-houses and shops are filled with crowds of people and being well lighted up, all appear to be happy. This month of rigid fasting from sun-rise to sun-set, rivals the Carnival in gaiety during the night.

It is during the Ramazan that the *Meddah* or story-tellers, a kind of orators, such as are to be met with in the streets of Naples, meet here with the

greatest encouragement. With an extraordinary gift of eloquence, and an admirable volubility of tongue, they sing, and recite histories suited to their audiences, in the oriental style, and which would often bear a comparison with the Arabian Nights Entertainments. On these occasions, this people, so remarkable during the rest of the year for their gravity, indulge themselves in all sorts of levities, bursts of applause, and laughter, at the sonundrums, the fooleries and waggeries, with which these stories are generally filled.

The palace of the Aga of the Janizaries is very near the mosque of Sulciman. From a square wooden tower attached to this palace called the *Yanguer Kiosk* or fire tower, there is a fine view of the city. Here was formerly kept a guard to give the alarm of fire to the public.

You pass through the aqueduct of Valens near the mosque of *Schazade*. In Turkish, the aqueduct is called *Bozdogan Fennri*. It still serves to conduct the water collected in the bends of Belgrade, to the different parts of the city.

By the street of *Divan Tolou*, we arrive at *Eski Odalor*, or the ancient barracks of the Janizaries. The *Yeni Odalor* or the new barracks, are more distant. They enclose the *Etmeidan*, or the victualing place, where the provisions were distributed, and which was famous in all the disturbances of the Janizaries, for the blood of so many victims to popular fury. It was to this place, that the Janizaries, in all their revolts, brought their *cazans*, or

kettles of the regiments, and turned them bottom upwards as a signal of discontent; and which served as a rallying point to the mutineers. This place is not always accessible to strangers, but a few piasters will generally remove all difficulties.

A handsome street conducts us to the mosque and mausoleum of the celebrated *Rhagio Pacha*, grand vizier under Osman the third, and Mustapha the third. This great statesman was also a poet and patron of learning. A rich and choice library founded by *Rhagio Pacha*, contains many works composed and written with his own hand. His ashes repose by the side of this monument of his greatness, in the midst of a bouquet of flowering shrubs. In this neighbourhood, is also the tomb of Selim the third, by the side of that of his father Mustapha the third.

We may go from hence to *Kis-tash* or the column of Marcian. A monument of rather bad taste and in the midst of ruins.

The mosque of Sultan Mahomet, situated on the fourth hill, is held in high veneration by the Turks, and the entrance of which is interdicted to the Franks. It is excepted, as well as the mosque of *Ayoub*, in all the firmans delivered by the Porte, on the applications of foreign ministers for permission to visit the mosques. Some, however, have succeeded in obtaining admittance, and have found the interior very handsome, owing partly to the variety of beautiful marbles which have been lavishly used in its decoration.

On the day of the investment of a new grand seignior, he stops at this mosque, to say a prayer on the tomb of the conqueror of Constantinople.

Mahomet the second, after converting the church of St. Sophia into a mosque, built this in the year 1471. It was however so much injured in 1768, by an earthquake, that Mustapha the third was obliged to rebuild it almost entirely. *

Near this mosque, is the *st-bazaar* or horse market. The quarter for the saddlers, armourers, shoe-makers, belt-makers, &c. is also to be found here. This is very convenient for the horsemen who wish to equip themselves after the purchase of a horse.

It is an object of great interest to visit the different shops in this neighbourhood, if it be only to enable oneself to form an idea of the kind of taste and degree of elegance which the Turks possess in respect to these things.

After one's curiosity has been satisfied on this point, we may visit the mosque called *Seirek-djame* or *Kilise-djame*. This latter name is sufficient to make known to us an ancient Greek church, which has not much of interest about it, except it be a large sarcophagus of porphyry, surrounded by a railing, which shares the honour, or rather the reputation, as we have already mentioned, of having served as a tomb for the founder of Constantinople. Near this, is an ancient cistern, and many other edifices of the times of the Greeks. Among others, there is one which they call *Tchukur hamam*, of a

very massive construction, which is now made use of as a granary.

But it is time to put an end to the fourth day's excursion. By this time, you are sufficiently fatigued to hire a horse from the horse market, and you can descend a street having mills on each side of you, to the landing place called *Oun Kapau*, and from thence take a boat to pass over to Pera.

Appendix to the Fourth Day.

The column called Marcian's, is of granite, of fifteen feet in height. The Turks call it *Kisk-Tash* or the girl's stone. They have a tradition, that a female figure, (the figure of Venus), once stood on this column, which had the faculty of making known the characters of women. That those who were virtuous could stand boldly, and look the statue in the face, while those who had ceased to be virtuous ran furiously about the streets like maniacs, tearing their hair and clothing, and exposing their nudity like common bacchanalians.

The composite capital of this column is surmounted with a cube of white marble, on which stood the statue of Marcianus.

With some trouble the following inscription may be partly made out:

*Principi hanc statuam Marciani
Cerne torumque,
Ter ejus vovit quod Tatianus opus.*

The reply of Marcianus to Attila, on his demand

for gold, has deservedly immortalized him; "I have gold for my friends, for my enemies I have only steel."

FIFTH DAY.

On this day we land at *Fanar*, or *Fanal*, as it is sometimes called, on the supposition that there was once a light-house at this place. It is a suburb inhabited by Greeks. The most wealthy and distinguished families of this nation have their houses here, but it is a filthy quarter, and has nothing in its outward appearance to make it a desirable place of residence. The insides of some of the houses are, however, sumptuously furnished, and the entertainments occasionally given by their inmates, rival those of the foreign ambassadors, resident near the Porte. The individuals who have been princes of Wallachia and Moldavia only, are prohibited from residing at the Fanar, not only because they have the rank of Pachas of three tails, who are not generally permitted to reside within the capital, but because by this regulation or law, they are deprived of the opportunity of intriguing for their restoration to their principalities, which they would otherwise enjoy. But their residence on the beautiful banks of the Bosphorus, not far distant from the capital, furnishes facilities for intrigue, of which it would be difficult to deprive them altogether.

The Greeks are a lively and sprightly people, and if the Turk has the *power* in his hands, the

Greek manages, by his wit, to make that power subservient to his own ends. Extreme shrewdness is the instrument by which he cuts his way to office, and once necessary to the interests, or the pleasures of the phlegmatic Turk, he gives a loose to his ambition, and rarely fails of success. The next step from *Turgeman* of the Porte, is that to a *Waivode*, or principality, and although he may sometimes fail, the prize is considered worth the trial and the risk, notwithstanding that life is often the forfeit, after it is gained. With the Greeks of the Fanar, it was not unfrequent for a father to be opposed to his son in an object of intrigue, or for a son to contend against his father, although the success of the one must inevitably cost the life of the other. Yet the prize contended for, being no less than a principality, every thing must be sacrificed, even the ties of blood and kindred!

These remarks are more applicable to the Greeks of the Fanar of a few years back, than to those of the present day; but even now, the sumptuousness of their houses and their habits of intrigue, are almost proverbial. At this moment, one of them is, to use the fashionable phraseology of the day, "being made" Prince of the Island of Samos. A few days since, he was *Turgeman*, (i. e. interpreter,) to the Sublime Porte.

On entering the gate of *Petri Kapau*, we come to the Greek patriarchal church and the residence of the patriarch. They show you, in this church, the seats of the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia,

which they occupy during their visits to the capital. Also, a piece of the column to which Christ was tied when he was scourged. The church of the patriarch of Jerusalem, the church of *Mitachi*, the church of *Aga Natiros*, the *Ytak Gerai*, or palace of Wallachia, the two mosques of *Faticha' Djami*, and *Guul Djami*, & the mosque of the roses, were the ancient Greek churches; the last, above all, deserves to be visited on account of the paintings in fresco, which remain from the time of the Greeks.

But these two mosques are lost by the side of that of Sultan Selim, which with the parts connected with it, occupies an immense space on the fifth hill. The marbles which decorate this mosque were brought from Alexandria.

From *Karah Gomruk* or the custom-house of the interior, where land-taxes are paid, we may push on to the gate of Adrianople, or Edirné Kapouse, to see the beautiful mosque which owes its name to its vicinity to this gate. A short distance from thence, is a vast basin, surrounded by walls called *Chukur Bostar*. In the times of the Greeks, this was a reservoir of water, which has by the Turks been converted into a kitchen garden. There can be no doubt, that the numerous cisterns with which the city was provided, during the times of the Greek Emperors, were constructed by them for the purpose of securing a supply of water for the use of the inhabitants for several months, in case their enemies, who were continually threatening the city,

should cut off the aqueducts which brought the supply from many leagues distant.

The Turks, since their possession of Constantinople, have never witnessed the approach of an enemy sufficiently near the walls of the city to cause any serious alarm or fears for the want of water, and have consequently neglected the cisterns, and made use of them for other purposes.

There is a small glass-house or place for the manufacture of glass in this quarter, between the gate of Adrianople and *Tekir Serai*. This palace is situated on an eminence which overlooks the city. The edifice, which is of considerable extent, is well preserved, and there are some inscriptions which are still to be seen on it. It is now used as a place for spinning silk. Some call it the palace of Belisarius, others that of Constantine; to whom the modern Greeks attribute all the ancient monuments in Constantinople, of the origin of which they are ignorant

Scott's Romance of "Count Robert of Paris," has located in this quarter, the palace of Blacquerne. This neighbourhood, which has been much neglected by travellers to this part of the world, requires further investigation, which with the light afforded by history, may prove of great interest to the curious.

There are remains of splendour in this part of the city which go to prove that it was once the imperial residence; and if health will permit, I hope, at

a suitable season, to give some further and more satisfactory details on the subject.

On leaving the city by the gate of *Egri Kapau*, we find at a short distance one of the handsomest coffee-houses in the capital. Formerly they employed here for the amusement of visitors, a *Medat*, or blind story-teller, who was famous in his way.

On returning to the city and descending towards the harbour, we see an Armenian church with iron doors of German manufacture. The dresses of the figures in bas relief, and the passages of Scripture with which they are covered, fully prove the church to belong to that nation. I believe it is at this church, that they show you a round stone, with a hole in it, through which they cause women to pass who have the fever, as a means of curing them. A hospital for the insane makes a part of the establishment of this church.

The quarter which we have now to pass, is called by the Turks, *Balata*, and is one of the most filthy of the whole city. Let it suffice to say, that it is the quarter of the Jews; they are every where the same throughout the East.

In going to the landing-place of *Ainar Serai*, we pass several palaces and ancient buildings, the history of which I am as yet ignorant of. In embarking at this wharf, for the purpose of reaching *Meit Skellesi*, the landing nearest to this quarter of the city, we pass the navy-yard, which with its palaces, work-shops, magazines, docks, prisons, barracks, mosques, rope-walks, &c., occupies the space,

and contains the population of many respectable cities.

Appendix to Fifth Day

Not far from the gate of Adrianople is a noble ruin of a palace which in all probability was that which was occupied by Alexis Comnenus. It is in the quarter of Blacquerne, connected with, and in fact making part of the walls of the city. The sculpture, and other decorations about it, too elevated for sportive destruction, prove its former elegance. It has altogether an imperial appearance. The grounds sloping towards the spot, might easily furnish all the facilities of falling gardens, and other embellishments required for an imperial residence in a luxurious age.

Near the mosque of *Egri Capouri* or the Adrianople gate, are extensive ruins of baths, built in the most solid and expensive manner, and not far from these, is one of those open ancient cisterns, now converted into a garden, and containing within it a village, called *Sukar Bastar*, (the margin of which was formerly highly embellished,) serving the double purpose of imperial splendour and public utility.

Near the mosque of Sultan Selim, is another of those cisterns converted into a rich garden, containing a pleasant Turkish village.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the mosque of Sultan Selim, except it be the glimpses you catch from its court of the different views of Constantino-

ple, Galata, the Bosphorus, the harbour, &c. These alone, are worth a visit to it.

SIXTH DAY.

The sixth day, I should recommend being employed in making the complete circuit of the city. I think the day that I was occupied in this excursion, was one of the most interesting of any of those which I have spent in this quarter of the world.

Take boat at Galata, proceed over to Seraglio Point, and coast close along shore, all the way to the square marble tower, that terminates the wall on the Sea of Marmora.

You have in many places an opportunity of looking, as it were, into the heart of the city, and upon the inhabitants, without their appearing to notice you. You will find a busy scene every where, where the gates admit of access from the city, through the walls, to the sea. In many places, the houses are built outside the walls, and stand on props over the sea, and it is interesting to see the expedients which the rich Greeks and Armenians have resorted to, to obtain space enough in these ærial and aquatic structures, to answer their purposes of convenience as summer residences. Nothing can be more agreeable, cool and refreshing during this season of the year; but their exposure to the bleak north and north-east winds, I should suppose, must make them any thing but comfortable in the

winter, yet they are occupied both summer and winter. Houses of this construction are to be found in the neighbourhood of *Yene Kapouri*, *Daoud Pacha Kapousi*, and *Psamethia Kapousi*.

There are also at these places, artificial harbours, made at great expense, with immensely large pieces of rock brought from a distance, and deposited there for the protection of the boats. Also, a great number of persons are generally employed here in fixing by means of the sea-water, the colours of stamped and painted cottons, of which there are extensive establishments in this quarter. These when hung out in vast numbers to dry, as is always the case in fine weather, with the open and crowded kiosks and coffee-houses, the bustle of the boatmen, the crowds of men, women and children who throng the landings, and the markets near the beach, give to this place the appearance of an almost constant festival. The families of dogs which inhabit the deposits of filth from the city are also subjects of interest.

Another object of curiosity is the wall itself, which from its antiquity, and the various rich materials, the pillage of other places, of which it is in many parts composed, cannot but excite our lively interest. Here are immense numbers of pure white marble columns inserted with their ends projecting, to break the violence of the waves and to give solidity to the base. Here enormous square blocks of the same material are employed for the same purpose, capitals of columns, of the richest order,

bas-reliefs, friezes, and in one place, even the whole front of a temple, with its griffins on each side, and in many places porticos with inscriptions, are inserted in the wall, with no other apparent object than to eke out the materials. In the construction, the workmen appear to have made use of whatever material was nearest at hand. In many places, it is made up of common stone and mortar; in others, thin bricks, with curiously wrought and inverted arches; some perhaps, filled up with stone. Elsewhere, you will find that the mass of the material consists of marble. Indeed, there are scarcely any two parts of the wall alike, and the different parts appear to have been built in as many different ages.

The foundation of the most ancient wall is to be seen some distance in the sea. Others, less ancient, are visible within its limits, and so on with respect to others. In some places, where the sea has raged with most violence, may be counted four or five different foundations of walls, that have yielded successively to its encroachments.

In other places, where the wall has gradually given way to time and the destructive effects of the elements, the brick and mortar and other more perishable parts have disappeared, and naught remains but the piles of white marble columns of the outer wall, as they gradually settled down on one another carrying the mind back to a period antecedent to that which is reached by the thirty-six volumes of Byzantine History, which fixes the foundation of Byzantium at six hundred and fifty-six years before

the Christian era ; and according to Bizas, a navigator, (called the son of Neptune) one century after the foundation of Rome.

We come now to the square marble tower jutting into the sea and defying the elements which beat against this extremity of the great city, and land at a slight modern wharf, near the principal butcheries and tanneries of Constantinople, which diffuse their odours far and wide.

You begin here to have a view of the triple wall of Constantinople on the land side, and its double line of towers, which are the finest remains of ancient architecture now extant, and from their massive appearance, seem to bid defiance to time and to the modern invention of artillery.

On a former occasion, I gave an accurate description of these exterior walls with the fosse,—also of the Seven Towers, and the grave-yards which extend from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn ; the cypresses, and gates of the city ; the tombs of Ali Pacha, of Joanina, his sons and grandsons ; the water-house for the regulation of the distribution of the water for the city ; the frowning battlements of the new quarter of Blacquerne ; the supposed palace of Constantine, and the barracks of Ramos Chifir ; and slightly noticed the inscriptions which are still to be seen on the towers, indicating the period of their construction and the names of the emperors who caused them to be built or repaired.

All these things require at present no particular description, as a leisurely walk, by no means fa-

tiguing but pleasant, of about two hours and a half will enable the traveller to see for himself, and make his own observations. Before coming to *Top Kapouri*, he will mount an eminence which overlooks part of the city, and in the valley below and in front of him, he will not fail to observe by the ruined and battered state of the walls, the entire filling up of the fosse, and the advantageous position of the level ground of the valley, that this was the spot where the tremendous artillery of Mahomet the Second, effected the breach, which caused the death of Palologus and the fall of the city.

En passant, we will slightly notice some objects worthy of observation.

First, the famous Seven Towers, formerly so much dreaded as the prison of foreign ministers and ambassadors; they are but a short distance from the sea. There are in fact, but five round ones, very massive, and which flank the walls of a strong ancient citadel. In what age they were erected, I have not the present means of ascertaining. Time seems to have had no effect on them, except as respects the modern contrivance of a pointed roof to each, which spoils their appearance, and seems to be going rapidly to decay. To make up the number of seven, a number highly respected by the Turks, they are obliged to count two smaller square towers, which stand in the neighbourhood. Formerly, when the Turks were not so familiar with European customs as they have become of late years, the unfortunate foreign ministers who were

the victims of their policy, were treated during their confinement with great cruelty, but for a long time past, this rigorous treatment has ceased. The young Osman the second, who dared to imagine the dangerous project of abolishing the corps of Janizaries, was strangled by them in a chamber of one of these towers. Posterity has done more than justice to this unfortunate prince, for the sixty-eighth orta, which dipped their hands in his blood, has been entirely destroyed, and its memory is loaded by the grand mufti, with anathemas on the Wednesday of every week.

It is said, that the famous Golden Gate is in the citadel of the Seven Towers, and that it may be seen from the road as you pass by the spot. Whether this is an error or not, I cannot say; I was within the citadel and did not see it.

There is a small menagerie here, of a few lions and leopards, and a hyena. Over the gateway is a portcullis drawn up ready for use.

The walls of the citadel are cemented, as are all the walls of the city, and on them are mounted several small cannon, pointed towards the houses in that quarter. I did not gain admission to the towers, as the keeper was absent, and I could not wait until he was sent for. There is no difficulty, however, in gaining admittance by means of a present of a few piasters.

After leaving the Seven Towers, and before arriving at the Selivria gate, in front of which is the before-mentioned tomb of Ali Pacha and part of his family, we must turn off to the left, to make a

short pilgrimage to the famous little Greek chapel of *Balou Kli*, or Fish Church, where the priests will point out to you, in rather an obscure cavern filled with water, a number of fried fish, swimming about and in good health.

The story of the miracle of the fried fish is this. There stood on this place, when Mahomet the Second laid siege to Constantinople, a small monastery of Greek *Caloyers*, who, it seems, were not molested by the army. On the day of the decisive attack, a monk was frying some fish, when news was suddenly brought to the convent that the Turks had taken the city through a breach in the walls. "I would as soon believe," said the fryer of fish, "that these fish would spring from the pan, and become again alive." To reprove the incredulous monk, the fish did spring from the pan into a vessel of water that stood near, and swam about as briskly as if they had never been in the frying pan.

In commemoration of this miracle, a church was erected over this spot, containing a reservoir of water, into which the fish which still continued alive were placed. The twenty-ninth of April was appointed in the Greek calendar as a festival to commemorate the circumstance, and a vast concourse of people were formerly in the habit of assembling here on every anniversary, to see the miraculous fried fish swim about in the reservoir.

It is customary also, for both Greeks and Armenians to assemble here on certain days of every year, to offer a prayer on the tomb of St. Comidas,

who was decapitated by the Turks in the last century, in consequence of his religion, and was interred in the Armenian cemetery.

The cemeteries which surround this holy place are almost daily filled with crowds of men, women and children, who come here to weep and pray over the graves of their relatives for the repose of their souls, and after this pious duty is performed, they spread their repasts on the same tombs, which they partake of in the utmost gaiety of their hearts, making the air resound with their songs and laughter. So familiar is the idea of death in this country, that even the tombs with which they are every where surrounded, cannot inspire them with thoughts of a gloomy nature.

All the rest of the road to the port of Constantinople is on each side one great grave-yard. Whole nations and generations have been swept off, and buried here, and the grave-stones which they cut and prepare at the gates of the city, that lead to these cemeteries, serve to warn the passers-by of the fate which awaits them, and which they can by no means escape. Many of their sepulchral stones are very handsome, and those of Ali Pacha and his family are conspicuous objects.

We will now leave the walls of Constantinople, to visit the heights which overlook the mosque and fauxbourg of *Ayub*. The view of the port and the neighbourhood is very beautiful, and well worth the trouble of visiting.

The handsome mosque of *Ayub* is the most

venerated and holy of any of the capital, and even the approach of Franks to it, is interdicted.

This mosque contains the tomb of the holy Mahometan *Ayub Ansari*, the companion of Mahomet in his flight, and who fell a martyr to his faith at the foot of the walls of Constantinople in the daring expedition of the Calif Omniade Suleiman against this city. The memory of *Ayub* was venerated, but the place of his burial was unknown or neglected, during a period of seven hundred and eighty years, till the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second.

A seasonable and convenient vision at length revealed the holy spot, and the mosque of *Ayub*, has been since appropriately chosen as the place for girding on the sword of Mahomet the Second; the simple, but martial ceremony, of the inauguration of Turkish Sultans.

This little historical digression, which it would have been difficult to avoid, will, I hope, be pardoned.

The environs of *Ayub* are very handsome. The sultans and princes of the blood, have built here some beautiful country houses, and the streets are for the most part wide and regular.

We must not forget to view the mausoleum of Sultana Valide, the mother of Selim the Third. That of Hussim Pacha, the favorite of Selim up to the day of his death, is also here. From a Georgian slave, he in a short time, became Capitan Pacha. He had great vices, but no one disputes that he had

also great abilities. The Ottoman Marine, owes to his talents and influence with his sovereign, its present respectable condition.

Before taking leave of *Ayub* to embark for Pera, we may visit the long line of shops where they sell playthings for children.

On your return to Galata, coast along the quarter of the Fanar, and if the day be fine, you may have an opportunity of seeing the smiling face, the becoming dress, and the graceful form of many a pretty Greek girl.

Appendix to Sixth Day.

The mosque and cemeteries of *Ayub*, with the mausoleums of Sultana Valide and Hussim Pacha, are the richest and most beautiful things I have seen in this empire. The enclosures, and most of the other parts, are of pure white marble, in some places richly gilt, and otherwise highly decorated. Many of the mausoleums here have growing on them rose bushes and other flowering shrubs, which appear to be well taken care of; and many of them are protected by what appeared to me, a covering of gold net work. You may go all round and through the different winding lanes and avenues, and look in on all that is worth seeing, but the entrance to these places is interdicted to Franks. Nothing can be finer than the view of the Porte from the hill at the back of *Ayub*. Here I saw many descendants of the prophet in religious garbs.

SEVENTH DAY.

I am now going to lead you a dance through *terra incognita*. All that I have before described has been seen by me. What I am now going to bring to your notice I have learned from others, and will not answer for the correctness of the descriptions, although I have no doubt that they will be found substantially true. It is an unfrequented part of Constantinople, one that has been rarely visited by Christians from foreign countries, and is as little known to strangers as the most interdicted parts of Pekin.

We will proceed to the new quarter of the Armenians and visit the ancient gate of Theodosia, which is on the Sea of Marmora, towards the southern part of the city, and may be found in the low grounds among the gardens called *Vlanga Bastan*.

It is said to be worth the trouble to dive into the interior of the city to visit an ancient monument called the Column of Arcadius, which is in the interior of a Turkish house. Not far from this, is an ancient cistern converted into a garden, and like that near the gate of *Egri Kapouri*, is called *Chukur Bastan*.

Returning towards the sea, near the gate of *Psamatia*, we find some ancient buildings, and two handsome churches; one Greek, the other Armenian. These churches were built not many years

since, during the reign of Sultan Selim. If ever there was a tolerant prince, Selim was one. A proof of this is, the number of Christian churches that were built in every part of the city during his time.

On going towards the Seven Towers, you will find near the gate of *Kauli Kapouri*, the mosque called *Imracho Djemisi*, remarkable for the ancient paintings which are therein, and which have been so well preserved. It was formerly the church of St. Jean Studius, with which was connected a very large convent. There is an ancient cistern of twenty-four columns to be seen here.

Near this mosque they show you the entrance of a subterranean corridor, which extends, it is said, far beyond the walls of the city, but it is filled with water the greater part of the year. It is probable that this is one of those ancient cisterns to be found every where in Constantinople.

Near the Seven Towers, is a large pile of marble balls and fragments of the same, which were fired by Mahomet the Second, against the walls of the city, and which have been collected and deposited here, as one among the many memorials of the capture of Constantinople.

As I have now exhausted all the knowledge I have been able to collect respecting this part of the city, and as we have much time on our hands, I would recommend an exploring party to proceed in a northerly direction, nearly in a line with the walls of Constantinople, until they strike the gate of *Top*

Kapouri. In this course they will meet with several mosques, some Greek churches and ancient cisterns. Over the gate-way, they will observe some large marble cannon balls, covered with Arabic or Turkish inscriptions. From thence the party can return by the mosques of *Moura Gurani* and the *foolish woman*. From thence to the mosque of the female slave market to the landing of *Daoud Pacha Kapouri*, where a boat may be taken for Pera.

In this exploring party all that may be discovered will be their own. The course marked out, comprises a part of the capital little known to Franks. I have been particular in my inquiries, and have never known or heard of any persons that have ever penetrated this quarter beyond *Moura Gurani* from the harbour. This, and the new and small quarter of *Blacquerne*, at the head of the harbour, merit the particular attention of travellers. The immense ruins of palaces in this latter quarter, are evidences of its having been the seat of taste and elegance, and it would be strange indeed, if after a careful examination, some of the works executed during the reign of Justinian, besides that of the rebuilding of St. Sophia, should not be found. To excite a spirit of research in the traveller, I will mention a few of that emperor's works.

To enable himself to execute the splendid ideas he had formed towards the embellishment of the capital, Justinian invited to it, Prompius and Anthermus, and of the six books written by the former on edifices, one of them is confined to those of Con-

stantinople alone. The others relate to those of Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, and the Euxine, Europe, Asia Minor, and Palestine. Italy was not thought worthy of notice.

The edifices of Justinian were cemented by the blood and treasure of the people. Nevertheless, those stately structures *appeared* to announce the prosperity of the empire, and did *actually* display the magnificence of the emperor, and the skill of his architects. There is reason to believe that Proclus discovered the composition of gun-powder, or of something very similar to it, which was employed in the destruction of the Gothic fleet.

The description given of St. Sophia, after its restoration by Justinian, at which he is said to have worked as a common labourer, is too long for introduction here. I would therefore refer the traveller to Gibbon, or some other historian on the subject. The exclamation, however, of Justinian, at the termination of his labours on this edifice, may convey some idea of its splendour and magnificence. "Glory be to God who has thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

In about twenty years after this, part of the church of St. Sophia was overthrown by an earthquake, and in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Justinian, its splendour was again restored by his perseverance, and at the second dedication of which he assisted. This temple, after a lapse of twelve centuries, remains a stately monument to his fame.

In Constantinople, and the adjoining suburbs, Justinian dedicated twenty-five churches to the honour of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints. Most of these churches were decorated with marble and gold, and their situations were chosen in spacious squares or pleasant groves, on the margin of the sea-shore, or on some lofty eminence, which commanded a view of the continents of Europe and Asia.

The Byzantine palace, which had been damaged by fire, was restored with new magnificence, and some notion may be conceived of the whole edifice by the description of the vestibule, which from the doors or roof, was called "the brazen palace." The dome was supported by massive pillars, the walls and pavement were ornamented with many coloured marbles, the emerald-green of Laconia, the fiery red, and white Phrygian intersected with veins of a sea-green hue. To these embellishments may be added, the Mosaic paintings of the dome and sides, representing the glories of African triumphs, &c.

On the Asiatic shore was built as the summer residence of Justinian, the splendid palace of Heraem, the foundation and lower story of which are still in good preservation, and may be seen a mile or two beyond *Bastangi Baschi*, on the left of the road.

Every where Justinian displayed his taste and passion for building. The churches of the Holy Apostles and Saint John of Ephesus, were built on the same splendid model.

The temple to the Virgin at Jerusalem, was erected without regard to labour or expense. Hospitals

were every where built for the relief of the weary traveller. In Egypt, Syria, and Africa, new churches were built, dedicated to every saint in the calendar; and almost every city in the empire, obtained from this munificent prince, the solid advantages of bridges, hospitals, aqueducts, and fortifications.

The fortifications of the empire both in Europe and Asia, were multiplied by Justinian. From Belgrade, on the Danube, to the Fluxine, a chain of eighty fortified places was extended along the banks of that great river. Single watch-towers were changed into spacious citadels; vacant walls, which the engineers contracted or enlarged, according to circumstances, were filled with garrisons. The village of his birth became a great city, which extended its jurisdiction over seven provinces, and by the strength of its walls, resisted during the life of Justinian, the assaults of the Huns and Slavonians. The fortifications of the Strait of Thermopylæ were strengthened, and a strong wall was built from the sea-shore to the Thessalian mountains, which occupied every practicable entrance. The walls of Corinth, and the mouldering bulwarks of Athens and Platea, were rebuilt; and the open cities of Peloponnesus covered by the fortifications of the Isthmus of Corinth.

These were a few of the many works of a single emperor, and it is difficult to believe that in his favorite city, the capital of his empire, the church of St. Sophia, should be the only monument of his piety, his magnificence and munificence, and

passion for building, that remains in Constantinople.

I have noticed the bronze statues which ornamented the hippodrome; those of marble have no doubt suffered the fate of all those which were exposed to Turkish barbarism and prejudice. The burnt pillar remains, as does also the mural or built up column, divested of its rich and highly ornamented covering of brass. But what has become of the Theodosian Column of white marble, and one hundred and forty-seven feet in height, from which the blinded and degraded Mouzouffe was hurled head long, and dashed to pieces on the pavement below? What has become of the thousand other ornaments of the city, too massive for the hand of man to destroy, either in sport or malice, and the vestige of the palaces erected by successive emperors?

For forty days during the reign of Justinian, violent earthquakes shook not only Constantinople, but other parts of the Roman Empire, which probably destroyed many noble edifices and monuments; and since the fall of the empire, the colossal statue of Justinian, cast in bronze, erected on a column of the same material, and having a stone pedestal of seven steps, which stood in the square before the church of St. Sophia, was molten into cannon, by the victorious Turks; but the porphyry column erected by the first of the Constantines still remains erect, as it were, in defiance of time and the elements. What has become of the other monuments of equal solidity, and which were equally calculated

to resist the effects of time, and the convulsions of nature? We can only suppose that they have been sacrificed to the cupidity, the violence, and the mischievous propensities of man.

In a government where whatever might be consumed for its present wants, or reserved for the future use of the state, was liable to a first and imperative demand for the pomp or pleasure of the reigning monarch, and his will or discretion only, could define the measure of his expenses both public and private, there was a great display of magnificence.

The primitive edifice of the first Constantine, was a copy and a rival of one at ancient Rome, and the gradual improvements of his successors aspired to emulate the wonders of the old world. In the tenth century, the Byzantine palace was pre-eminent for its strength, size, and magnificence. It surpassed the capitol of Rome, the palace of Pergamus, the temple of Adrian, the pyramids of Egypt and the pharus at Rhodes, considered as the wonders of their respective ages.

What has become of all these splendours? Alas, the city that could give an obelisk to embellish Rome, has nothing to show of all her former magnificence that has yet been discovered, but the meagre remains which I have brought to notice in our seven days' excursions; yet the historian gravely declares, that those who wore the imperial purple were all anxious to leave behind them some solid memorial of their greatness.

If by what I have said, I should excite a spirit of

investigation in my readers, and thereby give rise to new objects of curiosity, or cause new light to be thrown on those which I have presented to their view, my object will be effected; and I shall be amply repaid for the few leisure hours spent in the hasty composition of these pages.

Turkish prejudice has heretofore opposed a barrier to research, but this time has arrived, when an enlightened Sultan has removed all obstruction to investigation. The Christian in Constantinople, is now nearly as secure from insult, as in any part of Christendom, and may pursue his inquiries, without apprehension of injury, or fear of interruption from any one.

Appendix to the Seventh Day.

The column of Arcadius is to be seen within the domains of a Turk: The different fires that have happened around it, have reduced it to an irregular demi-calcined mass, which might well be mistaken for a common rock,

Antiquaries however, by the discovery of something like an A and an E, have made out to their satisfaction, that the inscription related to Arcadius and Eudoxia, and what is supposed to be the pedestal, is eighteen feet in height. The base, (or shaft) of the column, measured twelve feet in diameter, which is the proportion of the Doric order for a column of one hundred and twenty feet; the height of Arcadius' column. This can be nothing more nor less, than the remains of the aforesaid column of Arcadius.

One writer felicitates himself on making the notable discovery of an A and an E, "which surely," he says, "can mean nothing else than Arcadius and Eudoxia!"

"Et qui, bien surement, sont les lettres initial •
• d'Arcadius et d'Eudoxia." *Pertusier.*

Wheeler, Tournefort and Pocock say, that the figures in bas-relief, with which the column was embellished, could be easily traced in their time; that it was one hundred and twenty feet high, and bore the statue of a mortal who was unworthy of his elevation.

In a few years more perhaps, every vestige of this column of Arcadius will have disappeared.

There has been some dispute whether this was not the triumphal column of Theodosius; but that of Theodosius was hollow, and was ascended by an interior flight of steps, of which, there is, in this, no appearance. In other respects they were both alike, and equally ornamented with figures in bas-relief. Besides, the Theodosian column stood near the forum of Constantine, and is supposed to have been demolished by Bajazet, to obtain materials for building his baths.

Seeing the passion of the Turks for lofty buildings, such as minarets, which no doubt caused the preservation of the town of Galata, built by Anastasius,) the Seven Towers and other edifices, one would suppose that they would have respected the column of Theodosius. Yet nothing will excite

surprise, when the reader is informed, that I have seen the materials of a beautiful temple, built at Nicomedia by Dioclesian, and dedicated by him to the gods, in progress of being moved off by cart-loads, to build a woolen-cap factory. In fact, the most precious relics of the arts and of national greatness are converted by them to the vilest purposes.

“Imperial Casar, dead, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.”



THE

DIVISIONS OR QUARTERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE,

ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENTS.

Up to the present, I have carefully avoided any guide but my own senses, in describing the scenery, the manners and customs of Constantinople and its vicinity. I have not looked into books, but have set down my thoughts as they struck me, and while impressions were fresh on my mind.

With the exception of the few historical notes appended to the Itinerary, I am answerable for the truth of all I have said on the subject. What that is, I do not entirely remember; I have no copy of it, and in very many instances, I have not even read over, or in any way corrected what I have written.

The Itinerary, which was the thought of a moment, as a means of whiling away a few leisure hours of a severe and somewhat protracted sickness, has, in the progress of its production, satisfied me, that unless I do as others have done, I can never convey a suitable idea of what Constantinople was in the days of its splendour; and by contrast give to the reader a proper idea of what it is.

I have therefore collected the works of some few authors which have been saved from the terrible conflagration which in a few hours swept away Pera, and all its palaces, leaving scarcely "a wreck behind." These books, written in different ages, I have placed before me, and on examination, I find that the knowledge of one, is freely made use of to fill the pages of another; and if the more modern writers have introduced any thing into their books which may bear the appearance of novelty, or a claim to investigation, it will be found generally, to consist more in a change of words to express the same thing, than an addition of facts or circumstances. If any thing really new be hit upon, it is introduced in such slight quantities, and is so hidden among a mass of verbiage, that it is scarcely to be distinguished.

The siege and capture of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second, the horrors perpetrated by the Turks, the death of Palologus, and the names of the successive Sultans who have filled the throne of the Ottoman Empire, have been copied over and over by every traveller and historian who

and an obelisk brought from Thebes, which was presented by Constantine to the city of Rome, as a memorial of his gratitude and munificence, on his visit to that city.

The sixth occupied the summit of the second hill, where the burnt column now stands. It extended to the second valley, and took in the column of Constantine, the church of Saint Anastasius, and the hot baths.

The seventh was situated on the summit of the third hill. It occupied the spot where the Bazaars stand, and it was used for the same purpose as they are. There was also in this region, a high pillar or obelisk, ornamented with bas-relief, on the top of which was a vane to indicate the direction of the wind. The principal forum of Theodosius, and his triumphal column, also stood here.

The eighth, was situated behind the third hill, towards the south. It did not border on the sea in any part. There stood here a vast portico, which extended from the porphyry column, (the burnt pillar), to the column of Theodosius, the Basilican, or great church of this emperor, and the capital.

The ninth, embraced the space comprised between the aqueduct, the mosque of Suleiman, and the gardens called *Vlanga Bastan*. It took in the gate, the magazines of Theodosius, and also a forum bearing his name.

The tenth occupied the valley which the aqueduct crosses. It contained the hot baths of Con-

stantine, and the great fountain and aqueduct of Valens, which still conveys water to the third and fourth hill.

The eleventh, occupied the summit of the fourth hill and its north side. It extended to the walls which separated the fourteenth region, Blacquerne, from the rest of the city. It contained the palace of Facilien, the cistern of Arcadius and that of Modestus. The church of the Holy Apostles, not inferior to that of St. Sophia, was in this district; also the Virginal column, (the column of Marcius), which had the miraculous power of distinguishing the virtuous girls, from those who had ceased to be so.

The twelfth, occupied the seventh hill, *Xerolophas*, and separated the six others, by a large valley. It included the Golden Gate, the porticos of the Troad, and the cistern of Arcadius.

The thirteenth, was not within the walls of the city. It stood on the opposite side of the harbour, and occupied the place where the suburbs of Galata and Pera now stand. It contained a theatre, the forum of Honorius and a *naumachia*, or place for the exhibition of sea-fights.

The fourteenth district occupied the sixth hill, and included that quarter of the city called Blacquernes. It contained a theatre, extensive baths, the ruins of which still exist; as well as a remarkable palace, the walls of which are in good preservation, and called by the Turks, *Tekir Serai*. This is, no doubt, the celebrated palace called the Blacquerne, which occupies so conspicuous a place in Walter

Scott's romance of "Count Robert of Paris." I have seen it somewhere asserted, that one of the richest jewels belonging to the Ottoman throne, was found by a child, among the rubbish of this palace.

Of this quarter of the city, little is said by travellers. One among the most intelligent of them speaks of it as follows : "That quarter which stands at the west angle of the city, at the head of the harbour, is called *Blakerns*. There was formerly here a monastery dedicated to the Virgin, and celebrated for the miracles which she performed. There are only a few ruins of it now remaining, and an *aïasma*; or sacred fountain, still renowned among the Greeks for the virtues of its waters. This is confided to the protection of a Turk, who distributes the water for money."

I hope this short compilation may not prove unacceptable.

PERA AND GALATA.

Before I begin a description of Pera and Galata, it becomes absolutely necessary that I should give a slight sketch of their history, in order that you may have some idea of the strange anomaly, of two large towns forming the suburbs of the capital of an empire, under a government the most despotic on earth, and with an established religion supposed to be the most intolerant and fanatic, enjoying more privileges, greater exemption from the operation and effect of the laws, and greater toleration of religion, (as far as the government is concerned,) and freedom of conscience, than any other towns in Europe.

The name of Frank is a sufficient passport and protection from the Turkish authorities; and an Elché, as the representative of his government, receives from all classes, almost as much homage as a sovereign prince.

Galata is a walled town, occupied by the Frank merchants, all of whom have their counting-houses and magazines there. The most wealthy, reside in the villages on the Bosphorus, or in Pera, the residence of the foreign ministers, the turgemans, the rich bankers and fancy store-keepers, who occupy the front rooms of the lower stories of most of the houses on the principal street. Here are also many

Christian churches, and monasteries of various denominations, which, in their proper place, I shall endeavour to enumerate and describe. Here, innumerable priests, who are maintained by the various Christian sects, throng the streets, always dressed in their canonicals. Here also resort the adventurers and vagabonds of all nations, in search of fortune, or to avoid the pursuit of justice. When a man is in desperate circumstances, or considered too bad for society in any part of the Mediterranean, they have a saying which is intended to express the utmost contempt, and to convey the greatest insult that can be offered to character, "andate en Levante," or "go to Pera." The English and Americans, when they wish to consign a human being to the hands of his satanic majesty, have a somewhat similar expression, but it does not convey the same idea of character.

But it is time that I should begin the task I have proposed to myself, in which I shall make use of such historical facts and observations, as I may find ready prepared for me, and are pertinent to my subject, and shall throw in such remarks on the character and manners of society, as have suggested themselves to me during my residence here.

The suburb of Galata extends along the northern shore of the harbour, between *Top Hana*, the gun foundry, and *Ters Hana*, the navy-yard. It is bounded on the north by Pera, which is joined to, and overlooks it.

Galata was formerly called *Sika*, in consequence

of the fig trees which covered the summit on which Pera now stands. It afterward took the name of Justinianopolis, to perpetuate the name of Justinian, who had been very liberal towards this place.

This emperor, besides the embellishments which he made in this suburb, furnished the inhabitants with a direct communication with Constantinople, by means of a fine bridge thrown across the head of the harbour. But in spite of the desire which he manifested that his name should pass to posterity with this town, as well as many others, which he exhausted the resources of the empire to establish the inhabitants of Justinianopolis, even at that early period, manifested the character which their posterity have inherited, and have lost the recollection of their benefactor together with his name, in having taken that of Galata, which the merchants of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, gave to it. • The ancient walls which surround Galata, built by this mercantile community, still exist in tolerably good preservation.

Galata has scarcely changed its character from what it was during the later ages of the Greek empire. This suburb is still inhabited by merchants, originally strangers, the major part of whom come to this country to remain only long enough to make their fortune; being favoured by the prerogatives attached to the title of Frank. There are some who make up their minds to make it their permanent residence, but in these cases, it is generally marriage connexions, or some other motive equally cogent, which produces this determination.

The buildings which are used as store houses, are of stone, vaulted, with iron-doors and window shutters, to make them fire-proof. These precautions are very necessary for the preservation of the rich deposits which they contain, and which notwithstanding oftentimes fall a prey to the flames.

At the back of Galata, there is a high and magnificent tower, where there is always a look-out, and from the top of which the alarm is given the moment a fire breaks out in any part of the city, or suburbs. "*Yanguenvar*," "there is a fire," often disturbs the repose of night, and is repeated by the croaking voices of the numerous watchmen stationed in each quarter, freezing with fear the waking inhabitants, who sometimes hear the alarm too late for their own safety.

These watchmen pass the night in making the rounds, armed with heavy staffs shod with iron, which when struck on the pavement, make a singular noise that may be heard at a great distance. It is their duty on seeing any extraordinary light in a house, to apprise the inhabitants of it, that proper precautions may be taken.

The most beautiful view in the world, is from the top of the tower of Galata. Whichever way you turn your eye, you do not cease to admire the views that present themselves. Here the seraglio, into the grounds of which you look. There, Constantinople, in its full extent, is spread out before you. The suburbs; the Bosphorus with all its villages; Galata under your feet; Pera; the harbour with its

forest of shipping, and myriads of boats ; *Top Hana*; *Ters Hana* ; the Sea of Marmora, with all its isles, are in one vast and beautiful picture, under your eye.

There is a beautiful mosque at *Galata* near *Top Hana*, called *Arab Djamisi*, or the Negro Mosque. Near this, is a fountain which discharges miraculous water, which has the property of assisting women in child-birth ! The Turks have many of these superstitions which they certainly do not owe to the doctrines of Mahomet, but to their gross ignorance, and their frequent contact with people of different beliefs. Ghosts are much dreaded by the Turks, as is also the effect of the “*evil eye*.” A kind and an affectionate look from a Christian, to a Turkish child, has given so much distress to its mother, that the Christian has been asked to spit in the child’s face, or offer it some other indignity, to undo the charm which the kind look was supposed to have conveyed. This is what is called the “*evil eye*.”

Galata is cut up by narrow and crooked streets and lanes, having in many places a rapid and fatiguing ascent. Some are very populous, and others are to appearance, almost deserted. One might suppose that these were destitute of inhabitants. The first are occupied by the tavern and shop-keepers, the latter by the foreign merchants.

A residence in Pera is exceedingly gloomy and disagreeable. In the winter the gutters are filled with mud, which prevents your leaving the house ; and in the summer, from the heated and impure air which can scarcely be respired.

Beside the foreign merchants and shop-keepers, there is at Galata a dense population of Jews, Turks, and Christians; people from every part of the known world, and rascals of every description. Galata is the commercial part of Constantinople; there foreign vessels discharge their cargoes, and for the convenience of the merchants, there is a custom-house established at the place of landing merchandise.

A more crowded, bustling, dirty hole, than Galata, it would be difficult to find. Its neighbour Pera, is filthy enough in all conscience; but Galata has the advantage of being situated far below Pera, and serves as a receptacle for all the filth that is brought down by the rains, from the latter. Scavengers are unknown here, and if water does not descend from heaven in sufficient quantities to cleanse the streets, the filth collects in them from year to year, poisoning the atmosphere, and producing plague and pestilence, carrying with them the besom of destruction.

There is nothing to interest a traveller at Galata, except it be the mosque and beautiful Persian fountain at *Top Hana*. All the rest is chaffer and barter, cheating and roguery. The Christian churches, of which I shall speak more hereafter, are built quite low, with a high wall, which surrounds and conceals them. I have visited five. The Armenian church of Saint Gregorio, the Greek churches of the Virgin and Saint Nicholas, and the Catholic churches of Saint Christo and Saint John. In this latter, I saw a picture of the saint, clothed in skins,

and walking off, apparently very well satisfied with himself, with his head in a dish under his arm. He had however another head on his shoulders. There were three other churches, which I did not visit.

On leaving Galata to go to Pera, you may take the way by the great tower, where you will be annoyed by beggars at every corner and sideway; or you may take the more pleasant route by the *Petit Champ des Morts*. •

On arriving at the height near the walls, within which the British palace once stood, the ruins of which now only remain, you have a fine view of the burying-ground, loaded with its forest of evergreen cypress, and its countless thousands of grave-stones, with its winding paths, crossing one another in every direction, and converting into a labyrinth this truly beautiful spot. Here resort the grave and the gay, the old and the young, the rich and the poor; who on all festivals, when the weather will permit, and on every pleasant afternoon, seek at this place health and exercise, and freedom from that *ennui* which eternally haunts them at home.

• There is something indescribably pleasant in standing at the spot just mentioned, and plunging the sight, as it were, down the sloping verdant banks, through the thick foliage of the cypress, into the deep valley below. At intervals, your eye catches the gray funeral stones which speckle the verdure, and the next moment rests on living groups of men, women, and children, gaily sporting among the memorials of death. Deep in the low ground, you

catch a glimpse of the long line of houses which bound this cemetery, the inhabitants of which being accustomed to its vicinity, have lost all sense of melancholy or dread of their last home.

The eye rapidly passes over this interesting scene, to the navy-yard, the *Omceidan* (or arrow place,) the smiling valley of sweet waters, the intermediate villages, *Ayub*, the harbour constantly animated by a thousand busy *kuicks*, plying to and fro in every direction. The wide and extensive view over the Thracian wilds. The noble barracks of *Ramos Tchiffir* and the city of Constantinople, with its numerous mosques and spires. The eye, however, becomes somewhat fatigued with so many objects of beauty, each of which of itself is sufficient to claim the attention; and turning our backs on the whole of this grand scene, we plunge our aching sight into the crooked and narrow lanes and filthy streets of *Pera*.

Pera is inhabited by people from nearly all the nations of the earth; and as many different languages are spoken, as there are different nations existing in it. It is the modern *Babel*, without its stateliness and splendour. Those from Europe call themselves *Franks*; the rest are called *Rayahs* in general; although the Greeks, Armenians and Jews, have each a distinctive title which indicates their relationship to the Ottoman Porte, as a conquered, an invited, or a visiting people. Of this I shall endeavour to treat more at large hereafter.

This modern *Babylon*, which has as many differ-

ent interests as there are nations in it; this singular want of union, of principle and good faith; this self-love which prevails; this desire of rising to eminence and to fortune, by effecting the downfall of their neighbours; regardless of the means, provided the end be attained; this total prostration of honour, honesty, truth, and morality; all prevail in Pera, to a greater degree, than perhaps in any other part of the world, and have grown out of its commercial and political relations, the great sources of duplicity and chicanery, and the parents of all the other vices which stalk forth in the full blaze of day, in the *street* and the lanes, of this contemptible filthy demi-suburb. I say *street* and lanes, because there is but one street, and this scarcely deserves the name; and I say *demi-suburb*, because Galata forms the other half.

There were once here some handsome houses, occupied by the ambassadors and representatives of the different nations having relations with the Porte, and as every bubble is swelled in Pera, into a balloon, these houses were called *palaces* and all houses are called so, in which a minister resides.

There is but one of these houses now remaining; the rest were swept away by the sea of fire which lately rolled over this modern Gomorrah. Yet in the wooden, clap-boarded sheds, the work of a few months, we see the Spanish palace, the Tuscan palace, the American palace, &c. &c.

These palaces are crowded as near as they can be got, to the grand centre of the nobility of Pera,

that is to say, at the *quatre coins*, or in other words, where the lane leading from the *Petit Champ des Morts*, crosses the dirty, crooked, narrow street, which runs along the ridge or back-bone of Pera.

Here stand two large stone houses facing one another, belonging to and occupied by wealthy drogmen, in the employ of foreign legations, who have become rich by their strict regard to the prevailing morals of Pera; and opposite to these, stand two houses of wood, but so painted as scarcely to be distinguished from stone. This is the centre of Pera, the Holy of Holies, the Sanctum Sanctorum, where you may kneel down, and kiss the earth. You are now in the very heart of the paradise of Pera. No doubt Moore must have had this in his mind's eye when he wrote his "Pera and Paradise." From this point, a radius of about one hundred yards, will sweep round and beyond all the diplomacy, the Turgemanic nobility, and ill-gotten wealth of this celebrated speck; which is hardly to be distinguished on the map of Constantinople and its suburbs.

The American palace, a wooden building of two stories, and four small rooms on a story, stands happily within this envied circle, or just within its verge; and from the upper windows of which, is a fine view of the coast of Asia, Olympus, the Sea of Marmora, the seraglio, and the harbour. It looks down on the *canaille* situated in the slope beyond (out of the circle,) and extending to Top Hana.

No description can possibly give you a sufficient

idea of the narrowness, the filthiness, and the crookedness of the lanes of Pera. Many of the streets of New-York, have admitted a comparison with the horns of a cow ; but I know of no comparison which will suit the lanes of Pera, unless it be the stick of wood that was so crooked that it could not lie still, but was ever seeking a position of rest. No one thinks of going into the streets, after a spell of damp weather, except it be with a singular kind of galoshoe, which placed on the feet, gives the wearer the appearance of being on stilts.

There is but one street in Pera which will admit of the passage of a cart. Of course carriages can no where be used. Some families (of the nobility) are provided with sedans. I believe there may be as many as four, perhaps half a dozen in the place. When the ladies of a family are invited to one of the ambassador's "large parties," they get into these chairs, and are carried off, one at a time, by four stout *hamals* or porters, through mud and mire, splashing on both sides, the single files of foot passengers who occupy the narrow trottoirs, where there are any. On their arrival at the palace, they wait in a private room for their companions to join them, before they make their grand entrée.

There is little more to be said respecting the topography of Pera, except, that it is nearly surrounded with grave-yards, the only agreeable places to be found near it.

The forms and construction of society in Pera merit particular notice, which though I despair of

doing justice to them, I shall endeavour to delineate. Let no one take to himself or herself the portrait, however well it may resemble them. I shall describe classes, and not individuals. If the likeness be correct, no one will have cause to be offended; if incorrect, no one can possibly be offended, because no one will be able to recognise it. My business as a traveller, is to describe what I see, and to describe it accurately. I am a servile copyist. I cannot make morals or beauties, where neither morals nor beauties exist. I am in this respect a perfect Chinese.

A gallant commodore, once in our navy, employed a Chinese to take his likeness. The Chinese was faithful to nature. Not a mole, a scratch, nor a wart escaped him. Every thing was put down. The florid, bluff, fat cheeks, the pug nose, the small, twinkling gray eye, the puckered mouth and double chin. When the picture was finished the commodore appeared no ways satisfied, though every one else pronounced the performance admirable. "Why you no like him?" asked the Chinese. "Because it is so horridly ugly," replied the commodore. The Chinese, in the most melancholy tone possible, exclaimed, "But how can make pretty, when no got?"

I hope I may succeed better than the Chinese, and find some beauties, and fewer blemishes to note.

Yours truly,

LETTER XXV.

Pera, February 16, 1833.

MY DEAR

I am almost afraid that you will think my picture of the population of Pera is too highly charged, but be assured that it is not so; for if I ever drew a correct likeness with my pen, this is one. It is an abominable place, and there is an abominable set of people in it. I could relate to you many anecdotes about them that would surprise you, if it were worth while.

I may perhaps give you another sketch of them; but I am from time to time very sick and good for nothing. This last attack of mine has been a terrible blow to me. It has deprived me of all my strength, and I fear I shall never recover it. Sometimes, I have no energy whatever. I feel as if the whole world, and all that is in it, were indifferent to me. This climate never will suit me; I cannot live long here. I abandon myself to my fate, whatever it may be. I am sometimes exceedingly wretched; perhaps no one in my situation, could be more so. My only amusement is in writing to you; and even that, I sometimes have to force upon myself until I get interested in the matter. But I

tire you with my glooms, I do not know what I shall begin at next.

Before I leave Pera, I must give you some notion of the religious fanaticism here, and of the Christians. Ignorance and superstition go hand in hand. I fear I shall not be able to do justice to the state of things.

I send you a sketch of a morning's observation. It may help to give an idea of the land I live in, and of the kind of people who inhabit it.

Yours truly.

DIARY.

FROM 9 O'CLOCK A. M. TO 3 P. M.

Pera, Feb. 9, 1833.—This being a pleasant day, and what would be called in this place, “un temps magnifique,” I have determined, if it can be possible, to pass one entire day in the Perote fashion, at a conspicuous window and a street before me.

Thus seated, pen in hand, my attention was soon attracted by perceiving I had a fair rival, three doors from myself, who had also, as usual, (for thus she passes every day), arranged herself for gathering news for the following evening. At the head of the street, sat an old beggar woman, who from time to time, cried out, “una para, pour l'amor de St. Maria, una para,” and by calling herself *orfano*,

(occasionally) caused the purse of Perotę liberality to open, and give her a para. Beggars after beggars passed, all proceeding to the A. J. from whom they receive a daily sum. Next came a poor Jew pedlar, crying out in a shrill, piercing tone "Cotone Americano," and my fair rival soon disappeared, and poor "Yahoudi" was seen approaching her door. For two long hours, there he remained, and after having displayed every article in his pack, from silk, down to the aforesaid American cotton, madame la Drogomanesse, dismissed him by purchasing a skein of thread. On he went, still crying his old favorite song, until perhaps another patronising dame made just such another purchase. Whack! whack! went the knocker of a neighbouring door between me, and "*ma belle compagnone*," and upon turning my eyes towards the spot, I found I had been preceded, and the whole errand of the hamal, (a porter) had no doubt been determined by her, even before I had perceived him. A cavaisse; a company of balloon-headed Armenians next passed; next came the lady's husband, and entered almost unnoticed, but who, to my no small dissatisfaction, caused her to remove from the post she occupied.

A few moments passed, and two very important personages made their appearance at the head of the street, looking full of dignity, and as they approached, proved to be two "Attachés," aspirants to drogomanical honours, following them, they are

seen entering Madame's abode, and soon after here they go, attachés and all;

"Such winking graces, such majestic mien,
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

No arms are offered, but a respectful distance is kept between the beaux and the belles. Madame la Drogomanesse of course takes the lead according to rank, and away they go, casting their eyes, and in fact their bodies, for no one position is kept for two moments. I am perceived, and a killing glance from their piercing eyes is enough *malgré moi*, to cause me to admire them. One hour passes and here they come full of talk; much news, no doubt great news has been collected; videlicet, his excellency, the ——'s caique, has been seen at Top Hana, and no doubt a visit to the Porte is intended; and that M., the I. has received the latest dress pattern from Vienna, and that it has blue trimmings instead of red. Full of talk, they are met at the door by their ghostly mother, whose hideously withered features warn them of the effects of paint in younger days. Before they enter, a servant maid is perceived at the head of the street with a bundle. A minute after she is called to answer to their inquisitive demands. Scarcely have they time to mount *en-haut*, before thump, thump, goes the piano, and for half an hour, its divine strains sooth me in my laborious task.

A ball being in perspective, the uniform of some

important personage has just passed, which is contained in no less than three large trunks, besides a hat-box of an immense size.

Next passes a flock of Greek belles, with their turbaned heads and white veil which serves for no other purpose than to hide their most beautiful head-dress.

Walking in wooden overshoes, here they come, holding their dresses almost above the knee, to the no small exposure of a well turned ankle. The old women as usual behind, that the fairer part of the company may be seen to advantage.

A number of Perotes now passing down the street, have stopped in full front of the American palace to view the *goose and gridiron* (spread eagle), and who having perfectly satisfied themselves that the motto, "E pluribus unum," is not in any language used by "*nous autres*," and having understood that legation means *something*, they are moving off before a self-important personage, who mounted on horseback, preceded by a surrigee, and followed by a servant, proclaims himself to be a Turgeman. Their proffered bows are scarcely noticed, and as he rides on with every feature set and arranged for action, from the bottom of his soul, he trembles with fear of the Reis Effendi. His servant carries in his hand a large tin box, containing perhaps, one solitary production, which has been written and prepared by his *hodjaor kiatib*, while the master enjoys the empty reputation of being "*tres fort*," (to use the Perote term), in the Turkish language. And

dearly is his reputation gained, for let it rain or shine, snow or sleet, Monsieur le Turgeman drudges to obtain the reputation of, "*Il est tres capable ; il fait des grandes affaires !*"

Two priests with hoary beards are seen descending the street, and a Perote having joined them, seems to fancy himself between two prophets, and as they pass on, they are saluted by all who meet them.

Here comes one of no less importance than a chargé. He takes his daily walk past here proceeding to the I's, and although one with few pretensions, carries a bundle of papers in his hand, and fancies he is of "*beaucoup d'affaires.*" After him, comes a carot man crying out in Turkish, "*hon-wuchi*, for sale."

To be faithful to my task, I must mention the modest Armenian ladies with their red *papouches*, who glide along without attracting perhaps, the attention of any one save myself; and while their *yuckmacks* can boast of covering as pretty faces and flashing eyes, and their *feridjis* as well proportioned forms as Pera contains, no one thinks of noticing them. Go to their houses and there is Pera again. While moving along so silently they gather more news than a foreigner would in a week.

And the Turkish ladies must not be forgotten, for they form a very important article in the passing events of a day.

Mais le voici! A chargé d'affaires (your humble servant), on horseback, preceded by his *cavaisse*

(constable) has just emerged, and a general rush was made to the window of my fair friend; husband, brother, sister, mother, all run to see, and to conjecture where and for what he could be going. In the street he meets two young Perote females. But alas! they were not noble, nevertheless they were pretty, and are therefore honoured by a condescending nod. Pleased with the attention, they proceed to boast, no doubt, of the unexpected honour. A *yaksakdje* meets him, and who to show his manners, touches his head as a salute. Two or three *hamals*; a Jew, and he disappears. The carcass of a dead sheep. A hamal with a huge box. The master of the Hotel d'Europe. A blind beggar; a crazy woman; a man crying bread; another fowls; and a third onions; fill up the view.

A few minutes after and a number of horses were seen passing, destined for the A. S. and a number of Austrian officers, who mounted them on the great street of Pera, and proceeded towards Buyucderè.

The street has now remained empty for some-time, but many very interesting objects have passed the head of it. Among these, were two German pedlars, a number of asses loaded with stone, a horse with bread, an Araba, a great number of Perotes passing to and fro, and a led horse. It being now past two o'clock, the *beau-monde* are not seen out of doors in such numbers, as the cool air and bright sun of the morning entice forth. Those few who make their appearance at this hour, are of the

masculine gender, and are seen generally at the "*Petit champ des morts.*"

A number of Turkish females have just passed with children in their arms, and an *attaché* following them. A servant with a bundle, and a *yaksakdje* with a letter, are all I have seen for some time past, so that I will withdraw from my post, highly gratified with my occupation for the day; and would recommend it to any new comer who may find Pera as I have found it.

Wishing to know what occupation or employment a lady could find at her window in a narrow street of Pera, for a whole day, I desired a nephew of mine to make a note for six hours of the passing events, which on perusal will be found to be no trifling concern, and certainly sufficient to afford subjects for conversation and conjecture for some hours in the evening.

Suppose for example that all the ladies of Pera, who had been similarly engaged on the same day, were to meet in the evening, what possibility would there be, for each of them to detail fully the news or occurrences of the day? None. Were there as many different tongues, employed as there are languages in Pera, they would not suffice.

The Abbé Bernard St. Pierre, created for himself a little world on a strawberry leaf; it would therefore be hard, if a fertile imagination could not find something in a lane of thirty yards long, to while

away a few hours, and afford subjects for reflection. Let us suppose for an instant, the variety of characters and nations that have passed, and the eventful histories that are connected with the life of each individual, which if fully written out, would fill nearly all the libraries of the earth! The Abbé's account of his strawberry leaf, and its inhabitants, makes a good sized book; but how many books would a lane of Pera and its inhabitants make!! The life of man, were he to live to the age of Methusaleh, would not suffice to read the half of them.

Yours truly.

LETTER XXVI.

Pera, February, 1833.

MY DEAR — —,

THE court of Rome, which directs all Catholicism, has for its representative at Constantinople, an Archbishop *in partibus in fidelium*, and allows him a title both in Rome and in Constantinople. My lord C., a native of the island of Chio, is the present archbishop, with the title of Archbishop of Sardis, or Sardice in Roumelie, and Apostolic Vicar of the Pontifical Chair; and whenever present at any ceremony, he ranks with an ambassador, of

three claps of the bell;* and the British ambassadors have never yet refused him this honour.

He has two canons near him, who, with an abbé and a chancellor, direct all the ecclesiastical affairs. Several abbés are the registers and certifiers of marriages. The chancellor enjoys the same privileges as the chancellors of foreign nations. He examines all affairs of conscience and morality; settles all dissensions in households or families; and draws up and signs wills.

This archbishop receives a moderate salary from the court of Rome of some hundreds of crowns yearly, but which would not suffice to support his household and other expences, if the government of France, and the court of Vienna, did not also grant him a pension sufficient to maintain them. My lord C., the present archbishop, is old and unhealthy, but of a moral and exemplary character. Without being a fanatic, he is strict in the performance of his duties, and is much respected as a worthy old prelate.

From the time of the occupation of Galata by the Genoese, the residence and cathedral of the archbishop, was the church of St. George, but afterward, the emperor of Austria presented to the court of Rome, the monastery and church of the

* When an ambassador enters the door of his own palace or visits another palace, or departs, the porter rings a large bell, placed for the purpose in a convenient situation, giving three distinct peals. The same honour is shown to the archbishop, as alluded to. A minister resident, receives two peals, and a charge only one.

German Trinitarians, whose dress was white, with the cross suspended at their sides, and whose convents were suppressed by Joseph the Second, throughout his empire.

The court of Rome then ordered this convent and church to be given as a perpetual residence for her archbishop at Constantinople, and the cathedral was transferred to Pera among the Trinitarians, at which time, my lord F. of the Franciscan order of St. Antonia was installed in this cathedral, and when he died, my lord C. succeeded him. It is situated in the great street of Pera.

This cathedral has been several times burnt, and some years before the last conflagration, my lord C. had the misfortune to see his chancellor and the abbé C. from the island of Tino his secretary, assassinated by some enemy of the said convent of the Trinitarians. I was the first who was informed of this outrage, and hastened to the house at six o'clock in the morning. The corpses were examined by the employés of the French chancellerie.

The body of the chancellor was found wrapped in his bed-cover under the bed; and although every possible inquiry was made to discover the assassins, they, and the cause of the outrage still remain unknown.

Twenty thousand dollars are necessary to re-establish this cathedral in a state of service, and a subscription paper has been written by the archbishop, and presented by his canon and chancellor to all the

fidèles in Constantinople and on the Bosphorus, who signed his pastoral letter.

The convent and its apartments are ready for the reception of the archbishop, but finding them rather damp, he preferred inhabiting the ancient cathedral of St. George, at Galata until spring; and allows his chancellor and secretary to remain in a magazine amongst the ruins of a house near at hand.

In the revenues of the archbishop, besides his pensions from different courts, are embraced all the perquisites of the church, arising from baptisms, confirmations, marriages and deaths. The income of his secretary amounts to some seven or eight hundred dollars.

When the church of the Trinitarians was in a flourishing condition, there was a considerable gain from the Armenians who resorted to it, and from the sale of wax-tapers and candles; also from alms, collections, and sermons given every Saturday in lent. It was then that this church flourished and did good business, but being now much impaired, her resources are very much curtailed.

CHURCH OF ST. ANTONIA.

The church of St. Antonia situated on the descent of the French palace in Pera, has several times been burnt, with the dwelling houses of the convent, and restored through the influence of France and Naples. It was lately put upon a rich

and splendid footing by the loans of the provincial father Guifrída; and in the conflagration of the second of August, which destroyed the means of support of all *nous autres*, it was again burnt to the ground. By the aid of the *faithful*, and above all of the Alleppines,* who advanced considerable sums, a convent of twenty-four chambers with corridors, and many stories high, has been erected. The four walls of this church were covered with a roof to prevent the entrance of the rain and snow, and it is now within these, that they celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Roman rite, and which, notwithstanding its pitiful state, without means, (but which nevertheless it is able to procure), is crowded by the Catholics.

The church of St. Antonia in Pera, has many resources, and an immense parish when compared with the other churches. From the French staircase to the right and left, all the streets and passages as far as the "*great champ des morts*," and all the district as far as St. Demetrius, viz. Tatavola belong to the parish of St. Antonia.

The Alleppines are of great assistance to this church. By necessary economy, and a good understanding within the convent, and the apartments which they let to honest people who are good payers, they have quite a fine income. Besides this, they have the aid of the pious members of the church from six o'clock in the morning until eleven;

* Catholics, in and from Aleppo, where Othello "smote" the Turk.

also that of alms and collections, and masses, at from five to twenty piasters each, which are given on Sundays and holy-days by the faithful. On fête-days, there is a continual ebb and flow of attendants, from three o'clock until vespers.

The court of Rome gives nothing to this church, nor to the others in the shape of support, but on the contrary, demands something, for the convent of the general of this order at Rome, called St. Francois d'Assisi Minori Conventuose. The principal, with his companions of this church, sign the account of income and expenditures of all its moneys, under oath; and thus this state of things continues to this day.

There is at present in the church of St. Antonia, in Pera, two very distinguished monks. Father A., a very gentlemanly man and celebrated preacher; and the father P., who is vicar, and indefatigable in his ecclesiastical duties, in the absence of father M. who, by an order from the court of Rome, went as inspector general into Moldavia for their convent. They have two abbés, who aid them in their parish duties, and a layman, who is of great service to the children of the church, who receive an education however barely sufficient to enable them to read the prayers and sing. Their education in other respects, is very much neglected, and their minds are left in a state of profound ignorance and obscurity. The monks of St. Antonia have annually their benefits on holy-days, which, by the influence of the

Christians, are productive of much gain; also by customary ceremonies, baptisms, marriages, &c.

One of the provincials of St. Antonia obtained permission from the court of Rome, to have a chapel at Buyucderè dedicated to the Holy Virgin. They bought one of the houses of Mr. F., and established a poor priest as curate, with ecclesiastical powers for Therapia;* a source of much gain in summer, and of much labour in winter.

Although the church of Saint Antonia is in a very dilapidated state, its priests have never ceased performing their duties, which are productive of gain, and they depend entirely upon the provincial, of the order of Saint Francois, in Rome, and the propagandi consistory of the Pope, for the propagation of the Catholic faith.†

SAINT LOUIS.

The chapel of Saint Louis, the ornament of all others, was built upon the premises, and annexed to the palace of France, but the conflagration of the second of August reduced it to ashes; and one is now

Therapia, a Greek village on the European side below Buyucderè.

† That is, they make as much money as they can, and leave the responsibility of taking care of souls, to the principal of the order, who resides at Rome, and to the propagandi consistory of the Pope, whose special business it is to make converts to the holy Catholic faith.

scarcely able to distinguish the few remains of the antique monuments of the deceased ministers of France, whose remains have been thus honoured by their government.

This royal chapel of France has always been under the orders of the barefooted capuchins, and is, together with the French palace, (whose ruins resemble those of Palmyra,) near the dwelling, and under the care of a truly worthy capuchin, father Paul, chief warden of the chapel. He is a Piedmontese, and worthy the respect of philosophers in whose society he would be perfectly at ease; is of a strictly moral character, conversing freely with every one, with respect and modesty in his deportment; and never departs from his correct manner of thinking. Italian and Latin, are the only languages in which he is conversant, in his ministry. He is here very comfortably situated.

The duties of these capuchins, who merited a royal chapel, was to keep it open to the public, to perform the ecclesiastical duties common to other churches, and on Sundays and fête-days, to perform a mass in full dress, with all the immensely rich ornaments and paraphernalia of the embassy. On Sundays, the best sermon was to be heard in the chapel of Saint Louis, and its influence was unbounded.

This is a sketch of the chapel of France, in ruins near my house, and which well merits a visit.

*The church and convent of St. Mary Draperis of Pera, named Saint Mary of the Miraculous Image, but bearing the appellation of Draperis.**

This church has existed for many years. It is related that a lady sent a present of alms, and an image of the virgin, with a request that the church should be dedicated to her holy image. It has been twice destroyed by fire, and was lately, with its convent, saved from the conflagration of the second of August. At least, its exterior apartments were saved; viz: the Normal school for children, the handsome houses upon the great street of Pera belonging to the convent, and another, all let at high rents; one of which is inhabited by Baron Antoine de Testa, Aulic chancellor and counsellor of the court of Austria, and another by the family of Lucca Vimoni. It is now governed by the local Franciscan fathers, six in number, one layman, and a Piedmontese préfet, chosen from among their numerous monasteries, and named by the congregation of the *propaganda fideles* as préfet.

The revenues of this monastery are very considerable, as they have several convents in the Archipelago, at Sira, Vio, Naxia, Lantorino, &c. Here, besides the revenues arising from its dwelling-houses and shops, it derives a considerable amount from masses, processions, its daily functions, baptisms, marriages, and funeral ceremonies; also of

* In mourning.

the rich, from the islands of the Archipelago, who from preference, desire to be buried in the vaults of the church of the holy Mary Draperis.

The collections from solemn church ceremonies, and the believers, assist the church ; also the Armenian concourse who frequent it daily in the sacristy, which contains the *holy thorn*,* taken from the crown which was plac'd on the head of our Saviour, and which is respected and even adored by the Turks.

There you may always see females embracing that thorn, and kneeling, whilst the Gospel of Saint John, and prayers are read over them.

* This holy thorn was taken, (it is said,) from the crown which was placed on the head of our Saviour. In the early part of the thirteenth century, such was the distress of the Emperor Baldwin, that the crown of thorns, which had been preserved in the imperial chapel of Constantinople, was pledged for the sum of 13,134 pieces of gold, and taken to Venice, as a security for the payment of the debt, and to be forfeited if not redeemed within a short and definite term. It is stated also, that the holy relic was redeemed by Louis the ninth of France, and was sent to Paris in a golden case, enclosed in another of silver, and was delivered to the king ; who barefoot, and in his shirt, bore it in triumph through the city.

For the transmission of the crown, and the miraculous cures performed by it, in the holy chapel of Paris, see Ducange, Boileau, Racine, and Gibbon.

LETTER XXVII.

Pera, March 6, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

I SEND you a more particular account of the Armenians. This is the most systematic thing I have done and I hope the manner I have executed it will please you if you can make out to read it. I shall take hold of the Jews and the Greeks next; I have not yet determined which. I am dreadfully at a loss for books of reference, and therefore for historical facts, I have to limit myself greatly. Yet I believe that I have said all that was necessary as regards the Armenians to show how they came here. I wish I could get some account of the exit or exodus as they call it of the Jews from Grenada, so that I could trace the history of those of Turkey. They all came from Spain, and still keep the language they brought with them. These cunning fellows the Greeks, I don't expect to have much trouble with. You find something about them in every page of history. They are in every body's way. I think I shall be able to send Jews and Greeks both together by the next opportunity—perhaps I may send them by this, for I have made a discovery lately that greatly encourages me, to wit: that I can write almost as fast as I can talk,

and that my composition such as it is, is the easiest thing in the world for me.

I think nothing now of undertaking a whole quire; I don't think that the great *Well Known*, if he was living, could make a book faster than I can. He, poor soul, had to imagine every thing, whereas I have nothing to do but to put down facts. It is, I fancy, much easier to write truth than fiction. The latter, I never tried; the former, as they say in Virginia, is "mighty easy."

After I have killed the Jews and Grecks, I purpose picking up the odd come-shorts, to be found about such a place as this, such as *Hamals*, the *Sacas*, the *Karkjes*, &c. &c. &c., and giving you a kind of hodge-podge, a sort of salmagundi. Then take you to all the villages on the Bosphorus, and show you all that is to be seen in and about them, and if I keep my health, I shall in the course of the summer lead you a dance about the Sea of Marmora, where there are many remains of antiquity, and other objects of curiosity and interest. These will, I think, swell up my quantity of pot-hooks and tranmels to a pretty good pile, as big as the book the Dutchman boasted of having written,

Do let me hear from you sometimes, for heaven's sake.

My best regards to every one of the family large and small.

Yours truly.

P. S. Find as much fault as you will with my

writing, but don't criticise my composition, "as you love me." However, *sans badinage*, tell me candidly, what sort of an author I should make, if I was to set earnestly about it. I have myself some qualms about the matter, but believe, if I had more patience I could do things better.

My physician says I must go away from here ; that I cannot live more than a year longer ; this is rather hard. Don't you think so ?

THE ARMENIANS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THE genius of the Armenian is essentially mercantile, but many of them having a mechanical talent, are employed as jewellers, gold and silver smiths, and the various other trades called for by the luxuries and the necessities of a great capital ; and being of strong frames, the lower or poorer classes are employed almost exclusively as *hamals*, or porters, for the purpose of transporting the heaviest burthens through the steep and narrow streets of Constantinople, Galata, Pera, and the neighbouring towns. Where money is to be gained, Armenians are to be found employed. There is no financial occupation, however exalted, that is beyond the reach of their mercenary ambition ; and none too vile or base for their acceptance, where money is their object ;—from the superintendence of the mint, to the filthy and

* This article has appeared in the New-York Monthly Magazine.

contemptible employment of cleansers of common sewers ; and all the intermediate gradations of employment, are sought by the strong built, industrious, avaricious Armenians.

The Turks, in their application of a term which they conceive suitable to the Armenian caste in general, call them *Bakji Bokji* a phrase indicative of the most filthy of all their employments.

But commerce in all its various and extended branches, is most congenial to the Armenians, in pursuit of which they brave the frosts of Russia, the deserted regions of Asia Minor, where fever lurks in every vale ;—the heats of Syria, and the Simooms and droughts of the Arabian desert ;—disease in every shape ; the dysentery ; the cholera, and the plague. The rapine of professional robbers, and the rapacity of pachas, and governors, through whose territories these roads lay, all are encountered in the hope of gain, and when the Armenian has arrived at the uttermost limits of the Ottoman empire, he appears but to have reached the place, from whence to start in fresh pursuit of his object, until India and Japan furnish the merchandise destined to be vended in the khans and bazaars of Constantinople. Endowed with great personal strength and passive courage, the Armenian undertakes these dangerous journies, with a forethought of the risks and difficulties he has to encounter, and occupies his mind on his journey, in calculating as every danger is past, and every loss sustained, the additional per centage necessary to be charged on what re-

mains of his merchandise, to enable him to make good the losses which he has suffered, from accident, rapacity or whatever other cause.

Thus, patient as the camel he bestrides, and enduring as his pack-saddle, months are spent in making those tedious and dangerous journies; and while a being less mercantile, would reap intellectual stores from observations on men and customs, the only stores he thinks of are those within his bales, and the stores of *paras* he will receive for them, while comfortably seated in his little shop at the bazaar.

Industry is the inheritance of the Armenian, and in Turkey resolves itself into four principal branches; to wit,—banking, and the administration of public and private estates for the Turks; the coining of money; the manufacturing of muslins and stamped cloths; goldsmith's work and jewellery, and the greater part of the mechanical arts, and other occupations before alluded to. Whatever may be his occupation, during the hours devoted to it, he never suffers his mind to be drawn off by any circumstance whatever; he almost forgets his own family, in the thoughts of *paras*, and calculations of gain, while waiting the appearance of customers, and it is only on feast days that he abstains from indulging in almost the only food of his mind, to partake with his family in the festivities of the occasion.

With literature and science he has little to do, and is an entire stranger, even to the name of the *fine arts*; hence his education is limited to the calls

of his religion, and the necessities of the trade or profession to which he may be destined.

To read and write Armenian, to learn as much arithmetic as is necessary to keep accounts, and to pick up a knowledge of the Turkish sufficient for the intercourse, which he is destined to have with that nation, are sufficient for all his worldly purposes.

But more particular attention is paid to that part of his education which relates to his religion; for example, psalmody in the choirs, accompanying their spiritual songs with movements of the hands, body and head, in a manner that it would be difficult to explain, but which however is calculated to excite laughter among strangers, as they are thereby forcibly reminded of the motion of puppets. It is in this manner that the precious hours of the Armenian youth are wasted.

The Armenian priests generally superintend this miserable education. Schools, they can scarcely be said to have any; they are afraid to trust their children to the tuition of masters out of the family, lest they might be taught something not in every respect conformable to the dogmas of their sect. Latterly, however, the Armenian missionaries for the establishment of schools, have had sufficient influence among them to induce them to establish schools on the Lancasterian principle, and with books published in their language, under their direction, and submitted to the inspection of the patriarch, whose approbation they have obtained, there

is a fair prospect of education becoming more extended among them; as Armenians having the confidence of the community are instructed in the system by the missionaries, and placed at the head of these establishments, in the villages along the European side of the Bosphorus. These schools are placed on the footing of free schools; part of the expense of them is paid by the wealthy Armenians, and the deficiency is made up by the missionaries, who have in their efforts to get these schools established, manifested a wonderful degree of praiseworthy zeal, and a perseverance and sound discretion, that have conquered the opposition of the Armenian clergy, and broken down the prejudices of the more intelligent part of the nation. Especial care however is taken, that these school books contain nothing whatever, that can interfere in the slightest degree with the dogmas or the ritual of their church. The Armenian press at *Orta Kieny*, (the present residence of the Rev. Messrs. Goodell and Dwight and their families, and the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer), is engaged in printing the translations for the schools now in operation, and about being established. Formerly, the Armenian presses were employed only in the multiplication of books of devotion and the alphabet. Books of this kind were the only ones calculated to captivate the minds of a nation, in which all their religious traditions amount to articles of faith.

The books now in course of publication, besides precepts of Christianity, biblical and other history,

treat on learning and science in general, and are calculated to awaken the minds of the young Armenians, and excite to farther pursuits of knowledge. That they do not want for solid talents is proved by the progress in learning of the society of St. Lazaro, near Venice, and also by the learning spread among some of the clergy of the nation, who have received an education in Italy. There is no difference between them and well instructed men of other nations; a sufficient proof that the general ignorance which prevails among the Armenians, is not owing to natural defects in the construction of their minds, but to that blind submission to the will of their ignorant pastors, who know not how, nor are willing, to spread open to their view the book of knowledge. Minds, thus shackled and locked up in darkness, find employment in the sordid pursuit of wealth, and their thoughts become divided, between their badly conceived idea of the attributes of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, and their well conceived estimate of the value of *paras*, the only things which their education is calculated to aid them in acquiring. However, civilization, and instruction, are creeping in among them, and not only have many of the young men thrown off the hideous *calpac*, and black pelisse, and adopted the coat and hat of the Frank, but they have shaken off their *shack-sheers* and kicked off their red *capouches*, and substituted for them the pantaloons and boots of civilized Europe. The young Armenian ladies also have in some instances had the boldness, in defiance

of all the remonstrances and prejudices of the elderly members of the nation, to lay aside the *yackmar*, which concealed their really lovely faces, and to cast off their ill fashioned loose national attire which placed all shapes on an equality, and to adopt the fashion of the Franks, displaying as beautiful and as graceful forms as the world can boast. The Armenians share with the Georgians and Circassians that reputation for beauty, for which the two latter are so celebrated.

The men of Armenia, in their native climate, are hardy, bold, and industrious. In Turkey they become sordid and base, the natural effect of the desire of accumulation, which has destroyed the noble and manly countenance which distinguishes the one, and given to the other, the anxious careworn and cowardly look, by which he may be known from all the rest of the human race.

The Armenian on his native soil, still retains the love of arms; and from inclination he seeks service among the troops of the Sophi of Persia, where he makes the best of soldiers, and is proud of the terror which his name spreads among the Russians.

The Armenian of Turkey meddles not with *cold steel*, none has ever been known even to defend himself when attacked; none has ever been known to bear a weapon about his person, or to have one of any description under his roof, not so much even as a fowling-piece. From inclination his submission is the most abject; it is the acquirement of the *precious metals* alone which absorbs all his facul-

ties. Arms are his utmost aversion, his utmost horror. Slave and coward are written in every lineament of his countenance, and manifested by every act and gesture. Yet this nation furnishes the men of wealth, the men of business, and the men of trust, to this portion of the Ottoman empire.

I have divided the Armenians into four classes, to wit, the banker, the coiner, the manufacturer of cloths, &c., the goldsmith, jeweller, and other mechanical artizans, including the labourers. The merchants, large and small, are absorbed among these four great classes.

The bankers are known by the name of *seraff*, and may be looked on as the farmer-generals of the empire, as well as the intendants or men of business to those high in office in the service of the Sultan, and generally to those who have any of the affairs of the state to manage. It is they to whom the *kharaji bashi*, the collector of the capitation tax, the chief of the custom house, and all others who farm the revenues of the state, apply for the security demanded of them for the faithful performance of their contracts, for which the rich *seraff* becomes responsible; the means of making his payments, for which he receives an interest of twenty per cent. per annum, with the condition that at every three months the interest due shall be added to the capital advanced. And as the Mussulman contractor has rarely the faculty of managing his own concerns, the Armenian contrives it so, that all the moneys arising from the revenue collected, go into his strong

box, which is delivered out to the contractor, as he may call for it, and in such proportions as the Armenian may think it safe and convenient to furnish. He also becomes the agent for purchasing supplies for the great contractor and his family, on which, besides having the use of the money for six or twelve months, as he generally buys on credit, he charges a profit of ten or fifteen per cent. He, in fact, becomes the entire manager of all the money concerns of his principal; to him creditors and debtors apply for the adjustment of their accounts. They can scarcely be said to be accountable; they possess the entire confidence of the Turks, who trust their whole fortune in their hands, without even troubling themselves to inquire into the amount of receipts or expenditures, or of the state of their affairs.

It is easy to perceive from this statement, the many facilities the Armenian seraffs enjoy for amassing the enormous fortunes which some of them are known to possess, and to which is sometimes added all the fortune of the great man, if his existence should be suddenly terminated by the bowstring or the plague, or by the many other modes of death which flesh is heir to in this part of the world.

But wo betide the seraff who falls under the suspicion of appropriating to himself that of which *Pada Scha* claims the inheritance, or who has not sufficient adroitness to arrest the evil which on the slightest proof, and sometimes without proof, falls heavily upon him. I have shown the fair side of

the picture, so favourable for the interests of the seraff, but let us now look at the other side.

If a Mussulman who has a proprietorship in any contract with the government, for any one of the branches of the revenue, should die before the seraff has drawn in the amount advanced to him, this is entirely lost to the Armenian, so that in this respect his risk is a mere lottery.

Suppose him to be in the service of a minister, and this minister happens to be decapitated; on the seraff nine times out of ten the blow falls with great severity. His head to be sure is often left on his shoulders; but they bleed him of that which is much more precious to him than life, and allow him no rest or peace until they have squeezed out his wealth to the last drop. If his paternal love for his gold should carry him so far as to induce him to refuse to give it up, the torture is applied without ceremony, until every para is extorted; and it has so happened after all, that the poor seraff has been found hanging at the lintel of his own door, as an example to others, with a paper pinned to his breast showing the cause of his execution, and to prevent any erroneous conjecture about it.

The fact of the seraff becoming surety for the fidelity of the Mussulman, and the implicit, blind confidence of the Turk in the honesty of the *seraff*, who is the receiver and depository of all his wealth, completely identifies them, at least in the scales of *Ottoman justice*; and it is, in fact, no more or less than a virtual contract between them to share all

the risk of the dangers, with the hope of escaping the rocks and shoals that surround them, and in due time arriving safe in port, laden with the riches which they look upon as certain.

Of all the situations most desired by the Armenians, next to the administration of the affairs of the mint, is the employment of seraff. We have seen what it is, and the hopes and the dangers which environ it; yet it is sought with the utmost avidity, and after all he is no more than the first servant, the freed man, or rather the slave of the confidence, of his Turkish master. A seraff must never think or act but by the will of him in whose service he is enlisted. This personage is every thing to him; on his safety that of the seraff is dependent, whose first prayer to God is for the preservation of his infidel chief.

The Armenians are made for the use of the Turk; they are precisely what he would wish them; their passion for gold has turned their thoughts from all ambition to mingle in the affairs of state, in which the Turks are very adroit, and they occupy themselves with their financial speculations, of which the Turks know nothing. They are therefore treated with a gentleness, and a kind of consideration which no other nation enjoys; and in fact, from their habits of business, they are indispensable to the Turk who, if he gives them his confidence at all, which he must do, gives it to them entire and undivided.

My desire being to avoid fatiguing details, more calculated to confuse, than enlighten, this sketch

of a scraff will be sufficient, I hope, to satisfy your curiosity. I have only to add, that his dress is extremely simple and plain, generally of coarse materials, his demeanor the most humble and respectful, and the whole outward appearance of the man abject and mean. His first movement, on approaching any person of rank or distinction, is to bend himself so as to touch the ground with his hand, and then place it on his head, signifying that he covers his head with the dirt of the great man's feet. He then kisses the back of his hand; if anything in compliment be said to him, he raises the skirt of the coat and places it to his lips; he then retires backward a few paces, and places himself on his knees to await the will of his master. When he takes his leave, the same marks of respect are observed; he then, with many salaams, sidles off obliquely to a part of the room next the door, taking especial care never to turn his back on or towards his superior. Such is the invariable custom of the rich scraff of Constantinople, and of all other Armenians, well drilled and skilled in the exercises of the school of humiliation, debasement, and degradation. “

In a society constituted like that of the United States, where every man is equal in the eyes of the law, where no other testimony of respect is called for than reciprocal civilities, and courtesies of good breeding between man and man; where the proud republican in his poverty stands erect before the rich and the great, and scorns to offer a salutation where he supposes he will not meet a suitable re-

turn; where even the slave is not required to distinguish himself from the freeman^o by any act of degradation, it would be extremely difficult to convey a suitable idea of the servile humility of the Armenian towards his lordly Turkish superior. Let it suffice to say, that it is studied and formal, and reduced to system; that all that ingenuity can invent to manifest the most abject humility on his part is practised, which the^o proud, indifferent, or indolent Osmanlee receives as his rightful homage, without honouring the abject, humble creature before him, with the slightest token of recognition or of approbation.



LETTER XXVIII.

St. Stephano, August 11, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

YOUR three esteemed favours of the 5th of February, and the 3d and 25th of May, reached me a short time since, all in a lump.

I have not written you for a long time past; not from any disinclination, but from absolute inability, for such has been the state of my^h health, that when I was not suffering much violent pain, I was labouring under the effects of it, and incapacitated and

depressed by nervous affections, the immediate consequences of it; so that the excitement which would naturally have been produced by the calls of duty, was not sufficient to induce me to take pen in hand, when required to transact the most indispensable business. Under bodily sufferings my mind became totally inert, and had I not been occasionally roused by a sense of pain, my whole system would have become prostrated. Pleasures and amusements of all kinds had no charms. Company of all kind was irksome to me. The labour of thinking for the purposes of conversation was more than I could bear. I withdrew myself from all society; for there was none that I could amalgamate with; none that could sympathise with me. The disease of the body had pulled down my mind, and they were gradually destroying one another, and would have destroyed, but for the lucky arrival of Dr. H., my brother-in-law, my two sisters, and the rest of his family, together with my son Theodoric. They found me in the solitude which I had created for myself, and where for months I had been confined by my own aversion to society; never leaving my room excepting under the most absolute necessity, and never for five months leaving my house. This was produced in a great measure by medical treatment while labouring under a high and violent inflammatory fever, and the regimen afterward adopted to produce a change of system, at the age of fifty, to suit it to this climate, when every one who comes to it at my age is a

sufferer. Life was indifferent to me, and I wished to die. I felt that existence burthened with such bodily and mental sufferings, was what no one ought to bear willingly; but self-destruction looked like cowardice, and I continued to endure the greater evil.

Luckily, my relations arrived, and I began to feel there were some enjoyments still in storé for me. They had heard of my sickness, and the primary object of their visit was to endeavour to relieve me, and cheer me up. The next was to see this extraordinary, and in many respects, grand and beautiful place. In a few days I was well enough, with my Itinerary in hand, to commence the exploration of every thing worth seeing. I had, before their arrival, made many additions to it; but at the end of the seventh day, we had made the tour of the city. They staid with me two months, and it was to me two months of uninterrupted pleasure and happiness. The doctor knew my bodily disease and applied the proper remedies; also recommended to me to continue the treatment he had laid down for it. The best medicine for my mind was the cheering society of the family, and the pleasure and exercise attending my daily excursions as their *ciceroni*. Several times we visited the beautiful Bosphorus, so as to look into the Black Sea, and on all such occasions, we took our provisions and wine, and when the hour for our *picnic* arrived, and appetite suiting, as it always did, we landed at some one of the lovely valleys, the shores of which are washed

by the waters of this beautiful canal, and spreading our rich Persian carpets under the shade of a widely spreading plane tree, by the side of a marble fountain, spouting a stream as clear as crystal, and as cold as ice, enjoyed a feast that monarchs might have envied us. *Hunker Ischalisi*, Chiboukli, and the valley of the Asiatic Sweet Waters, were our usual stopping-places. The Bosphorus cannot be visited too often, and when you unite, with the pleasure of viewing its numerous beauties which meet your vision through every turn of its meadows, the delights of a *keff*, with agreeable society, in one of these pleasant valleys, I know not how time can be more agreeably or more profitably spent; for the object of life is rational pleasure; and every moment so spent, cannot be otherwise than profitable to body as well as mind. On several occasions we visited the harbour, the arsenal, and the European valley of Sweet Waters; following the example of the many happy groups that were scattered about the verdant and lovely plain, shaded by the noble trees with which it abounds, and feasting on, and enjoying, the leisure and the pleasure which the three Sundays in the week give them all time for. The Turk has his Friday, the Jew his Saturday, and the Christian his Sunday; but as the intervention of one Sunday occasions an interruption in business to all, so all parties, during the season for *keffing*, take the opportunity of enjoying all three Sundays harmoniously together; alike happy in their exemption from the cares and toils of life.

We also visited and *keffed* at *Fanar Batshé*, that beautiful peninsula, with its ancient *Phara*, converted into a modern light-house; its thick grove of lofty cypresses, its ruined palaces, ancient reservoirs of the time of Justinian, its magnificent plane trees which shade its refreshing fountains and cisterns, that serve as baths, and its lovely lawns, all opening into the sea of Marmora, affording an interesting view of the Prince's Islands and neighbouring coast of Asia, the City of Constantinople, and the coast of Europe, as far down as the village from whence I date this letter.

Bourogula about three miles from Scutary, was also visited, from the summit of which we enjoyed the finest views in the world, overlooking many of the palaces and villages on the Bosphorus, tracing all its meanderings to the castles above Buyucderè which guard the entrance from the Black Sea; taking in a view of Anatolia as far as Nicomedia, of the sea of Marmora as far as the Dardanelles, of the City of Constantinople and its suburbs, which were like a map before us, of the wilds of Thrace, and a streak of the Balkan mountains, which, until of late years, served as a barrier to protect the capital of Turkey. On the top of this mount, under the shade of a clump of trees, we drank of the clear fountain from whence the water is obtained for the seraglio, and after enjoying our repast, with the whole world as it were at our feet, we descended in our *arabas*, a gaudy Turkish four-wheeled carriage, drawn by oxen, to Belez-Beg; where the Sultan's new and

splendid palace is situated. Here our boat met us and we embarked, and passing close under the villages which extend to Scutary, crossed over to Pera; all delighted with our jaunt, and sufficiently fatigued to enjoy a good night's rest.

On another occasion we visited *Keffed*, at *Maur-de-Bournue*, which is a promontory near *Kadi Kieuu*, overlooking the sea of Marmora, and is one of the favourite resorts of the Turks and Greeks.

We visited twice the Russian Fleet at Buyucerè and went through the Russian encampment on the Asiatic shores opposite, where I had the opportunity of introducing my party to Count Orlof and General Mourvief. Admiral Lazaroff and our young friend Thomas Munroe, (now Captain Munroe, aid-de-camp to his Imperial Majesty of Russia, with the lineal rank of Colonel,) were so kind as to accompany us.

It was the day appointed for the review of the troops, and with the exception of the Sultan, all the great officers of the empire were present. As I was acquainted with all of them, and had not seen them for months, on account of my sickness, they all came forward and gave me an opportunity of introducing my friends to them. Among them were the Grand Vizier, the Seraskier Pacha, the Captain Pacha, Namirk, and Achmet Pachas; the first, the commander of the Imperial Guards; the other, the Sultan's principal and confidential aid. These, with many other Turks of distinction, surrounded by their numerous attendants, conversed for a long time with the ladies, by means of their different *turgemans*,

and took great interest in these *notions* of the *yene duna* (new world), being the first they had ever seen. On another occasion, they had an opportunity of seeing the Sultan going to the mosque, and were placed by the politeness of a young Turkish officer, who had found out by means of my *cavaisse* who accompanied them, in an elevated situation, where the Sultan passed on horseback, both going and returning, within a few feet of them, and where they attracted his attention as much as he did theirs.

Enfin, what with daily excursions when the weather was fine, *keffing*, and frequent visits to the bazaars, promonades on the Champ des Morts, a visit to this place, St. Stephano, and the villages in the neighbourhood of Constantinople; they had seen all that was worth seeing here, excepting the mosques; and as they had fixed on a day for their departure, the minister sent to the Sultan, requesting him to redeem a promise long since given him, by sending a firman to visit the mosques, which was done the next day. I had scarcely strength to accompany them; but I went with a party of about twenty, as the minister embraced this opportunity of inviting all the Americans in Constantinople. They were all much pleased, but I gave out after visiting Saint Sophia, Sultan Achmet, Osmanic, and Sulcimanic.

Excepting the mosaic in Saint Sophia, and the magnitude and richness of their marbles, they differ but little from those I saw at Broussa. The same simplicity and plainness, the same multitude of glass lamps, the same destitution of ornament. The rich

mosaic dome in Saint Sophia, and the two mosaic seraphims, are the principal things that attract the attention. The latter are made up of wings differently disposed, so as to give the idea of the human form enveloped within them; and to one there is a faint resemblance of the face being partly concealed. They are taken from the description of a seraphim in the vision of Isaiah, sixth chapter, second verse. "Above it, stood the seraphims; each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." They are placed on an elevated part of the church, a little below the dome, and are left there out of respect for Isaiah, whose prophecies are often quoted by the Mahometans, and particularly the foretelling of the coming of Jesus, in the eleventh chapter and sixth verse. They say that Jesus is to embrace the Mahometan religion, marry a wife, have children, kill anti-christ and at length die, after forty years' continuance on earth. Under him they say, there will be great security and plenty in the world, and all hatred and malice be laid aside; when lions and camels, bears and sheep, shall live in peace, and a child shall play with serpents unhurt. The Mahometan Paradise is, according to them, also foretold by Isaiah in the sixty-fourth chapter, and fourth verse; in describing which, the very expression, and nearly the words of the prophet are used. "Such things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," &c. In addition to the pleasures that

are common to the meanest in heaven, which are minutely described, the additional preparations foretold by Isaiah, are to be made for those who are seated in the highest heaven.* However, in every page of the Koran, there are references to Moses and the prophets, including Jesus ; for all of whom great reverence is professed, and whose authorities are frequently cited.

I shall not attempt to describe to you what has been so often described by others. On a reference to Hobhouse a few days ago, for the first time, I find his descriptions of what I have seen about Constantinople, generally correct, and his spelling of Turkish words and names of places, may with few exceptions be relied on. Whenever you are at a loss to make out the true spelling in my letters, I must refer you to him, McFarlane, or Hope's "Anastasius, or Adventures of a Greek." There is only one word in all my letters, which I am certain (however they may be written) of not having spelt wrong, and that is the word *bactsh tasch*, which signifies a present. I have heard it so often (at least four or five times a day), and my ear is so accustomed to the sound, and my tongue to the pronunciation, that I am now certain, I am not wrong, the hundredth part of a whisper or lisp. There is no other word in the Turkish, so well impressed on my mind, and so well remembered. Whatever else I have written, that you cannot make out, I have

* See preliminary discourse to Sale's Koran ; also Koran, tenth chapter, entitled Jonas.

forgotten, and I have kept no memorandums to refresh my memory ; but *bactsh tasch* ! my earliest acquaintance in the Turkish language, I shall never forget you !

As I have observed, I shall not attempt to describe the mosques, when so many others have described them better than I could. Besides, I was so overcome by sickness and fatigue on the late occasion, that I could not give my attention to the subject. They are all vast without elegance ; the interiors simple, but their appearance clumsy, from the disproportion of the large columns to the weight to be supported by them. Saint Sophia was in better taste than the rest, but in truth, I was disappointed in all, for I found nothing in them worth seeing, after visiting Saint Peter's in Rome. Their best recommendation is, that there is nothing in or about them, to abstract the mind from its devotion to God.

On our way to Saint Sophia, we passed through the seraglio gardens, and came out at the gate nearest that mosque, close by which there is a splendid fountain in the Persian style, and near this is an extraordinary large hollow tree, in full health and verdure, in the interior of which, is a store room of two stories, of ample dimensions and well supplied. Access to the upper story is attained by means of a ladder in the interior. This extraordinary tree was considered an object well worth seeing ; and really, as it afforded ample shade, and a resting place after the fatigue of ascending the hill

from the landing place, I most cheerfully subscribed to the general opinion, and will add my testimony to that of the party, that it was not only an agreeable and interesting object, but that it left a more pleasant and lasting impression on our minds, than any thing we saw on our way to or from, or within the mosques. Beneath its shade, I drank a cup of cold water, which I found very refreshing.

Every attention was paid to the minister and party. Four officers were sent by the government to accompany us, and an offer of horses was made on the part of the Seraskier Pacha, but this was declined. The firman of the Grand Scignior was shown to the imaum of the mosque of Saint Sophia, but was not required at the others; at each of which, the minister directed a few piasters to be distributed among the religious attendants. The presents to the four officers of the Porte, and the attendants at the mosques, amounted to about forty dollars.

It is indispensably necessary before entering the mosques, that the shoes should be taken off, and indeed it is the custom, in going into any Turkish gentleman's house. To tread on a carpet with dirty shoes, or to spit on it, would be considered almost as great an insult as to pull the master's beard. The Turks wear a thin pair of leather socks under their shoes, which latter are left at the door. The Christians carry with them a pair large enough to slip on over boots, or put on the socks after taking off their boots or shoes.

At the period of our visit to the mosques, the

entrance to them was interdicted to Christians, in consequence of a Russian having spit on the carpet of one of them, for which offence he was near losing his life. A Turk sometimes on entering a mosque, takes his shoes in his hand, and on such occasions, I have seen them spit on the sole of one of them when spitting could not be avoided. I have heard some fastidious people say, that they would not degrade themselves by taking off their shoes, as if it were a degradation to conform to a custom based on cleanliness. The Turks have no chairs, they therefore seat themselves on the carpet. What would be thought, if on entering one of our houses, a person were to stand upon the chairs with his shoes or boots on, or if he should spit on the bottom of the chair, instead of the spitting-box? The practice of wearing over-shoes is a very good one, and should be adopted in all countries, particularly in the winter season. It is conducive to health and comfort, as well as cleanliness. Instead of going into a house with cold and wet feet, you go in with them dry and warm; instead of taking the dirt of the streets into the parlour, you leave it at the door; and instead of that most detestable of all practices, the practice of washing and scrubbing the floors, once or twice a week, to the destruction of health, and the discomfort of every body, it is avoided altogether by leaving the over-shoes at the door. I will say nothing of the offence to the eyes and noses of the company, the injury to the carpets and hearth-rugs, by coming into a room, with, you know

not what kind of filth sticking to the soles of your shoes, which, although you may be ignorant of it yourself, may be seen or smelt by all the rest; and if it escape their notice while you are present, they are sure to find evidences of it on the carpet after you leave them. But by the comfortable practice of wearing over-shoes, we can escape the weekly slopping of the dirty house-wench, up to her half-frozen knees in water, with her filthy house-cloths, enough to turn the stomach, and her mops and brooms. All husbands will thank me for recommending the custom. As to the ladies, I expect much opposition from them; for if they cannot, like the Naiades of old, preside over rivers, springs, wells, and fountains, they claim the inferior right of superintending house-washing, to the great annoyance of every male inmate, who is happy if he can rise early enough to escape being drowned every Friday, whether the house be dirty enough to require scrubbing or not. I believe Friday was chosen for no other reason but that it is an unlucky day. A Turkish house is never washed; water never touches the floor, and for this plain reason, that the floors, by the practice of leaving the dirt at the outer door, are never made dirty. A Turk, it is true, is master of his own house; *et voila la différence!* Saint Paul says, "wives be obedient to your husbands;" but the koran explains *why* they should be obedient, and points out the remedy for disobedience. "Men shall have pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein God hath

caused the one of them to excel the other ; and for that which they expend of their substance to maintain their wives." This is the reason why they should be obedient :—Now for the remedy of disobedience : " But those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke, and remove them into separate apartments, that is, punish them with solitary confinement and chastisement."* I am almost of opinion that the same authority vested in a Christian husband, would, if properly exercised, induce his wife to give up the practice of weekly house-scrubbing, if the house was not, in her own opinion, dirty enough to require it. Dry rubbing with sand, is less objectionable, but this has its inconveniences. I have heard of an old lady in Virginia, who carried it to such excess, that she fell through the floor into the cellar, and broke her leg which caused her death. I obtained the story from her grand-daughter, who has as strong a propensity for *floor-washing*, in consequence of which, she is never free from a cold, which will sooner or later terminate her existence. My purpose in dwelling so long on this subject, is to introduce among my countrymen, *and, if possible, my countrywomen*, a custom having so many advantages, and which is free from so many evils and inconveniences.

The practice of dry-rubbing is very destructive to shoes, for the operation is performed by the soles of old ones. But the old lady before mentioned, carried the practice to such an excess, that after

* See koran, fourth chapter, entitled " women."

wearing out the floors by the expenditure of every old shoe she could lay her hands on, she reduced her husband to beggary, by wearing out every new shoe that was brought into the house. Let no man therefore, whose wife has a passion for dry-rubbing venture to put on over-shoes, if he wishes to keep himself out of the poor-house.

My friends at length left me; and to give you an idea of the unsocial and niggardly habits of the Frank population in Pera, I will mention that although it was known to all that they were on a visit to me, not a human being showed them the slightest attention or hospitality, except three ugly old maids, who called one evening, in the hope of being of the party to visit the mosques, and who staid so late that we were sick and tired of them, and wished them any where else but where they were. They were however disappointed in their expectation, and we had the satisfaction of never seeing them afterward.

I believe the visit of Dr. H. and his family, to Constantinople, saved my life; by the advice he gave me, which I have followed by the exercise it called for; and by the pleasure the society of the family afforded me. No people could enjoy themselves more than they did during their stay. Every thing to them was novel, and their visit was at the season of the year when the lovely Bosphorus was decked in all its beauty.

My kind regards to all your family, and believe me, my Dear —, your friend and well wisher.

LETTER XXIX.

St. Stephano, August 15th, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

Jews are to be found in most of the villages on both shores of the Bosphorus, and indeed every where except in Jerusalem, but their principal places of residence here are in the quarter of Balata, which is included within the quarter of Blaquernes,—at the village of Hassa Kieuy, where it is said they have a population of fifty thousand, (but this must be a very great mistake,)—at Osta Kieuy, where they are very numerous,—as they are also at Istavola, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Indeed some of them are to be found in almost every village in the neighbourhood of the capital; and in all the large cities of the empire, where money is to be gained by labour, by changing of money, by selling old clothes, and by any other small traffic, Jews are to be met with. They were expelled from Spain during the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and returned to the East, from whence they came originally, bringing with them in addition to their Hebrew a corrupt Spanish, which they occasionally mix with it in their writing, their prayers, and their ordinary conversation with one another, as well as

* This letter has appeared in the New-York Monthly Magazine.

when they address a stranger ; but they generally speak to the latter in tolerable Spanish.

After various persecutions, which caused the emigration of vast numbers from Granada, and other parts of Spain, an edict was issued for their total expulsion ; and eight hundred thousand wanderers, destitute of a home, set their faces to the East, and sought a residence in the land of the Ottomans, where they were well received, after having been refused an asylum in every Christian city of the west.

They form a large part of the populations of Salonica, Smyrna, Rhodosto, Broussa, and other large towns, where they have their synagogues, and the freedom of worshipping, as they did on the Holy Mount, and in the Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem, the city of the Lord. At Salonica they have no less than thirty synagogues. The principal division of this persecuted race came to this capital, where the quarters I have named were assigned to them, and where they continue a distinct and a "peculiar people," as Moses prophesied and wished they should be.

The three nations, subjects of the Porte, the Armenians, the Greeks and the Jews, as before observed, are designated by names indicative of their relationship with the government, although they all come in under the general name of subjects, or *Rayahs*, as they are called. The Armenians are properly *Rayahs*, and are so called because they are not considered a conquered people ; the Greeks

are called *Yeshir*, or slaves; as since the conquest of Constantinople, they have been considered as holding life on sufferance; the Jews are called *Mousaphir*, or visitors, because they sought here an asylum.

The Jews are every where a persecuted people, and even in that Paradise of Jews, Leghorn, where they are the owners of one half of the city, and more than one half of the wealth in it, they are still confined to their own quarter, and not permitted to reside in any other. In every other part of Tuscany, they are objects of detestation, and it would not be safe for a Jew to visit the capital, if he were known as such. Degraded as they are, however, in Constantinople, the conduct of the government, and the Ottomans generally, towards the Jews does not differ essentially from that which is manifested towards the other *Rayahs*.

Indeed it is supposed by some that they are treated with greater kindness than the rest, because they remain in the character of visitors, and therefore are entitled to all the rites of hospitality,—and as a further motive for good feeling towards them, they assimilate more nearly than the rest in their religious opinions and observances, to the Mussulmans,—in their belief in the unity of the Godhead,—in their practice of circumcision,—their abhorrence of pork—and in their manner of writing from right to left;—all of which gives to the Turk and the Jew an identity of feeling, which does not take place with the others. According to the opinion of

my most amiable and observant literary friend, Dr. Walsh, the Jews in Turkey are a favoured people, and held by the Turks in greater consideration than in any Christian country.

It is said that the Sultan, in his spirit of reform, has declared, he wished it to be recorded in history, that during his reign, the Jews passed the Bosphorus in the kaicks with four pair of oars, more than any Christian or Turk is allowed to use, who is below the rank of minister or pasha. This from the tongue of the Sultan might sound hyperbolic, yet it shows, at least, that his Jewish subjects had their share of his good will, and were included in his wishes for the general improvement, which it is his object to introduce in the condition of his people. The time was, when the Jews were the scruffs or bankers to the Ottomans high in office, and if by dishonesty they lost the employment, if their whole race are tricky,—and more so here than elsewhere, as they are supposed to be,—perhaps the indolence of the Turks which offered them facilities, and their subsequent extortions, makes them so. The children of Israel have no other object but chaffer and barter, and are satisfied with the most humble of the branches of trade, where more profitable employment is not to be obtained. If then they lost these elevated posts, with the prospect of amassing enormous fortunes sooner or later to be squeezed out of them by the Sultan or his pachas, it must be acknowledged that they gained thereby in tranquillity and happiness; for, as the Armenians, by step-

ping into their places, advanced in wealth and importance, they became the inheritors of all the evils which, in the shape of suspicion, extortion, and all the various means of persecution, had made the situation of the Jews so little enviable.

The unintellectual Armenian, in his ambition for office, and passion for the acquirement of wealth, is more bold than the Jew; his risk, therefore, is proportioned, and his punishment, on detection, does not fall short of it. The Armenian, when he has an opportunity, plays for high stakes, and when a long career of success and superabundance of wealth lulls his apprehensions, and gets the better of his meanness, he runs from one extreme to another, and desires to shine in splendour. A fine house, gloomy and obscure in its exterior,—fine gardens concealed by high walls from the prying eyes of those without,—jewels and fine dresses for his wife, his children and himself, which they dare not wear abroad,—all these are his craving passions; while the timid Israelite, profiting by the wisdom of his ancestors, and his own experience, locks-up or buries his treasures, clothes himself in rags, and is content to pass as one of the poorest of the poor, claiming only the privilege of cheating others on a small scale, and increasing his wealth by denying himself and family all the luxuries and most of the comforts of life. Of the ambition of family, rank, and distinction, we hear not among the Jews, although there may be some of them who trace their ancestry to the highest among “the renowned of the

congregation of princes of the tribes of their fathers," who heard in thunder the voice of God from Sinai's smoking and quaking mount, and trembled. Yet, poor, enslaved and scattered as they are, they look forward to the day when they shall be free and united as a nation, governed again by that Divine Presence, which said "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The humble and despised Jew can look back to the past with pride, and to the future with hope; he is, in these respects, superior to his Armenian rival, who neither recalls the one, nor anticipates the other. To the latter there is nothing offered as a substitute for patriotism; whereas the Israelite looks back with pride to the times when a David and a Solomon sat upon Judaea's throne, and when, even in their Egyptian bondage, and Babylonian captivity, a Joseph and a Daniel inspired by the omniscience of God, could save and rule kingdoms.

This, and the full faith and confidence with which they look forward to the fulfilment of prophecy, generates much of that national pride and attachment which we call patriotism. These sentiments have lasted from the earliest period recorded by history, and although the poor Israelites are shunned and despised by all sects, and by all but our own liberal and tolerant nation; and by tacit consent are shut up in a society by themselves, yet we cannot but feel, and even hope, that so much faith,—that so much constancy, may find grace in the eyes of Him who rules the universe, that pardon

for their hope in the fulfilment of the misunderstood prophecies, and for their errors, may be found when we shall all be assembled together before the judgment seat; and that they may be permitted to taste the "pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Besides the coincidence of ritual forms and theism between the Jews and the Turks, history may have furnished some motive for the friendly greeting the former met with on seeking an asylum here. They must have taken good care to have reminded their Mussulman friends, that the success of the Saracen invasion of Spain was greatly owing to assistance furnished by them; and that their subsequent persecutions and final expulsion were owing to the fidelity of their attachment to the conquerors of Granada, and to their hostility to the followers of Christ.

But whatever the consideration of the Mahometan may be for the Jew, and whatever the cause of it,—whatever the hopes of the latter may be, temporal and spiritual,—from the Christian in Turkey, the Jew scarcely looks for mercy; or if he does, it is for that mercy that would be extended to a dog.

The yoke placed on the neck of each, weighs heavily alike to both; as heavy on the neck of the Christian as on the Jew; but the opprobrium which follows the Jew every where accompanies him here.

When a Greek wishes to express strongly his hope of mercy for others, or deliverance from pend-

ing evil, he says, "I hope it may not happen even to a Jew," or, as we would say, "even to a dog." But his charity for others is more frequently expressed in the following terms—"If this misfortune is to happen, God send that it may fall most heavily on the Jews!" With this bad will on the part of Christians, and the indolent passiveness of their Turkish masters, the Jews have much to suffer. On Holy Friday, not one of these persecuted people dare to go into the quarters of the city or suburbs inhabited by the Christians, for he will find his race burning in effigy, and will run the risk of being stoned; and no sum that could be offered to a Jew, with all his cupidity, could induce him to pass that day in Pera.

The Turks themselves, in fact, consider this *vengeance* of the Christians as a perfectly legitimate punishment for the death of Christ; for although they cram the Jews and Christians along with the Magians, altogether without ceremony, into the sixth hell, still they respect Moses and the Prophets, and have the greatest veneration for our Saviour. They believe that God gave written revelations to Moses, to Jesus Christ, and Mahomet, though they acknowledge none of those to be extant, which preceded the Koran, except the Pentateuch of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospel of Jesus, all of which, however, they say were before Mahomet's time, altered and corrupted by the Jews and Christians.

According to the Koran, the Turks have no right

to decide between the Jew and the Christian on the subject of religion; this is left to the judgment of God. "The Jews say the Christians are *grounded* on nothing; and the Christians say the Jews are *grounded* on nothing; yet they *both* read the *Scriptures*. So likewise say they that know not *the Scriptures*, according to their saying. But God shall judge between them on the day of resurrection, concerning that about which they *now* disagree."*

It will be seen, by the foregoing, that the Turk is placed in a perfect state of neutrality in all disputes of a religious character between the two sects; and this, with his naturally passive character, before adverted to, which cannot be roused to action without a strong motive, may account for the continuance of not only the prejudices, but of the active persecutions, of the children of Israel, which are too often witnessed in the streets of the capital and those of the neighbouring towns.

The Jewish nation in the Ottoman empire has a very feeble political influence. Since the Armenians have supplanted them in their employ as seraffs, they have scarcely one member of their nation, who can be ranked among the high in office; the Baziriam Bashi, the chief of the merchants, perhaps, is the only one, and I am not certain that a Jew now holds the office. I think it will hardly be denied, that the Jewish nation in Turkey is in a complete state of indigence, as is sufficiently proved by the mean and vile employments to which the indivi-

Koran, chap. 2, entitled the Cow.

duals belonging to it devote themselves. There is no appearance of comfort, no appearance of competency, among them; every thing, where sight and smell are concerned, among them is extremely disgusting, and in passing through their quarters, the sounds that assail the ears prove that they are a querulous race, destitute of domestic peace and comfort.

The Jews, in their isolated state, constitute a society, regulated by a government formed by a mixture of aristocracy and theocracy; but the latter prevails, and the ancient maxims of the Mosaic laws have so greatly the influence over the oligarchy, that we are somewhat surprised to find, in appearance, a well regulated republic in the midst of arbitrary power and anarchy.

The grand rabbi, and two others of the higher order of the hierarchy, with a council composed of seven members, all appointed for life, are the depositories of the legislative, temporal, and ecclesiastic powers of the nation,—the assembly of which they convoke, when in their opinion the interests of the community may seem to require that it should be done. They have the power, also, of choosing the members of the assembly, who are taken from those of the rabbins most distinguished for their wealth and influence. Every question submitted to the national assembly is settled by the convoking party before their meeting, so that they have only to consent to that which has already been concluded on, and to leave to those in whom their confidence had

been previously placed the care of making such reforms as in their wisdom they may deem right and proper.

This manner of disposing of the legislative power cannot be too highly prized, as the nation is thus relieved from all uneasiness with respect to its interests;—knowing, as it does, of course, that every necessary care will be taken of all that concerns its welfare, by those appointed to protect its rights!! But this sort of government is very well suited to the ignorance and prejudices of the Jews, who are thereby saved the trouble of thinking about national affairs, and left masters of their own time, to employ it as they think proper. It suits also the government of the people among whom they reside, which always looks to the head of the nation, as responsible for every thing relating to those who belong to it. It was intended by this form of government originally to provide checks on each of the different branches; thus the two rabbis were to be checks on the grand rabbi. The Council of Seven was intended as a check on these, and the national assembly was to have power over all. But the original intention appears to have been forgotten in the usurpations, which the indifference of the people rendered so easy, and which, indeed, would appear useless, when we consider the true condition of the Jews with respect to the Turks,—a society surrounded by despotism. In case of the death of the grand rabbi, his place is filled by the second, and so on, and the vacancy is supplied by one of the

council of seven, chosen by the national assembly, who, in like manner, supply the vacancies in the council of seven from among the rabbis and the secular; but the chain generally falls on the former.

There are two tribunals where justice is administered, one at *Hassa Kieuy*, the other at *Balata*, each composed of four rabbis chosen for life by the national assembly. All litigations are brought before these tribunals, and if there is a difference of opinion among the judges, the cause is submitted to the grand rabbi whose opinion has the force of law,—and is decisive. The only expense of these suits are the small fees to the court and clerk, so that justice may be said to be rendered almost gratuitously.

Crimes, whatever they may be, are never sentenced to be punished capitally. It may be easily imagined that the Turkish government would not tolerate an encroachment on a power reserved to itself. The Jews however account for this modification by saying that God has taken from them this right since the destruction of the temple.

The punishments inflicted are generally imprisonment, and hard labour in the arsenal, where they are received on the application of the grand rabbi. Respect for their religion and attachment to their nation cause a blind submission on the part of the Jews to the decision of their courts, and if any one was known to murmur, or to have recourse to the tribunals of the Turks, he would be an object of

detestation to the whole nation, and perish under their anathemas.

The expenses of the administration consist of the emoluments of the grand rabbi and his two colleagues; the fees of the courts of justice; pensions given to about one hundred rabbis, whose duties are to study the laws, attend to public instruction, and religion, and from among whom are chosen the members of the government. There is deposited also in the public chest, a sum of money to assist the necessitous, which is so distributed as to do away with beggary altogether among the Jews. As a security against being pressed into the service of the marine, and for protection against the vexations they would otherwise be subjected to on fitting out of the fleet, they pay to the admiralty, annually, seventeen thousand piasters; and from six to ten thousand piasters more, for the purpose of defraying the expense of those who, from devotion, wish to go to Jerusalem to lay their bones in holy ground.

The management of the public funds is confided to five persons, chosen every two years by the national assembly, and each head of a family is taxed in proportion to his means.

To this end the nation is divided into three classes,—first, those able to pay taxes,—second, the poor, who in place of paying receive,—third, the class of individuals who are not so fortunate as to be taxable, yet are well enough off to do without succour. The first class scarcely forms the fifth part of the nation.

In the collection and distribution of the national funds, there appears to be much confidence placed in the five individuals chosen for this object; but there is a security for their honesty in the smallness of their number, the short period of their election, and in the fact that, however dishonest Jews may be supposed to be in their transactions with individuals of other sects, they are extremely scrupulous in all their dealings with one another. Their municipal police and censorship, are exercised by magistrates called *regidores* (a Spanish title). They watch over public and private tranquility, and domestic habits and manners, and have the right of knowing whether the individuals of the districts confided to them respectively keep good hours. Each quarter has its *regidor* chosen from among the people whom he is to superintend. They have power to inflict the *bastinade*, or send delinquents to prison without any other form of process; and military discipline is not more severe than that observed by these officers. Each quarter has also its rabbi and synagogue, and the observance of religious duties, is exacted by them with the utmost rigour.

Religion is the great end of all the Jewish institutions; therefore, their education is confined chiefly to reading, and to the knowledge of dogmas, and the ritual. The most learned among them are those to whom the Hebrew language is most familiar, and who are said to be versed in the Scriptures and their commentaries, and to possess a knowledge of the annals of the nation. They are ignorant of science,

if we except some among them who have sufficient knowledge to make up the almanack. The number of Jews in and around the capital, is supposed to be about sixty thousand.

Banking, commerce, and above all, brokeræge, and the other professions of the lowest order of traffic, which admit easily of dishonest practices, fall to the lot of the Jews. They cultivate none of the liberal, nor any of the respectable mechanical arts, such as the weaving of fine stuffs, jewellery, watch-making, &c. &c. In this respect they are far below the other rayahs, and this ignorance is the natural consequence of their separation from all people who are not of their nation. The laws and economical habits of the Jews have banished luxury from among them, and, against the common custom of Turkey, their domestics are limited to the very smallest number. If they ever depart in any way from these rules of moderation which they have established, it is on or about the time of their festivals, so that this infraction is the work of religion, and not that of a desire to incur expense, or indulge in luxury.

There is a commission composed of four members, who are charged with keeping up relations between the Jews of the capital, and those of the Holy Land; every Jew wishes to make a pilgrimage to it at some period of his life, and to finish his days there. Every year a ship sails from Constantinople for Syria, with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pilgrims of both sexes, and those who are rich pay the expenses of the poor. On these

pious pilgrimages, sometimes wars and oppressions subject them to exactions, which they are unable to meet, and in these cases the nation is their resort to which they apply for succour, which is never refused to them.

The national assembly fixes the amount, and the commission of four have the management of its distribution.

All rayahs pay the capitation tax, so do the Jews, as also their quota of extraordinary tax levied by the Porte, which they regulate among themselves, so that all the Porte has to do, is to intimate the amount to the grand rabbi.

The fact is that the Jews, by the organization of their government, are the most happy of all the rayahs in avoiding all difficulties with the Ottoman government, and all the evils which follow in their train.

In some respects, there is a striking resemblance between the Jews and the Turks,—to wit, in separating themselves entirely from the society of other sects—in their fraternal regards—in their charities to one another—and in their theocratical government. But let us see where they differ.

The Jews are as timid as the Turks are brave; lowly as the Turks are proud; the Jew barricades himself from society, because society rejects him—the Turk keeps himself at a distance because he conceives others inferior to himself. The Turk never debases himself by contemptible dishonesty like the Jew, and a difference of belief is never a

consideration sufficiently strong to induce him to compound, like the Jew, with truth, to which in fact the Turk is a slave.

The double yoke of the Ottoman Porte, and that imposed by his own laws, which is worn by the Jew, loses in a great measure its weight by the mere force of duplicity; for the vigilance of the master relaxes in proportion to the submission of the slave, and hence the cause of the continual attention of the Jews, to their interior regulations.

There is one thing that strikes a stranger very forcibly, which is the extraordinary resemblance which the Jewish women here, have to each other; they are extremely homely, and have a singular expression of countenance and features. It would be difficult to convey an idea of them by any description whatever. There is something repulsive and cadaverous about them. I have never seen one who had any pretensions to beauty. This is not the case with the men, they resemble one another nearly as much as the women do, but they are a handsome race, generally tall, and well formed. You know them to be Jews, at first sight—but this is not the case with the women, they resemble none of the nation that I have seen in any other part of the world; those of the coast of Barbary are as remarkable for their beauty as those of Constantinople are for their disgusting ugliness.

The Jews have a fair every week in one of the principal streets of Pera, where they sell all sorts of old things;—old clothes, old knives, old spoons, old

copper, iron and tin utensils, and in fact, every thing that can be named. Here the poor people, sailors, &c., come to buy old effects.

They have another one near the arsenal gate of a still inferior stamp, where the sailors and others from the ships of war, and the laborers, go to make purchases.

These fairs are very much resorted to, and it is curious to see what strange articles they expose for sale,—mere rags, old shoes utterly irreparable, and useless, and we wonder that any one can be found so poor and miserable as to become the purchaser. There are many of them who expose their wares for sale, whose stock in trade would not sell, at its highest price, for half a dollar; and I have known a dealer in spunk, for the purposes of tinder, bawl out through the whole continuance of the fair, to the annoyance of every body, “*Isca senor bueno esca comprar senor bueno isco,*” when his whole stock could be bought for twenty-five cents. On a hill behind the Jewish village of Hassa Kieuy, they have an immense cemetery, and every stranger who visits it, must acknowledge, that poor and miserable as the Jews may be, or affect to be, during their lives, in death they have much of oriental pomp and magnificence. Their tomb-stones or monuments are very rich and expensive, being of white marble, and beautifully sculptured in high-relief, and filled with inscriptions in the Hebrew character. This grave-yard, standing on a hill without a shrub or any thing to intercept the view, has at a distance, say

from the Atmeidan, particularly when the weather is a little hazy, the appearance of a large and well built town, such is the illusion effected on the optics, from the circumstance of their being no object near with which the size of the tombs can be compared. The foundation of these funeral monuments is a solid mass of white marble, covering the whole length and double the width of the grave, highly decorated with sculpture and inscriptions. On this is laid a heavy block of marble equally white, shaped like a coffin cut off at the shoulders, about six feet long, but three or four times the usual height,—this is also highly decorated and inscribed. What these inscriptions contain I do not know, whether extracts from the Scriptures, or family records,—but, if the latter, no better means could be devised for perpetuating a knowledge of their ancestry than by monuments, durable as the pyramids, inscribed in a language infinitely older, and perhaps as unchangeable.

Inflexibly attached as the Jews are to their own religion, still there are some who conform to that of the Turks; and in every respect adopt their mode of worship. These dissenters from the ancient faith do not appear to excite any sort of hostile feelings against them on the part of the rest of the nation. But should a Jew be converted to Christianity, he becomes the immediate object of the most relentless persecution to his own people, so that his life is not safe.

I mentioned in my journey to Broussa, the fact

of some Jews having been banished from Constantinople to Nicomedia, for having become Christians, and the Armenian priests, who had assisted at the ceremony of baptism, were banished along with them. This sentence was passed on them by the Porte, on the application of the Turkish authorities, and as a means of securing them from the violence that was threatened.

It cannot be doubted that the hatred of the Jews towards the Christians is inveterate in the extreme, and opportunities only are wanted to make this manifest. An occasion offered, where the venerable Greek patriarch was hanged by the Turks at the commencement of the Greek revolution. The Jews volunteered their services to cast his body into the sea; their services were accepted, and his corpse was dragged through the streets by them with gratuitous insult.

This circumstance, with others of a similar nature, so exasperated the Greeks, that during the revolution they revenged themselves on every Jew that fell into their hands with the most dreadful retaliation. These mutual prejudices are so strong, that they give rise to many accusations and recriminations, with which they assail each other.

The Jews accuse the Christians of being eaters of human flesh, while the Christians charge them with crucifying adults on Good Friday, in mockery of the crucifixion of Christ; and with purloining children, and sacrificing them as paschal lambs at their passover. These things, however, are scarcely

worth repeating, and I mention them, not because I believe them, but because they are too generally believed here.

This sketch, which I have endeavored to make as concise as possible, may serve to convey an idea of the Jews of Constantinople, and of their political and domestic condition.

LETTER XXX.*

St. Stephano, August 20, 1833.

MY DEAR ———,

IN that circle which is called good society at Pera, that is to say the diplomatic circle, in which every one in any way connected with a *turgeman* is permitted to “live, and move, and have a being;” the prevailing language and manners, and, among the younger part of this limited sphere, the dress is French. It has not been long since it was Greek. The latter or something like it, is affected now by the elder females of this community; some in fact, dress in the fashion of other ages, if such fashions ever existed. I now speak of the very oldest part of the society, who have outlived all appearance of what they formerly were, all idea of sacrificing to

* This letter has appeared in the New-York Monthly Magazine.

fashion, and all possibility of undergoing any change, except from life to death. There is something extremely singular in the old women in this country, particularly those who live a tranquil and easy life, and in the circle I speak of. They absolutely *dry up*, and become seasoned like a piece of live oak, which is incorruptible, or like an Egyptian mummy, but still retaining the vital spark. I should be afraid to say how old I thought some of them were, lest like Captain Riley, I might be suspected of roman-cing; but I can assure my readers, that they must have been as old as any Arab that the gallant captain ever met with in the desert. He rates their ages, I think, at from three to four hundred years. I don't say how old *my* old women are, but I venture to say they are as old as the oldest of *his* Arabs. The younger part of the female society are generally very pretty, and dress with a great deal of taste; they dance extremely well and their manners are quite pleasing. The whole business of their lives is to dress well, to dance well, and to please. Great attention is paid to these important objects, and if as much care were taken of the mind, as of the manners, dress, and the movement of the feet, they would no doubt make fine women. Some of them make a noise on the piano. But whatever other sins they may commit, I have never yet known but one of them to be guilty of the sin of looking into a book, and that book, alas! was upside down. Their minds are blank paper; nothing can exceed their ignorance of every thing beyond the four cor-

ners of Pera and the village of Buyucderè; the first their winter, the latter their summer residence. They migrate from one place to the other like birds of passage, and to them the whole world is limited to the space of twelve or fourteen miles, the distance between the four corners and Buyucderè.

Their winter occupation, is to attend the balls given by the ambassadors. They have no society in their own houses; blessed or cursed is the man who ever crosses the threshold of a Perote, as they are called; blessed, inasmuch as he enjoys a favor seldom granted to any one, their doors never being opened for the purposes of hospitality; cursed, because if he have the means of entertaining, he is sure to be taxed ever after with the burthen of entertaining fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts and cousins (they are all cousins here), down to the third and fourth generation.

With the affairs of their neighbours, perhaps no people in the world are better acquainted; they *will* know what they eat, what they drink, how they live. All their domestic concerns are pryed into, they send for their servants, and worm out of them if possible, all the secrets of the family, should there be any, and seem to take particular pleasure in making them known far and wide, which the aforesaid ambassadorian balls give them an opportunity of doing. The female members of the family have another business to perform. As the streets of Pera do not in the winter season permit of walking out, each one has her favorite window, from which they

undertake the inspection of so much of the crooked and dirty streets or lanes, as comes within the range of their visual organs—perhaps the limits may not exceed a few yards—perhaps less. Yet, there they sit “from morn till noon, from noon till dusky night,” carefully noticing every thing that occurs within their respective districts. This affords subjects for conversation, and it is almost incredible what a quantity of interesting details they will find to communicate, in the course of a *sitting*. As an instance, one lady, whose window looks into my back yard, and whose prospect is limited by the thick stone walls of a house in front of it, about ten feet distant, amused me during a whole morning’s visit, by recounting the gambols and tricks of two pointer pups; it is surprising how much entertainment she had found in watching their capers, and consequently how much amusement she had been able to afford her friends by the details. For two or three weeks, she had done nothing else but watch them, and wished for no other occupation.

Happy indeed must be the mind, fruitful must be the imagination, innocent the heart, that can find content, subjects for reflection, and amusement, in an employment so entirely harmless and unexceptionable. Others had wider fields for observation; various were the objects which presented themselves to their view; here, an overloaded Jew crying *Godoni Melikani* (American cotton) with a whizzing through the nose like the sound of a split flute. There a *hamal* with a load that would crush down a jackass.

An Armenian with his long ears and calpack. A Greek with his full trowsers and skull-cap. A French shopkeeper running out with his samples of tape and pins. Perhaps a minister! A chargé! or last, though not least agreeable, a dapper attaché, an aspirant to a turgemanic station! *She* envies them not; her mild and patient eye, rests calmly on the two puppies, and she seeks no other occupation, she wants no other amusement. Unfortunately, and without my knowledge, the servant to whom one of these pups belonged, sent it away; the other for want of a companion took to the house, and the lady's "occupation *was* gone." I am told that she has since taken up with two cats, that are carrying on a courtship on the eaves of the house, which intercepts her view, and that she is patiently watching its progress.

Two or three young ladies of a family informed me they had been to Russia on one occasion, where they had spent a few months. They were looked upon with wonder on their return, and Sindbad the sailor had not half the astonishing things to relate, that they had seen in Russia. Their acquaintances often pointed them out to me as *travelled* ladies. The thought struck me once to ask them "how they liked St. Petersburg?" "They had never seen it." "Moscow?" "Nor that neither." I asked them with some surprise, "what part of Russia they had visited?" "Odessa on the Black Sea!" "No other place?" "*Pas plus.*"

I will venture to assert that of the ladies of this

class of society, not one in fifty, nay, not one in a hundred, if there be so many of them, has ever crossed the Bosphorus or the harbor of Constantinople, or knows any thing more about Asia and the city, than about Hindoostan or Timbuctoo. Yet with all their ignorance, while they are young they are pretty, and sooner or later are picked up by some young turgeman of the second or third class, and begin the laudable occupation of increasing and multiplying the members of the turgemanic corps. But as they grow old, heaven help them; they have then a physiognomy peculiarly their own, they have a particular stamp or seal placed on their features. It has grown in some measure out of their political, but more particularly their social relations. Diplomacy, the art of concealing the thoughts, and of producing false impressions is the great study at Pera; this study gives a particular cast to the countenance, and almost every man who has been long in the diplomatic corps has it, but more especially the turgemens. They all look as if they were big with something that required all their prudence to conceal. It is natural that this cast of features should descend to the child; this is the *political* cause. I have before observed, that they are all cousins here; marriages and intermarriages without number, have been practised from time out of mind. There are but few families of what are called nobles to be found here. I do not think they would exceed ten, and I am certain, not a dozen. Strangers of rank are not willing to connect themselves

with this spurious nobility, and to marry beyond the pale of their circle, to inferior rank, would be at once to lose caste. They would be excommunicated and execrated; to marry a merchant whatever his worth, would be a stain on their family escutcheons never to be effaced. Thus, what are they to do? They have hit on a very simple remedy: they marry one another, and keep all the honours among themselves; this is the *social* cause. Now every farmer in our country knows the effect of "breeding in and in," as it is called, and no one among us is ignorant of the consequences of cousins marrying cousins from one generation to another. The effect is strongly marked on the mind, as well as on the countenance; this practice long continued, in fact, produces in both idiocy and all its characteristic traits. Go into an old Pera family, where this practice has been continued from generation to generation, from the time of the Latins perhaps, and you will find all the evidences of its consequences; weak intellects, with sense enough only to endeavour to conceal their imbecility under the cloak of etiquette and diplomacy; and in the countenances of the aged,—who have forgotten how to change the true expression of the features, by that eternal artificial smile, which the young ones have for all alike,—there is, in a peculiar degree, that stamp which unerringly marks the mixed character of knave and fool.

If I were asked to say what kind of features were necessary to make up the countenances alluded to,

I should reply, ears long and elevated, drawn forward by the muscles of the forehead, which, by constant exercise, have furrowed themselves on each side into three or four deeply indented semi-circular wrinkles, divided by some perpendicular furrows over the nose. Eyebrows drawn up to a high point, the eyelid fallen so as to conceal the expression of the eye, the ball of which is projecting, so as to catch through the lashes a view of every object near; the nose somewhat large from use, and pressed a little over to the left side of the face by the frequent application of snuff with the thumb of the right hand; the sides of the mouth rather drawn together, the lips parting, ready made up for a broad smile if necessary, on the shortest notice. The corners of the mouth sunk, and flanked on each side by two deep, vertical trenches, which in their youthful days may have passed for dimples. The whole ruminative, staid, and of a reflective cast. The head a little inclined on one side, and forward; ready to catch the slightest sound, or bow to the slightest attention. The ears have a slight movement in different directions to facilitate the reception of sound. The head long, and disproportioned to the body. The whole appearance asinine.

In the presence of an ambassador, the angle of inclination of the body is 45 degrees; a minister plenipotentiary 35 degrees; minister resident 25 degrees; chargé 15 degrees; with their equals perpendicular; with their inferiors a hollow in the back. There is one extraordinary faculty these

people have acquired, that of conversing with one person, while they are listening to the conversation of all others within ear-shot range. Some ladies in our country have this talent, but they are nothing to Pera turgemans.

A very clever French writer, *Pertrusier*, in speaking of the inhabitants of Pera, says, "*Les habitants de Pera ont une physionomie à eux, que leur relations politiques et sociaux ont du necessairement marquer d'un cachet particulier.*" Tome 2d, p. 251.

Now this, though true, gives you no idea of what this "*physionomie*" or this "*cachet particulier*" is: I have thought it best therefore, that you should not remain in the dark on a subject of so much importance as the characteristic marks of a whole race,—one which has escaped the notice of the naturalist. *Pertrusier* has the merit of making the discovery, but I yield to no one the credit of surveying the coast and indicating the promontories, the indentations, the harbours, depths and shallows.

Some naturalists say, that the face, legs and neck of the cameleopard were originally no longer than those of the hare, but being compelled to seek his food from the high branches of trees, they in course of time became of the proportions we now see them. For a contrary reason the fore legs of the kangaroo became short, for the convenience of seeking his food on the earth. Philosophy tells us that man is not an exception to this pliability of nature, which accommodates things according to exigencies. A man may form his own features; for example,—

“ In all physiognomy, the lineaments of the body will discover those natural inclinations of the mind, which dissimulation will conceal, or discipline will suppress.” *Bacon.*

Scripture tells us that we all descended from one common stock, yet what vast varieties do we see in the family of man? The Englishman, the Frenchman, Spaniard, German, Italian, &c. &c., have all their distinguishing traits, and may be known by a glance; as may also the Indian, the Negro, the Ourang Outang, the monkey—why not then the Perotes? The Esquimaux are said to have sprung from a few wrecked Norwegians, who intermarrying with each other have by degenerating, come to their present stature and faculties, and formed a new race of beings. Why then should we be surprised, that a people living to themselves and for themselves, intermarrying for centuries with one another, should have lost their original character, if they ever had any, and taken one of a new and perfectly distinct form from all others in nature.

Lord Monboddo insists on it that men were originally formed with tails, but by frequent docking and the process of dry nursing, have been relieved from that very inconvenient appendage. I have no opportunity of knowing whether the Peroté retains his tail or not, but from all his other appearances and manners, I am rather inclined to think he does. This however is mere matter of opinion, which of course will pass like all other opinions, for as much as it is worth. It is an admitted fact that the tails

of colts may be made shorter by docking those of their sires ; and the difference between the length of the tails of an English and Arabian horse is sufficient proof of the fact. The Arabians never dock their horses. Naturalists say that dogs all came from one stock, and all the varieties we see, from the noble stag-hound to the stunted cur, have been produced by education, climate, and breeding. Why then is it extraordinary that a whole community should think alike and look alike, when their forefathers and foremothers also, have looked alike and thought alike, for so many generations. Their employments have been for ages those of turgemens, which implies a talent for every species of intrigue and duplicity ; chancellors, not much better ; and sometimes chargés, in the absence of the minister ; which makes them a *little* worse.

Every one knows the effect of occupation on the mind and on the features ; the farmer who ploughs the earth may be easily distinguished from him, whose occupation it is to plough the main, and so throughout the different classes of society : so of the brute creation ; how easy it is to distinguish between the character of the sturdy honest mastiff, and the crouching, cringing, whining spaniel ; just as easy is it to know the Peroté ; he has a construction of mind, a cast of features, and a manner that would distinguish him from every other biped on earth.

This is no sketch of fancy, or of a single individual, it is the rough outline of a class, drawn with fidelity, and it would be a waste of words to endea-

your farther to prove, that a genuine Peroté differs as much from the rest of his species as an Esquimaux, an Ourang Outang, a dependent, or a spaniel.

I do not doubt that the innovations which are gradually creeping in among all ranks of society, in this empire, will sooner or later extinguish the race of Perotés. Foreign nations have recently discovered that it is more to their interest to instruct their young men in the Turkish language, and employ them as interpreters in their intercourse with the Porte, than to employ the Peroté, who has no interests but his own to consult. The consequence is, that the females of this class have directed their attention to the young and accomplished foreigners who aspire to the turgemanic rank, and will consequently by intermarriage with them in time, produce a total change, highly advantageous to the physical and moral habits of their posterity.—“This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.” Since my residence, some of these marriages have taken place, and the good fruits of them are already seen.

I have taken some pains in drawing the portrait of this singular race, fancying that ere long it will become extinct, or so improved as not to be known. The last of the Perotés will be as interesting as the last of the North American Indians.

I have thus far confined myself chiefly to one particular class. Of the construction of society in general, at Pera, I have said but little; nor is there much to be said. Good society is much the same everywhere, and as it is here only to be found at the

palaces of the ambassadors and of the foreign ministers, perhaps there is none in Europe that excels it.

I have enjoyed the greatest pleasure in attending the splendid parties given by the different legations here, and for magnificence, it would be difficult anywhere to excel them.

The foreign legations are also distinguished for elegance of manners, intelligence, and strict propriety of conduct. They form indeed a class by themselves, and their ministers stand at such an awful height above all others, that they are looked up to by their inferiors with the reverence due to the representatives of majesty.

Many complain of the strictness of the etiquette observed in the diplomatic circle.—It is strict, and it must be so, to guard against and prevent the impertinent obtrusiveness of the Perotés. Among the ministers themselves, and their families, there is as much sociability and freedom from restraint as can be found anywhere, but in self defence against the annoyance of these troublesome insects, they are compelled from necessity, to throw over themselves the cold icy mantle of etiquette, and to make their approach difficult; and the minister, who neglected this necessary precaution, would soon find his situation insufferable. Remove this restraint, and they rush into your house in swarms, and having once obtained access, it is with difficulty they can be got clear of. You can scarcely smoke them out,—they make it their common resort, and you have finally to do as others do; that is to order your servant to

say, you are sick, or you are busy—are gone to bed, or are not at home, or to tell some other fib. This course pursued for awhile, the swarm disappears; the object is soon known to them, but it offends none, when they meet you afterward, there is the same servility, and if you permit it, the same obtrusiveness. It has always been the custom here, for the ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary, to give large entertainments at stated periods, and frequently. This is not expected from other members of the diplomatic corps; ministers resident, and chargés, entertain among themselves and their friends, as may suit their own convenience. This is not the case with the high ranks of diplomacy. The birth-day of the sovereign, the arrival of a new foreign minister, their own birth-day, or particular saint's day, or a particular national festival, on all and each of those occasions and others, entertainments are given. At the dinners, on these great occasions, it is rarely that any one below the rank of secretary of legation, or first turgeman, is invited; all are expected to appear in full costume, and the utmost attention is paid to the rank of the respective individuals, in going to and from, and in taking their seats at the table.

These dinner parties are generally over by half past seven or eight o'clock, at which hour the persons who are invited to attend the ball begin to assemble. These are invited by the chiefs of the different legations, at the request of the minister or ambassador giving the entertainment. It is usual

for the minister, chargé, &c., to introduce those he has invited to his host, soon after their entrance into the room. The amusement of the evening consists chiefly in dancing, in which the young ladies of Pera perform a conspicuous part, all dancing extremely well, and being, as I before said, quite pretty, and dressing very neatly, they make very pleasant partners to the young gentlemen who are attached to the different legations. But if the afore-said young ladies are connected in the twentieth degree with the turgemaneric, wo betide the *bourgeois*, with his blue coat and his yellow buttons, who dares approach with the desire of dancing with them. No, he must seek a plebeian partner, of which of course there are plenty in the room, it being understood that all having claims to respectability and gentility, are to be invited to these balls. Cards are also introduced at these parties, *carté* and whist are the games which are generally played; and are sometimes, (particularly the former,) played high, for it cannot be denied that, however good the society, wherever cards are introduced, money, more than amusement, is the object. The dances are, waltzes, cotillions, and country dances; the former are generally preferred, and whatever may be the name of the dance, waltzing generally furnishes the greater part of the figure. Occasionally I have seen the Romanic, a Greek dance, the Polonnaise, and a Russian dance, with a name, like most Russian names, difficult to remember, and still more difficult to pronounce.

The passion of the oldest of the old ladies for dancing, continues until the latest period of their lives. To tell the truth, I have not seen one older than a grandmother dance, but I speak of the passion, which, like most passions, exist long after the power of gratifying them ceases. I have seen a grandmother, however lead off a *Romaic*, a kind of Bacchanalian dance, with considerable spirit for a few minutes, but she at length gave up; her will was good, but her powers could not last, and the poor old lady was led tottering off to her seat, applauded, of course, by the whole company. As long as life lasts they visit these parties, and their strange costumes are the subject of much amusement to those who never before saw any thing like them, as they are unlike any thing on the face of the earth.

After midnight, there is, on great occasions, generally a supper, at which every thing sumptuous and splendid is exhibited; indeed, no expense or pains are spared at these entertainments, to make them as brilliant as possible. So much do the ministers devote themselves to the comfort, the happiness, and pleasures of the guests, that they appear almost the slaves of society, ever watchful and attentive to their slightest wishes, not neglecting the smallest civility or point of etiquette. To give one of these parties with eclat, requires a particular habit and tact, and this with their extreme solicitude to please, has produced on the minds of the Perotes the idea, that the only qualification requisite for a

foreign minister is to know how to give parties, and that the only object of foreign governments in sending ministers here, is to entertain the society of Pera.

To live in Galata, is to be sure to live out of the court atmosphere, yet in great parties the Galateans are included, who, if on the score of political importance they do not stand so high, as their neighbours of Pera, have another subject of boast, connected with religion, to which the Perotes can put in no claim. They are fully persuaded that the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians was addressed to them, and them alone. *Let every man bear his own burthen, is the maxim of our modern Galateans.*

These frequent assemblies render the residence of a stranger who seeks only amusement quite agreeable, provided he be of the privileged class, and provided he has been introduced at the *palace*. But for the preservation of harmony and good intelligence at Pera, it is absolutely necessary that the powers of Europe should keep at peace; for the slightest disturbance among them is felt at Pera almost before it is known elsewhere; and all society is split up into infinitely small scraps or factions. Of course there is an end to pleasure, for each party strives to gain the approbation of his minister, by a rigid and severe hostility, and unbending reserve towards the opposing faction. The ministers may be at the same time, and often are on the most friendly terms with one another, though policy does not permit a public display of their friendship; but

this signifies nothing with the small fry, they will have no peace among them, until Europe is again tranquil.

In private society the etiquette observed is infinitely ridiculous, and cannot escape the observation of any one. This is one of the consequences of these little wars above alluded to, and the desire of taking precedence of one another in ceremonials,—and if connected in any way with a legation, the individual interested conceives himself completely identified in the affair with his sovereign.

I may be better understood by the following anecdote. A person holding a sixth rate situation in one of the legations, came to consult me as to the dress he should wear, at a diplomatic evening party to be given on the anniversary of a sovereign; whether he should wear the blue or the red embroidery? The embroidered or gold-laced pantaloons, or breeches and stockings? I told him, that for my part, “I thought it of very little consequence what he wore, provided he went dressed like a gentleman.” “My dear sir,” said he, “I want to convince his imperial majesty, and my own sovereign, that I have done every thing in my power to show proper respect on the occasion.”

In these little matters an observer and an amateur may find much to amuse himself, by noticing the conduct of the diplomatic small fry of Pera,—I speak now of the natives. They are eternally on the alert to guard their supposed rank and consequence; and to be guilty of so great an oversight as

to permit, through inadvertence, through deference, or from any other cause, a person of inferior pretensions to themselves to usurp their place, is to commit an unpardonable error; it would be the subject of conversation for months, and the reputation lost would never be regained. He would be set down as one totally unfit to fill the meanest station in the diplomatic corps, where the first duty of man is to maintain his proper rank and station in the line, and to let no one, on any consideration whatever, push him out of it.

As to the population in general, the *canaille* of Pera, they have no traits of resemblance whatever, to those of any other known country. Servility the most abject and complete is their lot, and if there be a class of beings on the earth, who would carry off the prize for bad faith, self-interest, and the desire of benefiting themselves by means however vile, this class would most certainly deserve it, for the members which compose it, carry these qualities to the highest degree. They come here needy and unprincipled adventurers—public opinion holds no influence over them; the feeble restraint of the ministers of their respective nations, is but little felt. Their object is to make their fortunes; this brings them here, and when this object is effected, they depart, regardless of the name they leave behind, whether it be—“to point a moral or adorn a tale.”

I now quit the subject without regret, not being able to find one redeeming virtue among the mass

of the people to atone for their numerous sins. If I return to it again, it will be to amuse and not to disgust you, for with all their bad traits, I flatter myself, that in their vanities, their affectations in their idioms and peculiar manner of conversing, I can still find subject for laughter; for it must be confessed they are not too bad or too contemptible to be laughed at. I am aware that this account will be thought exaggerated, but for the truth of it I appeal to those acquainted with the character of the people of Pera, to several of whom I have shown it, and they have acknowledged its correctness. In drawing this sketch, I have done little more than follow the observations of Pertrusier,—I found him correct, and have in many instances used his language. In speaking of these people, he says, “but we must take care how we speak the truth of them, it looks so much like slander, that it may easily be mistaken for it.”

But let us leave the scum of Pera, who are not worth the trouble we have bestowed on them, and let us fly to the *Champ des Morts*, where, thanks to the magnificence which nature has spread around, the thoughts of Pera and its inhabitants, will be lost in the calm quiet feelings and sentiments which will be awakened within us, while we are wandering among the mansions of the dead.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

St. Stephano, August 27, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

EVERY little helps, and agreeably to my promise in my last, I send you some translations that will give you an idea of the state of religion in these regions, and of the toleration of the Turks with regard to it.

In addition to the Catholic churches named and described in the translations, there are at Pera, the church of the Holy Trinity, and the church and convent of the Holy Laud, or as it is called, Terré Santa.

At Galata, there are the churches of Saint Peter, Saint George, and Saint Benedito; besides the Greek church of Saint Nicholas, and an Armenian schismatic church. There are also three others, that I do not recollect the names of. At Pera there is also a Greek church, and an Armenian schismatic one.

Religious ceremonies and festivals, and funeral processions, are more numerous here, than in any Catholic country where I have ever been, and there is more fanaticism, than in Rome, Naples, or even Mexico; and for the population of Galata and Pera, the priests are more numerous.

What think you of the ceremony of the "crushing of the bones of Judas," as he is cut down from the tree on which he hanged himself, which is represented by all the boys in the streets, collecting in front of one or other of the churches, at twelve o'clock on the first Thursday in Holy week, armed with watchmen's rattles, and at a signal given by the priest, all striking up with their rattles such a deafening sound as almost to stun one?

On this day, there are no bells rung in any of the Catholic churches of Pera or Galata; but on other days, you are very much annoyed with their constant jingling. It is a mistaken notion that the Turks do not allow the ringing of bells in the Christian churches. Every Catholic church in Galata and Pera is furnished with them, and there is no place where they are rung oftener. In fact, there is more toleration in religion in Turkey, than any where else; more even than in the United States, for however Christians may differ among themselves in their creeds, forms of worship, and ceremonies, the Turk looks upon them all as dogs of the same litter, and their barking and growling not worth his notice, provided they keep out of the way of his pipe, and do not upset his coffee.

I am now preparing for a tour round the Sea of Marmora, and have already received a *buyurult* from the captain pacha, the nature of which you will understand from the enclosed translation. I shall visit the ancient and once magnificent city of Cyzicum, on the opposite side, now in ruins, which

once bid defiance to Mithridates and his army of 150,000 troops, and was relieved by Lucullus.

I shall explore the ground thoroughly, and take notes on the spot. It is a new field for research. Thence I shall proceed to Gallipoli, taking Rhodosto and Scivria in my route and touching at the intermediate places. I do not know if I shall be able to execute the task to my own satisfaction as I have been so long sick, and have laboured under so much depression, that it appears to me that my mind has lost all the little energy it had. It is a great trouble to me to drive my thoughts into action; they are sluggish, and want some great excitement to put them in motion. We shall see what Cyzicum can do for them.

I have not forgotten yet to give you a picture of the Greeks, which I some time ago promised you. I am not yet able to do justice to it.

Truly yours and your family's.

NOTE.—A *buyurult* is a letter written by order of the Sultan, which makes it the duty of those to whom it is addressed to fulfill all the rights of hospitality and respect. It is a high compliment to be furnished with one. The bearer can, if he chooses, travel free from all expenses of whatever nature.

A *firman*, is solicited from the Porte, and a few piasters are paid for it. It gives a right to protection and assistance.

A *teskera*, is a simple passport, without other advantage than a free passage through the country.

My intention was to have taken a simple *teskera*, but this being made known to the *reis effendi*, he informed the Sultan, who ordered the captain pacha to issue the *buyurult*, as the Sea of Marmora, and the villages on the coasts and islands, are under his jurisdiction.

TRANSLATION OF THE BUYURULT.

The virtuous *Mollahs* and *Naihs* of all the towns on the right and left shores of the White Sea from Constantinople to the Dardinelles, may their prayers be heard. The most distinguished men as *Aians*, *Voyvodes*, and other men entrusted with affairs, may their merits be exalted.

It comes to your knowledge by the present *buyurult*, that the **** * having manifested the desire to visit the towns of the Sea of Marmora, which are under your respective jurisdictions; you are therefore ordered to observe towards him all the duties of hospitality, and the respect due to him.

We therefore command you to act according to the meaning of this *buyurult*, and to take care that nothing happens which shall in the slightest degree be at variance with it.

To this is fixed the great seal of Tayhir Capudan Pacha, with all his titles.

Translation from the Turkish, of the Berrat, or Patent, delivered by Hatty Scheriff, to the Archbishop of the Armenian Catholics, under date of the 5th of January, 1831.

The Armenian Catholics, who form a part of the *rayahs*, (subjects,) of my Sublime Porte, and of my empire, which will last for ever, had not till now an archbishop over them, and they were heretofore under the authority of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs and their delegates.

Whereas it has been established that though the Armenian Catholics ⁽¹⁾ were under the authority of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, they could not always completely fulfil the duties of their religion, because their religious precepts do not agree with those of the Greek and Armenian nations, and that they were obliged to frequent the churches of the Franks to exercise their religious worship, and to receive the nuptial benediction from other priests than those of their own churches, which was an extreme mortification and vexation to them.

And whereas the Catholics are of that class of our *rayahs*, belonging to my Sublime Porte, who have been for several ages under our imperial protection, and are full of equity and good faith, it is a duty of our sovereignty, and a necessary part of our paternal cares, to give to these our *rayahs* full protection; and to provide the means requisite for securing their good-will and contentment, in relieving them from the state of religious humiliation in which they have hitherto been held, and by granting them

the privilege to exercise their religion in churches of their own communion, that they may no longer be under any necessity of frequenting the churches belonging to the Franks.

Consequently the archbishoprick of the Catholic Armenians, and of all persons who profess the Catholic religion in Armenia, Constantinople, and all other parts of my empire, has been conferred on the best of Christians, the bearer of the present imperial patent, Don Agob, son of Emanuel, may whose end be happy, who was elected on the 21st Redgeb, 1246, (5th January, 1831,) in consequence of a *Hatty Scheriff*, as a *rayah* of my Sublime Porte, son, grandson, and great grandson, of a *rayah*, on condition that he shall pay into my public treasury, fifty thousand aspers as a gratuity to the exchequer, and that he shall pay annually into the treasury, the stipulated sum of thirty thousand aspers.⁽²⁾ We then grant by the present imperial *berrat*, and order what follows.

That the Catholics, whether of a high or a low class, shall from this time, acknowledge for their archbishop, Don Agob, and follow in all spiritual matters what he shall order them, and nobody shall trouble or molest him in the exercise of his functions.

Whenever the archbishop shall, according to the established ecclesiastical laws, suspend any of his priests from their functions, they deserving such suspension, and shall nominate others to their places, who are worthy of such trust and honour, no person

shall meddle or interfere with it. But without an express order from the archbishop, it shall not be allowable to suspend any priest from his functions, nor to confer upon him any ecclesiastical dignity.

Priests shall not have the power to marry a *kefere* ⁽³⁾ (an infidel), till the said archbishop has allowed the marriage to be contracted, such marriage not being within their functions without an order signed by the aforesaid archbishop.

If a *rayah* woman leaves her husband, or if a *rayah* will divorce his wife, or contract marriage, no person shall meddle with it, but the priest or priests delegated by the archbishop's written order.

The said archbishop only, shall decide in matrimonial cases and divorces. He shall also decide in quarrels or differences which may arise between two or more *rayahs*, if the parties agree to it, and in that case, the agents of the supreme government shall not hinder him from reconciling them or administering to them the usual oaths of the church, according to the ecclesiastical laws, nor take from him any pecuniary fine.

When the said archbishop wishes to collect the legacies for the imperial treasury, of deceased priests or nuns dying without heirs, neither the government, its officer for the imperial *fesc*, nor *cassam*, ⁽⁴⁾ nor any agent of the supreme government shall give him, or his delegates, the smallest hinderance to his proceedings or his written orders.

In regard to the legacies that priests or nuns, or the Armenian Catholic *rayahs* in general, may leave

by their last will, to the aforesaid archbishop, or for the benefit of the poor of the Armenian Catholic religion, not the least hinderance shall be given to those proceedings, but they shall be examined and sanctioned according to the laws.

Those priests who shall be authorized by their bishops to collect the revenues fixed by them, and public alms from their congregations, in whatsoever place they may travel, shall not be in any way molested or interfered with by the authorities, but on the contrary, they shall be protected, respected, and assisted, on all occasions.

Nobody shall hinder the archbishop from carrying his pastoral staff of command, nor from taking his horse or mule, or any of his attendants, or his or their dresses, nor detain on the road any thing that shall be transported to his residence as provisions, or the product of his vineyards, or wine not fermented, or honey, butter, oil, nor any provisions given him as alms or gifts or presents.

Ten persons belonging to the household of the said archbishop, including those who by his orders, and for his affairs, attend at or frequent the Sublime Porte, shall be free from the *haratz* the *avartz* and the *tekialif*.

All lawsuits occasioned by oppression or by malicious persons against the Armenian Catholic archbishop shall be determined only in the hall of the *Arz-Odassy*,⁽⁵⁾ presided at by the grand vizier or his caimacan.

The Armenian Catholic archbishop shall take

possession of all the property in land, vineyards or gardens, which shall be bequeathed to the poor of the Armenian Catholic religion, and also of all the paraphernalia belonging to the churches, and he shall henceforth, be the only administrator to them, and without the least hinderance from any authority whatsoever.

If any Armenian Catholic priests shall go away from their charge without a written permission from the archbishop, and cause disorder or scandal, whether at home or abroad, the said archbishop shall have full authority to punish them, and to put an end to their disorderly conduct.

By the present imperial *berrat* it is ordered, that neither the Greek nor the Armenian patriarchs, nor any other authority shall ever meddle with, or molest, or cause to be meddled with or molested, the Armenian Catholics in any of their affairs, spiritual or temporal.

This is all that is to be published in this present imperial command, and to afford a firm trust to our noble cipher, given the 21st of the moon of Redgeb in the year 1216.

EXPLANATIONS.

(1) By the name of Armenian Catholics, the Sublime Porte makes a distinction from that given to the Armenians, who profess only the heretic religion under a patriarch.

(2) Fifty thousand aspers, three to a para, and consequently one hundred and twenty aspers to a piaster, makes the sum of four hundred and sixteen piasters, twenty six paras, and two aspers. And 338,000 aspers, make 2816 piasters, and some paras.

(3) *Keffere*—Infidel.—This epithet is applied to the Franks.

(4) *Cassam*.—A Turkish judge, who takes cognizance of all affairs relative to legacies and money matters, in all cases of succession.

(5) *Arz-Odassy*.—An immense hall or saloon, where all great or important matters in dispute are determined in the presence of the grand vizier, and in his absence by his caimacan.

Translation of a writing attached to the body of a criminal decapitated and exposed in the streets of Constantinople, setting forth the crime for which he was executed.

The traitors Demetri, Stavri and Yeni, passengers on board a vessel commanded by Bartholomú Ibrahim, a few days before their arrival here, murdered in the night the captain and six other mussulmen of the crew, took possession of the strong box, sunk the vessel and fled. Being arrested by the magistrate of Viras and sent here, after being examined before the tribunal of justice, they made a full confession of their crimes. Sovereign justice demanded that they should expiate by their deaths, lives which had been stained by so much villany. It is in this manner that Stavri (one of the three) has been punished as an example to others.

LETTER XXXII.

St. Stephano, Sept. 4, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

SEVEN days since, I left this place on a tour round the Sea of Mariora, but returned sooner than I intended, not finding sufficient variety to excite my interest, and from feeling persuaded that it is in vain to search for any of the remains of ancient cities in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, that were worth removing. All that is left is a mass of rubbish; or bricks and mortar, united with unhewn stone, forming the underground work of ancient buildings. The blocks of granite and pillars of marble, have all been removed to Constantinople, or converted into balls for the enormous cannon at the Dardanelles, or applied to other purposes. Nothing of all their ancient splendour remains, but chips and fragments which lay in piles, and are strewed about like the rubbish of some extensive quarry which has long since ceased to be worked.

With a fresh breeze from the north, I left here a little before sundown, in an open boat with a crew of four men, who being fearful of crossing the Sea of Marmora in so frail a bark, kept the European coast aboard, shaping their course for Rhodosto.

With some persuasion, I induced them to keep further from the shore until we gradually lost sight of it.

When they had nothing to guide them, I took on myself the navigation of the craft, and shaping my course by the stars steered south-east, so as to strike the east end of the isle of Marmora. About midnight, the boatmen discovered by the violence of the sea which broke over us, that we were approaching the middle of the Propontis, and as it came on to blow almost a hurricane, with heavy showers of rain, and the waves looming above our gunwales, I began to repent of my rash attempt to do what every body had informed me could not be done in an open boat, except under the most favourable circumstances. However, by putting the boat under the smallest quantity of canvass, and keeping her steadily before the wind, we succeeded in reaching, by daylight, the passage between the island of Marmora and the peninsula of Artacio, on the east side of which Cyzicum was situated.

From the time the boatmen discovered that they were mid-channel, until we made the land on the other side, not a voice was heard but that of the captain who took the helm. The rest were devoutly at their prayers in the bottom of the boat, and they frankly acknowledged, the next morning, that they had given themselves up for lost, notwithstanding the two consecrated candles which were snugly stowed under the stern-sheets of the boat, as a substitute for ballast, the boat having no other.

Day broke at length, and all alarm subsided on discovering where we were, and that in half an hour we should be in smooth water, under the lee of Cape Saint Antonia. Every tongue was now let loose, and ample atonement was made for the dead silence of the night, in relating the hair-breadth escapes we had encountered ; but I was given plainly to understand that when I intended crossing the sea again, it should not be in their boat. But how I found my way across without a compass, remains to them a mystery.

The north side of Artacio, is steep, rocky, and barren, but as we rounded the point, we passed several Greek villages which were placed in the little nooks which form landing-places and shelter for the boats, at one of which we stopped to buy some bread and onions, and fill our jugs with water—which was very fine, but every thing else that we saw was filth and wretchedness. I walked through the village, the streets or lanes of which were filthy in the extreme. The women and children were dirty and ragged ; but on passing a house, I heard a woman singing a lively Greek song, and wondered how among so much misery, a human being could be found happy enough to sing.

On ascending a rock at a small distance from the shore, and to the right of the village, I found the half of a white marble vase, about four feet deep, and five feet in diameter, beautifully sculptured on the inside, which was turned upside down and propped up with stones. In front of this was plant-

ed a part of the shaft of a white marble column, on the top of which was laid the fragment of another, on which was sculptured a cross. This was the only place of worship. The name of the village is Rhoda.

We coasted along shore toward the deep gulf which makes up to where Cyzicum once stood, passing in the way, a Greek village, situated in a fine bay, and surrounded with vineyards on an extensive and fertile plain. We landed at a considerable town called Erdek, named on the map Artachi, both corrupted from Artacio. We took a guide for Cyzicum, now called Kisecon.

Near Erdek, there is a conical hill surrounded on one side by a strong wall, and on the other, next the sea, by an inaccessible precipice. In front of the town, is a small island, connected with the main land by what was once a mole, except a small passage for boats. On the island are many remains of ancient works. I did not land there, but proceeded towards the bottom of the gulf, that, on rounding the point on which the conical hill stands, appeared in sight.

As it was blowing very fresh, we kept close in shore, and frequently landed among the vineyards, and very unceremoniously furnished ourselves with as many grapes as were necessary for our immediate wants, which we found extremely refreshing and grateful to the palate, as they were now ripe.

Throughout this country, any person in passing by or through a vineyard, may pull as many grapes

as he can eat, and no complaints are made, but it is contrary to the laws of hospitality to take any away. Guards are placed during the season of ripening, to protect them from the wild dogs and jackals, but it is rarely the case that any one is known to enter a vineyard for the purpose of stealing. When the expense of digging, manuring, and trimming the vines is considered, as well as the other costs of keeping up a vineyard, it is surprising that the proprietors should extend their hospitality so far as to leave them open to the wants of every passing stranger. The custom is founded on a precept of the koran, which inculcates the practice of hospitality, while it punishes the crime of theft by cutting off one or both hands.

I forgot to mention, that soon after passing the village of Rhoda, we came to a bluff, rocky point, where I had an opportunity of noticing the manner of getting out heavy masses of rock as practised by the ancients, and before the invention of gunpowder; but which was nothing more than by a series of wedges, as practised at the present day. There are two large rocks off this point, which were split in this manner; and lay in the same situation in which they were left by the workmen perhaps two thousand years ago, with all the marks of the wedges in them.

We arrived at the Sandy Neck which joins Artacio to the main land, at about four o'clock, P. M., and near which junction, ancient Cyzicum once stood, some of the remains of which we could see

stretching far up the side of the mountain, and above them, stands a small Turkish village called *Hamam Liff*, which is the Arabic for bathing-place. But from inquiry, I learned that it scarcely furnished water sufficient for the necessary wants of its inhabitants, who appeared very poor and miserable.

Not having slept all the night before, I deferred my visit to the ruins until the next morning, so spreading my awning in the boat, and the men making a tent with a sail, on the beach, we all sought refreshment from sleep. We were somewhat disturbed by mosquitoes, and rain during the night, but arose at daylight in the morning, and proceeded with a guide to explore the remains of a place, "whose palaces and temples were covered with polished marble, and the stones of which were joined unto the others with a line of gold."

Cyzicus or Cyzicum was founded by a colony of Milesians, and soon arose to such splendour as to be styled the "Rome of Asia." It stood upon an island, and was joined to the main land by two bridges, by Alexander. In the year 411, before Christ, it was besieged by Mithridates, who lost before it 30,000 men. It was subsequently taken and plundered by the Goths, and its fame is connected with the earliest periods of history, forming almost the last link of the chain of events which caused the downfall of the empire of the East.

Cyzicus was once the seat of taste and learning. It was governed by wise laws, maintained a fleet of two hundred galleys, kept its arsenals well stocked

with arms, and defeated Mithridates at the head of an army of 150,000 men, and 400 galleys. Alas! what is Cyzicus now? A heap of ruins!

So late as the year 1303, Cyzicum was an important place. It was then occupied by the great Admiral Roger de Flor, who had come to assist Andronicus Palacologus and his son Michael with a mixed force of 8,000 mercenaries. The empire at this period was threatened by the Turks. Roger had been in turn, admiral, pirate, apostate, and grand duke, and was in his day by sea, what the earl of Warwick was by land, a setter-up and puller-down of kings. He was rich and powerful, and equally respected and dreaded. A bold and independent outlaw.

Soon after his arrival, he married the sister of Andronicus, and the season being too far advanced to undertake the relief of the cities of Asia, he took up his winter quarters with all his forces at Cyzicum; a place well calculated for his purpose of carrying on operations against the Turks, (who were then besieging Philadelphia), as well on account of its fortifications, as from its situation in other respects. At this period, Cyzicum was connected with the main land by a narrow strip of land, formed by the washings from the mountains on both sides, and the heavings-up of the sea. Across this, was a strong wall or barrier on the side next to Cyzicum, to protect it from any attempts of an enemy. This wall is now standing in a sound state, and was evidently built about the period referred to, from

the ruins of an ancient city. The strip of land is about a mile long, and has greatly increased in width beyond what it was formerly. The eastern side is all moras, and impassable. The side on the west, remains much as it was in the days of Roger de Flor, as is evident from the wall which still reaches to within thirty or forty paces of the water, and from a quay built of solid blocks of granite, which still extends to a depth of water sufficient for galleys to approach it. The whole site of the ancient city, and part of the isthmus, are now covered with rich vineyards, olive trees, and the white mulberry, for feeding silk-worms.

On landing, our guide took us up to a place which he called the *Bazaars*. It was the foundation of an immense building which had been erected on subterranean arches. We were provided with candles, and descended into them in various directions to a great distance. The piles of rubbish which lay above them, consisting of fragments of marble and granite, had the appearance of the chips and leavings of a large quarry, and this was the appearance wherever the large buildings, which were very numerous, had once stood. Pieces of white marble cornices, chips broken from Corinthian capitals, parts of friezes, pieces of broken columns, in fact, parts of every description of sculpture which enters into architecture were to be found strewed here and there, and all around.

I next visited the most perfect remains of antiquity to be found at Cyzicum, the ruins of a tem-

ple. The foundation is composed of large solid blocks of granite, and the other parts, of stones, bricks and mortar. The whole is greatly overrun with vines and shrubbery; but by getting on the top of the walls, I was enabled to sketch an outline of the ground plan, that may convey some idea of the building. The exterior of the edifice is square, the interior circular, leaving solid masses at the corners for the support of the dome or cupola which once covered it, inserting a niche in each corner, doubtless for a statue. The windows were small on the outside, widening inwards, for the greater admission of light, without weakening too much the fabric. The entrance to the temple was large and spacious. Connected with this, was another spacious building, erected on a platform, part only of the walls of which are remaining. To this you ascend by a flight of steps, some of which are still seen.

These ruins of a temple, and of what was once a very extensive and splendid amphitheatre, with some fragments of wall, are all that remain above ground, of the noble, rich and ancient city of Cyzicum, which took its name from Cyzicus, who was killed by mistake, by Jason, on his Argonautic expedition to Colchis, and who erected to his memory a splendid monument.

No doubt that many of the spoils of Cyzicus went to deck the favourite City of Constantine, which has been aptly compared to a gaudy prostitute, bedecked in stolen jewels. Yet as I before

observed, Cyzicum was a place of much importance even in the time of Roger de Flor. The historian speaks of the comfortable quarters of his troops, of the abundant supplies with which they were furnished, and of the hospitality of the people of Cyzicum.

On the continent in front of Cyzicum, there were settled a colony amounting to many thousands of Turks, who lived in tents, with their wives and children, tending their flocks and herds and cultivating their gardens. They appear to have been a peaceable race or tribe of Nomades who lived on the best terms with the people of Cyzicum, neither intending nor fearing hostility. But Roger de Flor, the night after landing at Cyzicum, determined to signalize himself by a splendid exploit, and to this end (as the historian says), when the Turks were quietly sleeping within their tents, without guards of any kind, and insensible of all danger, crossed the neck of land that connected Cyzicum with the main, and fell on these confiding people, with orders to put all to death except the children, that the troops might not be disturbed in their work of plunder. Thirteen thousand of these unoffending and unsuspecting people were thus killed on the spot. "La presa fue grande, y los niños cautivos muchos," says the Spanish historian of the expedition.

But "those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword." Not long after this bloody deed, Roger de Flor, after being honoured with the title

of Cæsar, was cut to pieces, in the presence of the emperor and his own wife, at a feast in the imperial palace in Adrianople, to which he had been invited; and it is stated, that his mangled remains were strewn among the viands, with which they had been regaling themselves. Thus died a man who achieved as many daring feats as any of the heroes of ancient or modern history.

This act of cold blooded murder was sufficient to strike terror into the minds of both friends and foes, while it caused the Turks to withdraw from the capital and the cities of Asia Minor which they occupied. The emperor and the faction which surrounded him, became alarmed at the conduct and character of a man whose ambition was so predominant as to stop short at no point when it could be gratified, however bloody the means by which it sought to attain its object. Roger could not endure, perhaps, to go into winter quarters without doing something to make a noise in the world, and hence the origin of that cruel enterprize, the fear that it might be thought that he was indisposed to active service, and preferred the ease and pleasures of the city. *

The death of Roger was the cause of that association called "the Great Company," which desolated the countries and cities round and about Constantinople, ruined the empire, and caused the emperor to sue for an ignominious peace. Assassination, the last resource of cowards, in relieving the Greeks from their fears of this master spirit, produced a combi-

nation of circumstances that hastened perhaps by centuries, the downfall of their empire, and the final capture of Constantinople by the Turks. The troops of Roger partook of the spirit of their master. From banditti, they obtained a licence for their excesses by serving under his banners. Among these the Almugavarians were most distinguished for their courage and daring. They are described as a race of men who sold their lives and services to whomsoever would pay them, taking their wives and children to the wars with them as witnesses of their valour. Their dress was composed of the skins of wild beasts. Their defensive armour, a casque of iron. Their arms, a sword, a battle-axe, and three or four short darts or spears, with which it was said they could transfix both man and horse. The Spanish historians of the day treat much of the exploits of the Almugavarians, which they consider equalled those of the most celebrated of the Greeks and Romans. Amongst others, they relate, that Charles of Naples, in his wars with Spain, took some Almugavarians prisoners, whom he caused to be brought before him. Seeing their miserable equipment for war, he said, that if the king of Aragon thought to carry on the war against him with such soldiers, he would find them useless, when opposed to men and horses armed like the soldiers of Naples. An Almugavarian, proud of the reputation of his countrymen, hastily replied, "If your majesty thinks so meanly of us, seek one of the most distinguished and best armed of all your horsemen,

in whatever armour he may choose, and I challenge him to fight me in the field, armed with my sword and dart." Charles, with the desire of chastising the insolence of the Almugavarian, accepted the challenge, and was present to witness the combat. A French knight, armed at all points, on horseback, presented himself, and the Almugavarian met him with his sword and dart only. They had scarcely entered the stockade, when he killed the horse, and would have done the same to the knight, but for the interference of the king, who declared the Almugavarian victor, and gave him his freedom.

Most of the foregoing details are drawn from the "History of the Expedition of the Catalonians and Arragonese against the Turks and Greeks, by D. Francisco de Moncada, Count de Asona;" of whom his biographer says, that like Cæsar, he could use the pen as well as the sword, and in a style more pure and elegant than Cæsar's, because the Spanish derived from the Latin, is susceptible of all the modern elegancies of expression; and that he was in no respects inferior to him in military science, and political knowledge.

On the slope of the hills opposite the spot where Roger de Flor committed the horrible massacre which has been detailed, there are now, as there were at that time, flourishing vineyards and gardens. The spot appears to be of surprising fertility, and I have never seen one more highly and beautifully cultivated in any part of the world.

Returning by Artake, we landed our guide, and

continued our route to Rhoda, where we stopped for the night. By nine o'clock next morning, we arrived at the town of Marmora, on the island of the same name, and sending my cavaisse to the aga with the *buyurult*, received an invitation to take a pipe and some coffee. I found him to be very agreeable, and rather intelligent, and one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He had many inquiries to make respecting America, and asked whether we ate or smoked all the opium we took from Turkey? He showed me a nutmeg, and a small piece of castile soap, which he said were given to him three or four years ago by an American, as the produce of America. He wanted to know what part of America the nutmeg grew in, and said that the castile soap, the name of which he was ignorant of, was a sovereign remedy for a sick stomach or a headach. He had been told that the Americans scraped it on their *pilau*, to give it a fine flavour!

The aga informed me, that there were no antiquities on the island worth seeing, except a church built in the time of Constantine, that stood near a spring of water which every body went to drink, when they were sick, and that it never failed to cure them. It was, he said, two hour's distance, and too far to walk, but that if I wished for horses he would provide them. I accepted his offer, and set out on my journey, over, I will not say one of the worst roads on earth, for there is nothing on earth to be compared with it.

The saddles were common pack-saddles, with nothing to cover the wooden frames ; no bridles for the horses, and nothing but a common halter to guide them with, and a *bight* of a rope hanging down on each side for stirrups.

I had no sooner mounted, than the guide, who was also on horseback, accompanied by a lad on foot, took me in tow by the halter, and set off in a fast trot through the town, the boy running behind to whip up the other horses, on which were my son and a servant,—until we came to a hill, which was not quite perpendicular, but as nearly so, as nature could make it. This we ascended by making short tacks of ten or fifteen yards, in what might be called a goat path, at the risk of our necks every instant. For my part, I never looked to the right or left, until I arrived at the top of the hill, where I stopped for a moment to enjoy the scene, which was truly beautiful. The town with the craft before it, lay as it were, at our feet, about a mile below us. The Sea of Marmora with all its islands, the coasts of Europe and Asia, and the Straits of the Dardanelles were like a magnificent chart spread out before us ; and we were given to understand that the part of the road we had passed, was a turnpike, compared to the part we had yet to travel.

I now discovered that my guide was so drunk that he was reeling on his horse and nearly falling. It did not add at all to my comfort to know, that I was to be dragged on a stumbling horse, at the mercy of a drunken Greek, up and down precipices,

through entangled briars, over stones and slippery rocks. However, there was no alternative. To walk, was out of the question, to guide my horse myself, was beyond my skill in horsemanship. I therefore made a virtue of necessity, and "like patience on a monument," I clung fast to the saddle, and "grinned and bore the evil," for which I could find no remedy.

After three hours of discomfort, we arrived at a spot, near the highest point of the island, where there was a grove of magnificent plane trees of enormous size, through which meandered a small rill, which in its course leaped from rock to rock, forming miniature cascades below.

In the midst of this grove, were the ruins of a small chapel, one end only of which was standing; the rest of the walls had all fallen down. On the part that was standing, were two small pieces of rudely sculptured marble in bas-relief, representing the virgin and our Saviour. The altar had fallen from the niche where it had been placed, and every thing about it bore the appearance of gradual and natural decay. The hand of violence appeared never to have visited this humble temple of God. The solitude was complete; not a living thing was seen to move in the secluded spot, and not a sound was to be heard, but the rustling of the leaves and the murmuring of the stream. I inquired for the medicinal waters spoken of by the aga, and was informed that they were at the source of the stream, near which we were standing, where there was a

fountain dedicated to the virgin which possessed miraculous powers.

After making a lunch of the provisions we had taken with us, and refreshing ourselves at the rill, the next consideration was, how to get back, for I was determined not to return by the road I had come, if it could by any means be avoided. At a sand beach, terminating a beautiful plain below, I saw some houses, and consulted my guide whether it were possible to reach them, and send for the boat to meet me there? The road was pronounced to be impassable and there was no alternative. We accordingly returned by the road we went in greater danger than we were before, inasmuch as going down hill on horseback, is more dangerous than going up. I heartily wished, fifty times, that the aga was in my place, and I comfortably seated in my boat again.

The town of Marmora is a very neat and comfortable looking little place. The houses are mostly built of stone, and neatly whitewashed; the people are well dressed, the streets well paved, and the whole aspect of things totally different from any in this part of the world.

The population are chiefly Greeks, who live by cultivating the earth, fishing, and raising cattle. Of the latter, I saw fine fat droves on the highest part of the island. They are of a small breed, but in excellent order; though I could not see how they were kept so, the island appearing to be suffering from drought to such a degree, that not a blade of

grass was to be seen. They catch, salt, and export a considerable quantity of fish of nearly the size of a herring, which are much esteemed in Constantinople. At the coffee houses in front of the town, are two noble plane trees which spread their branches far and wide. The landing-place is built on six marble piles.

Being too fatigued to call and thank the aga in person for his civilities, I sent my *cavaisse*, informing him that I should leave Marmora early in the morning.

At break of day under weigh, shaped our course for Rhodosto, with a fair wind, and arrived there at about ten; but I did not land, owing to a heavy surf which rendered landing difficult.

Rhodosto appears to be a place of much business. The shore is lined with shops, and there were many crafts in the port which is entirely exposed to winds from the north-east and south-east. The population of the town is from 50,000 to 60,000.

I sent a letter on shore which had been put into my hands to deliver, and shaped my course for Heraclea, where I arrived at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Heraclea is a peninsula, with what was once, and is yet, an excellent harbour; the mole, however, which ran nearly half-way across the mouth of it, has gone to ruin, and may be seen about two feet below the surface of the water. Detached pieces of the old walls of the city, may still be seen, and a number of white marble columns, capitals and pe-

neighbouring villages, who have not been able, since the dreadful catastrophe, to procure a sufficient supply of bread. The great fire of Pera, was a trifle compared to this of Constantinople.

I find myself not benefitted in health by my trip. Sleeping every night exposed to the night air in the boat, and getting wet, has given me a bad cold, and brought on a severe bilious attack.

Yours truly.

LETTER XXXIII.

St. Stephano, Dec. 12th, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

HAVING nothing else particularly to write about, I send you three or four biographical sketches of some of the principal officers of the Sublime Porte, which may be depended on as authentic.

Yours, &c.

Biography of HALIL PACHA. The present Grand Admiral.

Halil Bifaat Pacha, who now figures in the history of the Ottoman empire, is in the flower of his age. He was bought very young with many other Circassian slaves, by Hushreff Mehmed Pacha, who

for thirty years past has given particular attention to the education of a great number of young Georgian and Circassian slaves, with a view of rendering them worthy of becoming great dignitaries of the empire.

Halil soon distinguished himself in the various classes of his studies ; he learnt Arabic, Persian and Turkish, made rapid progress in every branch of oriental literature, so necessary for the perfection of the highest orders of Turkish gentlemen. He had a taste for drawing, which he cultivated, and learned to speak the French and Italian languages in great perfection. In the management of arms of every description, he has not his superior, and is the best of horsemen.

Endowed with a mild, sensitive and pliant character, of a beautiful and expressive countenance, he soon became the favourite of his noble master, who never having had children, loved him as though he were his own son. Hushreff Pacha always meditating improvement in the military state of the empire, gave to Halil's mind a direction towards the innovations which he proposed, and excited his ambition by holding out to him the hope that at some future day both of them would be distinguished and honoured as the promoters of the regeneration of the empire, so far as military affairs were concerned.

Halil profiting of the council and ideas of his tutelary father Hushreff, who was then grand admiral of the empire, requested permission to accompany him in his expedition against the Greeks, for which

preparations were then making, in all of which, Halil took great interest, giving his attention to the most minute operation in the fleet and dock-yard, in all of which he assisted.

The admiral consented to take him with him, and on board the flag ship during a campaign of five years, he assisted at the taking of Ipsara, and served as a volunteer in all the most hazardous engagements. Halil always showed a courage, intrepidity and presence of mind, which astonished his associates.

At the end of the cruise, Halil had acquired the reputation of a skilful naval officer, both theoretical and practical. He was seen daily in the arsenal taking notes of every thing, and examining into its numerous magazines and store houses. In all the details of which he manifested the greatest penetration, and in a word, it was predicted by even those who had no partiality for Halil, that he would by his application and industry, render himself worthy of, and at some future period, fill the office of Capudan Pacha and distinguish himself in it.

Hushreff, surprised at a sagacity and intelligence which so far exceeded all his hopes, endeavoured to encourage in Halil this extraordinary talent which he manifested for acquiring a knowledge of maritime affairs, by stating to him all the difficulties which he would have to encounter, and by placing him in subordinate situations in which he acquitted himself with honour. He astonished the whole Turkish fleet by his extraordinary activity aloft, and

was the pride of the numerous crew of the admiral's ship.

During this time, Hushreff conceived the idea of forming a corps of marines according to the European system. Halil begged him to let him have ten men to be commanded by himself alone, and in his own way. It was necessary to have an instructor, and he wrote to Smyrna for one, where they found a poor half-starved wretch named *Gaillard*, who had been a sergeant under Buonaparte, and who was happy to have it in his power to change his miserable condition for an employment which would at least keep him from perishing with want.

He accepted the offer, entered the service, and was placed under the orders of Halil, who had bestowed on him the honourable distinction of *bashy*, corporal, (first corporal). Halil commenced exercising his men under the directions of his instructor, (Gaillard) who taught him in private the lessons which Halil should know, to be able to instruct his men. Their progress was astonishing. Some time afterward, the fleet came to Constantinople, and the captain pacha caused it to be anchored at a distance, forbidding any one to land. He here selected some of the most docile of his crew and placed them under the orders of Halil, who exercised them for some time in the new system.

The captain pacha landed at the palace of the arsenal *Devan Hané*, to receive his visits of ceremony, and there, for the first time, appeared the young and beautiful Halil, at the head of forty men

dressed, armed, and exercising after the European fashion, to the astonishment of the multitude collected, and to the delight of his sovereign, who was enchanted with this agreeable surprise, and who named him *Hasnadar Agha*, of the Capudan Pacha, or grand treasurer of the admiral.

His assiduity, his fine manners, and his courage, attracted the attention, and good feeling of his sovereign, who saw in him a capacity for undertaking any thing. The object of his sovereign was to form a disciplined army as soon as possible; and from this moment he determined that Hushreff Pacha should have authority for that purpose. His presence at the admiralty was no longer necessary, and after laying up the fleet, paying off and discharging the men who were not wanted, and selecting such among them as were fit for the new system contemplated, he was named *Bughaz Nazing*, (civil and military inspector of the Bosphorus), under the pretext of breathing a pure air, and reposing himself after the fatigues of a cruise of five years.

His highness the Sultan, gave to him as a residence a palace in the beautiful village of *Tchenghill Kiayou*, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. Halil followed him in his character of treasurer, and it was on the beautiful plain near this village, that he distinguished himself by augmenting the number of his troops, and in perfecting their discipline under the immediate inspection of his sovereign, who appeared to be enchanted with him and them.

The Aga Hussein Pacha Seraskier, finding that

he was not qualified for the formation of an army on the new system of tactics, insinuated this to the Sultan, and begged him to appoint Hushreff Pacha generalissimo, and that he would be willing to exchange places with him. The Sultan accepted the proposal of Hussoin, and Hushreff with the title of seraskier took up his abode in the capital at *Esky Seray*.

Halil followed his master, and had a department in that vast building; and although he had the duties of Hasnadar to attend to, he redoubled his zeal of the formation of the new troops, who, as they arrived from distant parts of the empire, were put into uniform, divided into regiments, and daily exercised under the eye of the seraskier within the enclosure of the palace.

Halil occupied himself incessantly in this service, and his nights were passed in receiving lessons in the new tactics, and on the most efficacious means of insuring success, for he had a great task to perform, and incalculable difficulties to prevent the new recruits from becoming disgusted with manœuvres, the utility of which they could not perceive. His zeal was indefatigable, and was felt every where. It was necessary to treat the new recruits with great gentleness. Halil was a father to them; anticipating their smallest wants, nothing was omitted by him that was necessary to their comfort, and when punishment was to be inflicted in the presence of all the troops, Halil always stepped forward to ask of the seraskier their pardon. He endeavoured to

mitigate the punishments inflicted; visited the sick, listened to their complaints, consoled them, tasted their soup, examined into their treatment, and by the kindest and most gentle manners conciliated and captivated the hearts of all the military of every rank. He was in fact the idol of *Esky Seray*.

By his liberality and gentle manners to all, he succeeded in conciliating all factions and overcoming the opposition of all such as were averse, or little inclined to be incorporated with those who were learning the European discipline.

Halil seemed to think of nothing but the happiness of seeing on foot a well disciplined army. He was always occupied in informing himself on the subject by conversations with military men of different nations; in the examinations of military plans and charts; and profited by all. Conduct so assiduous on his part, and the information given of him by the seraskier, drew on him the attention of the Sultan, who appointed him colonel (*miry-allay*) and gave to him the distinguishing badge in diamonds. Some time afterward, he was named pacha of two tails, with the title of *hasnadar pacha*, with the rank of *anadunloio munhafizy*. Halil seemed to be destined to high places, and to great responsibilities. At this period the Sultan permitted him to exercise his guard of honour the bostangis, at the imperial palace of *Top Kassan*, where he often had conversations with his highness, who was captivated with the frank and agreeable manners which characterized him, and soon named him *miry-lina* (general of

division) and presented him the corresponding badge of distinction in diamonds.

Some months after this, the Sultan invited him to manœuvre the troops in his presence at a general review and permitted him to take the command. This was the happiest day of Halil's life. He acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his sovereign, who created him on the spot a pacha of three tails, under the orders of the seraskier pacha.

At the declaration of the war with the Russians, Halil Pacha had the honour to command the regular troops of his highness to the number of thirty thousand men, the fruits of his own intelligence and labour, and that of the seraskier.

The diplomatic reports to the different governments, and accounts spread every where, sufficiently prove that his abilities and his courage corresponded with the hopes and confidence of the Grand Seignior. There are a thousand things to say respecting the sinister events which happened in this war, which were all foreseen by Halil; but he had not sufficient power to paralyze the germ of janizaryism which cherished and cultivated by the enemy and his proclamations; rendered the armies commanded by various pachas insubordinate, and who themselves were not willing to second the intentions of their sovereign.

When *Izet Mehmed Pacha*, was deprived on the field, of his place of grand vizier, the Sultan named Halil Pacha *caimacan*, confiding to him the imperial seal and supreme authority, until the arrival of the

new grand vizier Rheschid Mehmed Pacha, who was governor general of *Monastu* and expected from thence. Halil managed affairs with the utmost prudence and equity. On the restoration of peace, he came to Constantinople, and was received by his highness with the greatest distinction. Shortly afterward he was appointed to the embassy, and sent to St. Petersburg, where he endeavoured to execute the orders he received. On his return he was declared worthy of espousing Sultana Salikà, the oldest daughter of the Sultan, aged nineteen years, whose hand had been promised him at the moment of the declaration of war with Russia, which alone retarded the accomplishment of his wishes.

Some months since, the important office of grand admiral (capudan pacha) became vacant by the death of *Papoutchy Mehmed Pacha*. His highness lost no time in naming to that honourable post *Halil Bifaat Pachu*. He lately returned after a few months absence with his fleet. The neatness and excellent condition of the ships which compose it, and their discipline, are such as would not discredit any nation. So far as regards their external appearances, I could discover nothing whatever to find fault with, I never saw ships look better, and I am told by those who have been on board of them, that their interior corresponds with their exterior.

— Halil Pacha, whose praise is on every one's tongue, whose beauty is remarkable among thousands, whose manners are those of an accomplished gentleman,

and whose general knowledge corresponds with his appearance, is now thirty-six years of age. He is actively employed in the equipment of his fleet to proceed in the spring to the coast of Egypt and Syria, to interpose between the pacha of the former and the latter. Eight thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and a division of sappers and miners disciplined after the European manner have already preceded him by land, and the fleet and transports which are now preparing will convey the rest of this formidable and well equipped expedition.

Halil Pacha is one of those master spirits evidently destined to act a conspicuous part in regenerating this immense and powerful empire. It will be curious to trace the future history of a man whose zeal and talents were so early developed, and the utility of which were so soon proved; whose untiring exertions increase with his years, and his honours; whose excellence and mildness of character have undergone no change; and whose desire to benefit the empire by his talents and exertions has always gone in advance of the wishes and hopes of his sovereign. Such a man deserves to live and prosper—but, *mash Allah!*

Biographical sketch of DERENDELY IZET MEHMED PACHA, made Grand Vizier after the fall of Varna.

Izet Mehmed Pacha was born in Derendé: He is endowed with heroic courage, and is the nephew of Derendely Hassan Pacha. This young man be-

gan his career by being *mouhourdar*, keeper of the great seal of a certain Bekir Pacha, who died some time ago. Izet Mehmed Pacha was then recommended to Spartaly Ibrahim Pacha, and was received into his service in quality of *keihayà-bey*, first officer and lieutenant.

Ibrahim Pacha was then governor of the *Sangiakat* of *Houdavendiguïar*, at Broussa, and at the time of the Greek revolution, was nominated *Mouhafiz* of the Bosphorus, having his camp in the meadows of Buyucderè, where many of the ministers of the imperial government reside in the summer. During this expedition, Izet conducted himself well, and as a reward for his services, the grand seignior appointed him *capuday-bachy*, or chamberlain.

Izet Mehmed Agha proceeded from Buyucderè to *Bey-Kozon*, on the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus, under the inspection of Hussein Pacha, who ordered him to guard all the villages on the coast of Asia. The government being satisfied with his conduct in this commission, made him *miry-myran*, or pacha with two tails, with the rank and title of *anadclon mouhafisy*. The grand seignior, having received very favourable information of him, and assured of his bravery and fidelity, designed him for some new enterprises, and particularly for the execution of the meditated destruction of the Janizaries.

Izet Mehmed Pacha was a handsome young man, engaging in his manners, and held in high re-

spect. The Sultan was familiar with him, often admitting him into his presence, and as he was a good rider, allowed him to exercise his beautiful stud horses.

Izet Mehmed Pacha was soon raised to the rank and title of anadolon walissy, or governor general of Asia Minor; which was a preparatory measure to the Sultan's plan to get him near his person, to assist in the great work of the destruction of the Janizaries. After this, he was made grand admiral, *capudan pacha*. He now left the banks of the Bosphorus, and took possession of the arsenal, though he had never built a vessel, nor had any knowledge of marine affairs. This nomination, however, was but of a temporary nature, and served only to cover the more important design of the Sultan, who, as has been hinted, was desirous of retaining him for a future occasion. This fact was afterward developed, as Izet Mehmed rendered great services at the time of the destruction of the Janizaries, his presence being considered to have produced great effect by the order he maintained; and the prudence and discretion of his conduct procured him the acknowledgments of the Sultan and his ministers.

Izet Mehmed Pacha being a good soldier desired only an opportunity to distinguish himself; and in a short time, the occasion presented itself. At the declaration of war between the Ottoman and Russian empires, Izet Mehmed was ordered by the grand viziër, to march with a body of troops to the defence of Varna,

which he defended with the greatest ability, but being badly seconded, and even betrayed by some of the pachas, he was at last compelled to agree to the surrender of the place, after having exhibited the courage of a lion and performed prodigies of personal valour. In recompense for these services, he was appointed grand vizier, instead of Selim Mehmed Pacha, who had treacherously left him without troops, provisions, and money. Selim Pacha was the author of the discontent in the army, and finally of its ruin. Izet Pacha, as grand vizier, took the command of the Ottoman army, which, at that time, was in the greatest disorder. Distrust, perfidy, and malevolence, had caused the failure of the campaign; all was in disorder, and every thing executed with negligence. Halil Pacha, with his disciplined army, kept a strong position, but he felt the want of energy in the supply.

At length the enemies of Izet Pacha found his deposition necessary to their schemes, and he was exiled to Rhodosto, where he now vegetates under the simple title of *capudy-bachy*; but it would not be matter of surprise to see him again in the favour of his sovereign, as orders have been despatched for him to march against the Albanians and their adherents.

Biographical sketch on RESHID MEHMED PACHA.

Reshid Mehmed Pacha, now grand vizier, was a Circassian slave, and sold at the public slave market

of Constantinople. He was bought by a boatman who had retired from the service of Sultan Selim, and dwelt in the suburb of Eyoup.

Reshid being young, sprightly, and impatient, could not conform himself to the humble life of a boatman. He accordingly ran away from his master, and presented himself at the palace of Kioutchink Hussein Pacha, then grand admiral, who being a favourite of Sultan Selim, was holding a court of great magnificence. The young man was conducted by accident to the apartments of the good and worthy Hadgi Moustapha Effendy, Divan Effendissy, and first secretary of the admiralty, who asked him who he was, and what he wanted? Reshid answered with spirit and in the sincerity of his soul, that he wished to change his master; that he was willing to serve a seignior or grandee, but not a boatman in retirement, and cheerfully gave to Hadgi all the necessary information to find out his master, who was greatly astonished to see his slave Reshid return to him, surrounded by a number of persons from Hadgi, who told him that Reshid was not willing to serve him. These persons bargained with the boatman for the redemption of the young slave, who being tempted by the profit he should make, concluded by accepting the offer they made him of eight thousand five hundred piasters for his liberation, and gave up to them the *penguick*, or certificate of his public sale in Constantinople.

At that time, Hushreff Agha, acting seraskier pacha, was *mouhourdar*, or keeper of the great seal

of the admiral Kioutchink, Hussein Pacha, and conceived a partiality for the young man. Reshid received a good education at the palace under Hadgi Moustapha, who in his quality of first secretary possessed great influence.

Hushreff, observing from day to day the agreeable manners and deportment of Reshid Agha, amused himself in conversing with him, and asking him a variety of questions. It is therefore unaccountable by what caprice or intrigue Reshid desired to change so pleasant a situation. He was however sold to Hadgi Schakir Agha, sword-bearer to the Grand Admiral, Husscin. Under him, he forsook the pen and his studies, to learn to ride, play the *deirit stick*, and to throw the lance. By his agility, he perfected himself in all the necessary exercises for a slave-page.

Hushreff, from the office of *mouhourdar*, was by degrees advanced to be governor of Egypt, and remembered the young Reshid Agha, who had rendered him many services when at the court of Husscin at Constantinople, he had the small-pox, and was strongly attached to him. He accordingly wrote to his diplomatic agent at the Porte, the good old Selim Sabitt Effendy, to endeavour to procure Reshid to come to him, and to freight a ship expressly for the purpose of sending him to Egypt. The *Silihdar* Hadgi Schakir Agha, who had been dismissed from his post, sought to make himself amends by selling the brave and handsome Reshid at a very high price.

Hushreff was delighted to see Reshid in Egypt, loaded him with favours, gave him his certificate of freedom, and raised him gradually in office and honour. Hushreff having received an order to behead the Pacha of Teké, Reshid assisted him in that affair with considerable skill, and was in consequence, made at once a Pacha with two tails, *Miry-Myran*, with the rank and revenues of the *Sangiakat* of *Mouhla* in Asia.

The expedition against the Governor of Teké which was conducted by sea, with the fleet under the orders of Hushreff, and by land, by the young Reshid Mehemed, was the foundation of the fame he acquired as a military man. The Imperial Government being well satisfied with his conduct on the reduction of Teké he was made *Fulzia Mouhaffissy*, or military governor of the Fortress of Fulzia near the Danube. He remained there about three years, and from thence, he was appointed Pacha of the Fortress of Vidium where he gained great honour.

At the time of the Greek revolution, he left Vidium, and took the command of the province of Roumelia with the title of *Roumely Walissy*. He marched against the Greeks, and was every where in the Morea, and with Ibrahim Pacha of Egypt at Missolonghi.

Reshid Pacha has two sons, who are both Pachas with three tails. His father-in-law, Behrain Agha, is a man of military talent. He is also *Miry-Myzan* and his treasurer. Reshid Mehmed was made

grand vizier at the camp, and the Imperial Government are well satisfied with him.

Biographical sketch of SELIM MEHMED PACHA, formerly Grand Vizier.

Selim Mehmed Pacha, ex-grand vizier, was born in Hottin, alias Chotzim, a fortress formerly belonging to the Turks in Bessarabia. His father was employed in that town in quality of Dgebedgy Bachy or commissary of the artillery and ammunition. At the age of twenty, he adopted his father's principles, and supported with all his power the party of the janizaries.

Soon after this, Selim became dey-chief of a party of turbulent and exasperated men, composing the garrison of Chotzim. Of a tyrannical and sanguinary disposition, he greatly oppressed the peaceable Christian subjects of the Porte in his neighbourhood. His ardour for rapid advancement in his military career, and eagerness in the accumulation of money, no matter by what means these ends were accomplished, hurried him on to great excesses. He profitted so far by the protection of the *T'efterdar*, Aly Bey, treasurer of the same fortress, that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and attached him to his interests. Soon after this, Selim urged by his wild and impetuous passions, had some very serious altercations with the commander-in-chief, and the garrison, whom he attempted to appease, sometimes by persuasion, and at others, with a brace of pistols in his hands. He often sought to avail himself of

the influence of his father-in-law, Ali Bey, to recommend him to the ministry of the Porte as well as to the *Yenitchery Aghassy*, as a person worthy of reward and quick advancement. In answer to his solicitation, Selim was honoured with the *Berrat* or diploma of *Tournadgy*, a high station among the officers of the staff of the janizaries. This post was held by Selim with excessive pride and avidity for gain. The inhabitants of the town of *Iswantza* could no longer endure his exactions and daily extortions. He was so rapacious, that he seized on all the land and farms of the poor, forcing them to plough and sow them at their own cost, and gather their produce for himself; having no compassion for their tears and remonstrances, who were too far removed from a paternal government to procure redress for their wrongs and grievances.

Selim resorted to the most cruel and tyrannical schemes to amass money. By means of some dexterous intrigues at the Porte, he caused himself to be made *Salahor* or titular eugry to the Sultan; and a few months afterward, to be raised to the high station of *Capidgy Bachy*, or chamberlain. These honours were obtained chiefly by the intrigues of the janizaries, and at the special request of his friend Mehmed Pacha of Ibrailla.

The Sultan granted him these favours, however, on condition that he would leave Chotzim and repair to the capital, desiring to know privately all the cruelty and injustice he had heaped on his subjects in the neighbourhood of that city.

Selim obeyed the command of the Sultan, and soon arrived at Constantinople, where he was kindly received, and ordered to go with an extraordinary commission to the Dey of Algiers, and to proceed from thence to Damascus, to make an inventory of the property, and to bring to the imperial treasury, the immense wealth of the *Silidur*, Saleiman Pacha, Governor of the *Sangiakat* of Damascus.

Selim succeeded in this commission, and sent to the Sultan all the jewels, and magnificent effects in shawls, pelices, &c. of Suleiman Pacha, but only a part of the gold, reserving for himself a great sum of money, and many valuable things.

He was so artful, as to make a catalogue separately for the imperial treasury, of all the effects, generally known to be Suleiman Pacha's property, the rest being reserved for himself, and not mentioned in his official reports from Damascus, nor on his arrival in Constantinople.

The Sultan and the government were however apparently satisfied with Selim's conduct, and soon after his return from Damascus, he was raised to the high office of *Bostandgy* Bachy, in Adrianople, civil and military Governor of the *Sangiakat* of *Tchyrmen*, commissary and general inspector of all the stores of grain for the army and the capital kept in the district of Rhodosto, on the Sea of Marmora.

Selim behaved in some respects pretty well in his administration at Adrianople, excepting that he again resorted to an indiscriminate exaction of the property of all classes and persuasions there. He

however maintained a strict police, and by his energy and valour, restrained the *Bostandgis*, and turbulent janizaries in their garrisons, who were always ready for sedition and mischief.

In this respect Selim's official conduct was highly respected, and the divan praised him so much to the Sultan, that being fatigued with their repeated solicitations on his behalf, he was pleased to raise him to the rank of pacha with three tails, and to the government of the Fortress of Silistria on the Danube. He here again enriched himself in the most shameful manner, by the disorders and embarrassments in which the Greeks in Wallachia and Moldavia were plunged at that time, vexing the poor inhabitants of those provinces, and taking to himself their immense herds and flocks, without paying them any thing for them. He was so audaciously oppressive, that he took by force, more than thirty thousand hogs, and forced the poor inhabitants to take them again at double their value, under penalty of being imprisoned, bastinadoed, and stripped of all their property.

Could the court of Russia, with a solemn treaty with the sublime Porte in its hand, suffer such enormous crimes against its stipulations in favour of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, to pass unnoticed? Had not Russia a right to resent such conduct, and interpose her mighty influence? These outrages were committed by the Turks during the Greek revolution, and before the declaration of war by Russia.

At length Selim, either by intrigue, presents, or

high patronage, was in 1825, made grand vizier, or *Sadry-Aasam* of the Porte. On leaving Silistria, he was preceded by his ill acquired treasure of more than eighteen millions of piasters, part of which was lodged in the hands of seraffs, the Armenian bankers, and the rest secreted in his own private treasury. He was little regretted by the inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the poor in general, whose imprecations against him were loud and vehement.

Selim Mehmed Pacha, was attached to his sovereign by sentiments of gratitude, and rendered him important services at the time of the destruction of the janizaries, in his office of grand vizier, for if he had wished to overturn the throne, it was in his power to have done so ; but faithful to his oath and solemn engagement to the reigning Sultan, he bravely supported his rights, and the existence of his dynasty.

An apparent tranquillity having succeeded to those terrible days, Selim Mehmed continued attentive to the orders of the Sultan, but considering the visible influence of the Seraskier Hushreff in the seraglio, was advised by some of his confidants, that his policy was to preserve the friendship of the "*old fox*" Hushreff, and by not giving him or his satellites, any umbrage to save himself from "*his paws*." Selim Pacha was however very suspicious of him, but followed the advice of his friend Perteff Effendy so well, that Hushreff was seemingly satisfied with his exterior behaviour, though he could

not feel assured of his real sentiments towards him. Hushreff's address at length prevailed on Sultan Mahmoud to such an extent, that he delivered to him an absolute *Hally-Scheriff*, containing a list of secret instructions, and a public *Hatty Houmayoun*, ostensible to the vizier, Selim Pacha, in which he was expressly enjoined not to do any thing without previously consulting his Seraskier Hushreff; and to follow his advice in all the political, civil, and military transactions of the empire.

Selim Pacha being authorized by the grand seignior, raised a regiment of infantry at his own cost, to serve as a garrison at the Porte, at the reception of foreign ministers, and on gala-days and festivals.

This vizier was a rude Turk in character, little communicative, an enemy to the Franks, and almost destitute of civilization. He was privately surnamed "*Bull's head*," *Ochioux-Baschly*. He had not the least knowledge of European politics or transactions, nor any acquaintance with geography or oriental literature. As for the use of the pen, he was totally unpractised in it, and incompetent to the delicate art of writing confidential reports to his sovereign, for which reason, he attached to himself Perteff Reis Effendy, minister for foreign affairs, and grand chancellor of the empire, who being well versed in court diction, and using his pen with great elegance, was entrusted with all his confidential writing and communications with the Sultan.

Selim wishing to reward Perteff's services, caused him to receive a part of the immense sums gathered

by the various means of selling places, granting charges, promotions, and honourary titles. In fact, all was sold under his administration. Selim, however, being nothing deficient in cunning, reserved annually for himself several millions of piasters, by putting them into the hands of some faithful Armenian.

The conduct of Selim Pacha was much blamed for fomenting the persecution, and eventually causing the total ruin of the Armenian Catholics, as also for accepting bribes from the heretics, who lavished their rewards on him for that object. It was a part of this ill-gotten wealth which was privately given to Perteff, who was a subordinate agent in the abominable traffic.

At the declaration of war by Russia, Hushreff being desirous of removing Selim from the capital, caused him to be sent against the enemy to the camp at Schunla, but he displayed very little military talents there. Without order or plan, he encouraged insubordination, by withholding the pay of the soldiers, ill treating the officers, and leaving the army without daily provisions. He permitted and fomented discord among the pachas under his command, instead of uniting them in the cause of their country.

This reprehensible conduct of Selim Pacha as generallissimo against the Russians, having been debated in a full divan in the capital, the incongruity and danger of his continuance as seraskier against a skilful and powerful enemy, was represented to the Sultan.

Selim was in consequence immediately deposed, and sent in exile to Gallipoli, and afterward to Rhodosto, under the simple title of *capidgy bachy*, where he remained about eleven months.

Having obtained his pardon, he was reinstated in his rank of pacha with three tails, and appointed Roumely walissy, or general governor of Roumelia, in the room of Reschid Mehmed Pacha, who was made grand vizier, by the influence of the seraskier pacha. One of the conditions of the Sultan in granting the pardon of Selim's misdemeanors, was, that as soon as he should arrive in Roumelia, he would settle the arrears of pay of all the Albanian troops, who had lately been under the orders of Reschid Mehmed Pacha, his predecessor, which amounted to a sum above ten millions of piasters. But Selim on his arrival in Roumelia, not only neglected his general orders, but instead of fulfilling his contract to pay all the money due to the Albanian troops, began his government by threatening them with punishment, and cutting off their heads; by ill-using some of their chiefs, and dismissing others, without paying a farthing of their arrears, or settling any of their claims. This impolitic conduct, as rash as it was base, exasperated the Albanian troops and their adherents to such a degree, that in a moment they all revolted, with an oath to devastate the provinces. This threat was no sooner given than executed. They ransacked and plundered whole provinces, burned villages and farm houses, and destroyed all the property of the peaceful in-

habitants. This unhappy affair was the origin of the revolt of Ibrahim Pacha, of Scutary, the details of which are known throughout Europe; and when the civil war which it has given rise to shall be terminated, it is impossible for human sagacity to divine.

The Sultan was now greatly incensed at the conduct of Selim, and deprived him ignominiously of his post and high rank of pacha with three tails, and exiled him again to Gallipoli with the total confiscation of his riches. Selim, however, for the second time, intrigued so well from Gallipoli that he was reinstated in his rank of pacha, and sent under the orders of the aga Hussein Pacha, who had received instructions to give him a dangerous commission to Damascus. A few days' after, Selim Mehmed was nominated to supersede Raouf Pacha at that city, with orders to cultivate the good will of the grandes, and induce the inhabitants in general to accept the late innovations and taxes. But Selim again acting contrary to his instructions, caused a revolt in the town, and Damascus was soon in a state of complete rebellion.

In the tumult of this insurrection, Selim Mehmed Pacha lost his life, and had his head severed from his body, which was exhibited on a pike in all the streets of the city by the enraged inhabitants.

This is a sketch of the history of Selim Mehmed Pacha, who by his tyranny and avarice, amassed so many millions of treasure, which went finally, to increase the treasury of the Sultan.

LETTER XXXIV.

• St. Stephano, September 16, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

I SEND you some more plates, which I doubt not will afford you pleasure. They will serve also to elucidate many things which cannot be well explained by letter, and I want you to know Constantinople, and all I know of Turkey, well.

No. 1—Is a view of Constantinople, taken at a point at a short distance from the back of Pera. The carriage is that of the Danish Ambassador, on the road from Buyucderè. The wagon or *araba*, is such as is used by the middle classes for personal conveyance. The large tower to the left of the tree near the middle, is the great watch tower of Pera, built by the Genoese or Venetians. Saint Sophia is to the left of it; Sultan Achmet to the right. The latter should have six minarets. The small vessel, lies in the Golden Horn. The valley, is that where Mahomet the Second, launched his galleys, after bringing them from the Bosphorus over-land, whence he hauled them from a place called *Dolma Basché*, a distance of about two miles.

Gibbon, on this point, is very wrong. I have been over the ground more than once, to satisfy myself

on the subject. *Dolma Basché* was formerly an inlet. It has since been filled up, and there are now extensive gardens there. It is generally called *Dolma Basché* (gourd garden), but more correctly, as I am informed, *Durmek Basché* (filled up garden). It is about a mile from the mouth of the harbour, higher up on the Bosphorus.

No. 2—May give you a general idea of the manners and dress of the Turks. I have never seen precisely the dance represented, but I am satisfied of the correctness of the representation. The houses are all correct.

No. 3.—As Mr. Millinge, the artist, had free access to the palace of the Sultana Hadédgé, I have no doubt that this representation is correct. The interior of the room resembles that of all other Turkish palaces that I have visited. You see, however, only part of the room, the divan. Hadédgé was the mother of Selim the Third. She is seated in the corner. The female entering the room supported by others, is her daughter; the rest are slaves. The small circles in the windows are the peep-holes through the lattice.

No. 4—Tchesmé, is a seaport town, outside, and to the southward of the bay of Smyrna. It is the landing place from the island of Scio, and where the Russians some forty years ago, under Count Orloff (I believe but am not certain), destroyed the Turkish fleet.

No. 5—Will give you an idea of the Turkish castles generally, which combine the ancient and mo-

dern modes of fortification. The interior towers are of the ancient, the exterior, of the modern form. The houses, the boats, the costumes, &c. are all perfect. All Turkish modern houses, have the upper rooms projecting beyond the base.

No. 6.—These figures are Greek women from the island of Tiné. Every year, there arrive from the Greek islands, but particularly from Tiné, several vessels with women and girls, from the age of sixteen, upwards, who come to seek service in the Frank houses of Constantinople, Galata, Pera, Smyrna, &c. They are remarkable for their industry, their honesty, fidelity and virtue. They rarely leave a family when they have become attached to it, except it be to return to their home to be married; and then they frequently return to the family to render the service of nurses. They are a very estimable class of people, and are indispensable to the comfort of the Christians residing in the Levant. They are generally very intelligent, and can turn their hands to almost every thing. They almost always go home to be married, after they have laid up a little sum of money from their wages, and they as uniformly bring back with them their husbands. Sometimes the young couple will both take service in the same family, sometimes in different families; but most generally, the young man, who has always a trade, as carpenter, shoemaker, or tailor, works at his trade, while his wife serves in a family. They are remarkably neat in their dress at all times, which differs somewhat from that here

represented, as they almost uniformly adopt the dress worn by all the Greeks of the Levant; that is to say, a neat short spencer with sleeves, but no collar, made of a lively coloured broad-cloth, lined with fur, and open before; under this, a gown body and petticoat, all in one, the petticoat scarcely reaching to the ankle, a milk-white cotton stocking, and a neat shoe. The head-dress is their favorite *kalemkar*, thrown on with such a bewitching grace that it is always charming. The *kalemkar* is pinned on to a bright red cap, which exactly fits the top of the head, and from which hangs a full bright blue silk tassel. Around this cap, and intertwined with the folds of the *kalemkar*, they dispose their full, rich, glossy black hair. To this add a fine form, a fair skin, a lip that ever smiles, and an eye that ever sparkles, and there stands a Grecian servant maid of the Isle of Tiné, whose conduct is irreproachable, and whose character the breath of slander cannot reach.

There are also many young Greek men who flock from the islands to seek service here, and who come in such numbers, that they are nicknamed "*hares*." On a holiday they turn out in immense numbers. They are generally mechanics, and have a dress peculiarly their own. It consists of the red cap and tassel surrounded by a black turban, a jacket reaching to the waist, without a collar, and lined with fur, a vest without collar, generally ornamented, a broad red sash, in the folds of which may be seen the handle of a dirk, and from which depends a

watch-chain, pretty heavily laden with rings and other love tokens, a pair of full bag trowsers descending to the ankles, a neat stocking and shoe, sometimes displaying silver buckles, a white embroidered handkerchief thrust carelessly into his bosom, and you have a dashing young Greek Islander in his holiday dress, of at least the rank of a journeyman tailor, of shoe-maker, and ripe for fun and frolic. I must not forget that indispensable requisite to every young Greek dandy, the little switch cane.

It is indescribable with what pride and self-complacency he moves along. Clean as a new pin, straight as an arrow, young and handsome, health in his cheeks, and pleasure beaming in every feature, he scarcely seems to touch the earth he treads on. And when he is fairly engaged in his favorite *Romaic* dance, or vaulting in his equally favorite *Albanaire*, you can scarcely think him in his senses; he seems to be mad with delight, "madder than a March hare." An excessive love of pleasure, is the besetting sin of the Greek,—there are no bounds to it, and the bacchanalian dance in the bas-reliefs of ancient sculpture, is the identical *Romaic* dance of the Greeks of the present day.

No. 7.—You may form some idea of the city of Ephesus from this fragment. I have not been there, and I regret that I shall not be able to visit it. It is about fifty miles on the other side of Smyrna.

No. 8.—Tenedos, which lies opposite to Troy. We lay there with the John Adams, several days,

but did not land on the island. The fortifications, and its general appearance are correct. The riding party appear to be English officers. It was behind Tenedos where the Grecian galleys concealed themselves according to Homer.

No. 9.—Is the representation of the principal part of the island of Tiné. I passed so close to this place, that I could see the people in the coffee-shops and in almost all the streets. It is perfectly correct.

No. 10.—A scene exactly like this, took place at my interview with the pacha of the Dardanelles.

No's. 11 and 12.—I passed scarcely musket-shot distance from what was once the beautiful island and city of Scio. The garden of the Levant, the earthly paradise. All, all was ruin and desolation! Every house was roofless and tenantless! Silence reigned every where! A solitary being on an ass, travelling along the lonely beach was all that I saw of life in Scio! The trees shot forth luxuriantly, and yielded their fruit in abundance, but there was no hand to pluck it! The besom of destruction had swept over Scio, and left silence, death and desolation. My mind sickens as it dwells on the dreadful scene, and its attendant horrors. Scio, is the ancient Chios, the birth place of Homer, whose school was on the point projecting towards the light house on the rock, and is still shown. We were within pistol shot of it. The light house still stands, exactly as it is represented in the engraving. The fate of Scio is too well known to make it necessary, even to advert to the history of the horrid event.

I send you a representation of Homer's school, and of the females of Scio, which I have numbered 13. Also a representation of the Romaic dance, No. 14. Another plate of my favorites of Tiné, No. 15;—and of a similar class from Niq, No. 16.

These plates will go to explain the domestic habits and manners of these useful and estimable people.

Yours truly.

P. S. I also send you a biography of Hussein Pacha, as connected with the destruction of the janizaries, in which he was a principal instrument.

Biographical Sketch of the Aga, HUSSEIN PACHA.

Hussein was born at Bender of very poor parents, and came to Constantinople very young. There he commenced his career as a *tuby* or waiting boy, in a coffee-shop, visited by the very lowest dregs of the people, and in a short time he became the greatest blackguard among them. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, he joined the corps of janizaries, and went into quarters with them.

He was very adroit in extorting money, and when he had any was very liberal in distributing it among his companions, and by this means became extremely popular with them. His conduct, his courage and hardihood, drew on him the attention of the Basch Carce Conlonkdgés (sergeant majors), who advanced him gradually to the rank of general, when he soon became the terror of the capital.

We must now glance an eye over his conduct in

the management of affairs for the destruction of that ancient though turbulent and dangerous corps, who had elevated him to the rank which in their opinion his views and his liberality so eminently qualified him to fill, little suspecting that in a short space of time by his means the besom of destruction, would sweep them from the face of the earth; and that thousands and tens of thousands of their headless trunks would be seen choking up the harbour of Constantinople and floating down the Bosphorus and Dardanelles.

Hussein besides being a man of great courage and energy, had studied deeply the character of the janizary corps, and knew it perfectly. He had been their confidential friend and adviser in all their plans, projects, plots, counterplots, and mutinous assemblies, and was chosen by express desire of the Sultan, *Yenitchery Aghassi*, or generalissimo of the corps of janizaries as a reward for his suggestion, and offer to destroy them; a measure greatly desired by the Sultan, and it is but truth to say, called for by the security and repose of the empire.

With this nomination commenced the execution of the plan; and secretly in the frequent nocturnal interviews which he had with Hussein, the Sultan became positively assured of the inviolable attachment of this daring and enterprising man, and like a wise sovereign, knew how to profit by the daily reports and palpable facts which this chief submitted to him without concealing any thing.

He swore to his sovereign a fidelity unchangeable,

and assured him that he would devote his own life to contribute to the destruction of the janizary corps, which was, and would continue to be, a curse to the empire unless speedily suppressed, as it every day increased in arrogance and insubordination, consumed the revenues of the empire, without contributing to its safety, paralyzed the measures of the government by opposing the new system of military tactics, which the Sultan was desirous of introducing, and other measures for the improvement and regeneration of the nation in general. The Sultan satisfied of the truth and sincerity of his statement, and after exacting from Hussein another oath of secrecy and obedience, disclosed to him a plan which he had projected, and which he gave him full power to execute. Hussein accepted the dangerous commission, gave to his highness assurances of firmness and energy, and took on himself all the responsibility of the execution of this vast and bold scheme.

Hussein found it convenient to begin with the officers, and determined to get clear of those most obnoxious to him and most dangerous. He therefore in one day caused nine of them to be seized and strangled in his presence on some trifling pretext. He now threw off the mask and continued daily to seize all those of their party; but before executing them, had the semblance of a trial, with commissaries by his side to examine prisoners, take lists of those persons in any way co-operating, note down the ramifications of all their plans, secrets,

and of the persons in any way compromised, in every class, and of those who gave them money. The same mock trials were going on in other places, as well as in Constantinople, and Hussein by this means weakened their corps by the destruction of the chiefs without their perceiving the motive.

Satisfied with having cut off the chiefs of this body, he watched over the commanders for other causes for execution, of which he doubted not, that the complaints of the rayahs, and other subjects of the Sublime Porte against the janizaries would give him sufficient opportunities of which he could avail himself. To this end he kept numerous patrols going about the streets, listening to and noting down the complaints of every one, and informing themselves of the names of the culpable, who were arrested in the night and strangled. Thus he went on from day to day, never losing sight of an opportunity to weaken the janizary corps by cutting off its numbers.

The Sultan, as has been hinted, had been attempting to get up a new corps of regular troops, disciplined according to the European system. This new improvement was called the *nisami dgediel*, or new system, on which a well written work has been published here. It not only goes to prove the deficiency of the empire in military, but in all other knowledge, and recommends adopting the improvements of other nations, and by that means endeavouring to place the empire on an equality with them. An immense empire checked by Austria

and other lesser powers in the neighbourhood, and which even the Greeks could hold at bay, must have some radical defects, and these defects, Mahmoud the Second has had the good sense to detect. He has not invariably been judicious in his choice of improvements, but he has seldom erréd. His establishment of the press is an improvement, although it is not a free press; his new systems of military and naval discipline may become useful; it is a step towards improvement, and may be brought to something like perfection. Change of dress also. But I think he is premature in the introduction of the steam engines, where they are a riddle, a wonder and a pastime and where wood is sold by the pound. They have no coal. I think also that he is premature in the introduction of the European loom, and mode of tanning leather—and if you were to see how completely he has been gulled by the impostors who flock to this country, you would be of the same opinion. But I have forgotten I was writing about Hussein and the janizaries.

It was part of the plan of Hussein to induce the best disposed of the janizaries to enrol themselves in the regular corps. This plan was much relished by Mahmoud, who, to please Hussein, named him a pacha of three tails, and withdrew him from the corps of janizaries, and gave him as a residence, the magnificent palace of the rich Armenian banker Dans Ouglou, at Yeni Kioyou on the Bosphorus, about eight or nine miles above Constantinople.

He held the rank of governor general, both civil and military, inspector of the fortresses of Europe and Asia on the Black Sea, with an unlimited power, and all the revenues of the Pachalic of Broussa and the neighbouring countries, with an army of observation to watch over the janizaries of the garrisons of the fortresses which might be inclined to revolt. His troops occupied all the villages on both sides of the Bosphorus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea.

Hussein confided the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus with a numerous body of regular troops, and irregular infantry, to Derendely Izet Mehmed, pacha of two tails, present chamberlain of his highness, formerly *kirhaya*, bey of *Ibrahim Pacha*, who in the time of the Greek revolution commanded the troops of observation on the Greek inhabitants of both sides the Bosphorus.

Izet had as second in command *Bey Hassan Pacha*, of the second rank of two tails, an ex-janizary, the creature and intimate friend of Hussein—a man to be confided in, he followed strictly the orders he received in observing the conduct of the garrisons of the castles, fortresses and batteries of the canal, knowing as he did the necessity for so doing, as the revolution which cost the life of the unfortunate Selim Third, originated with these garrisons, having at their head a rascal named Kabardje, who perished as he deserved.

The instructions given to Hassan were very precise. He was ordered to ascertain every hour,

exactly what was going on in these fortifications, whether plots, actions or words. Espionage was carried to the highest point of perfection; nothing escaped the zeal of his secret police. Sudden arrests and immediate executions were so frequent, that the terrified janizaries often, to save their own lives, informed against the culpable, and denounced their own companions and friends. By these means the garrisons were so weakened, and his forces had become so strong, as to enable Hussein to turn his attention towards the capital for the accomplishment of the wishes of his august master. By means of correspondence, messages, and secret personal visits, all was put in train and activity, to prepare the way for the great blow.

He had already gained over a large party in the capital; and was anxious to form of the persons who composed it, a body of troops to attack by surprise, the different corps of janizaries which guarded carefully, all the streets, lanes and alleys, public squares and establishments in every part of Constantinople, and its vast and numerous suburbs, with the country round about. On this account Hussein stood in need of some more chiefs of his party to augment the number of those who were to give an impulse to the fulfilment of the desires of the Sultan. He used all his efforts to draw over to his party the fierce and indomitable *Dely Mehmed Ogba*, who to this end was promoted to this post the ninth of September, 1825. This end was first, to prepare him to enter into his views, and to con-

sent to and admit the European discipline; in the second place, by his means to gain over the lower class of janizaries, who always acted in conformity with the opinion of Dely Mehmed. Money well distributed contributed greatly to effect these views.

Husscin seized every occasion to impress upon the chiefs on whose assistance he counted, the benefits of the new system of European discipline, and its advantages over undisciplined armies, and of assuring them that the koran was not at variance with these innovations. He often drew a parallel between the troops of the Sultan, and the troops of the viceroy of Egypt, Mehemed Ali Pacha, who in the Greek revolution performed prodigies, and acquired immortal honour, while those of his master, under various pachas, had been discomfited, beaten, defeated every where, and finally gave themselves to complete insubordination, to the great dishonour of the Ottoman Empire.

He often spoke to the *ulemas*, chiefs of the laws and very influential members of the divan, informing them that the establishment of a system of discipline was absolutely necessary, and that the end of the members of the government, should be to second the wishes of his highness, and devote their whole attention to the preservation of the empire, by the introduction of useful innovations and improvements. Europe, he said, had made great progress in the art of war, while the ancient manner of Turkish warfare remained the same. He pressed on them the utility and advantage of having all the

muskets of the same length and calibre. That the field artillery and bombs were very defective, and that in fact, a military reform, cost what it would, ought to take place. He conjured them to co-operate with all their power, and to employ all possible means to dissipate and surmount all difficulties in the establishment of the new discipline according to the wishes of the Sultan, who saw with sorrow, that every day gave birth to new obstacles.

Hussein, while endeavouring by these discourses to bring over to his side the influential men of the government, took care to execute at night, all the disaffected, which his numerous satellites had arrested. His views were always directed towards the safety of the capital. By increasing the strength and numbers on his side, while the adverse party unaccountably diminished, he gained the confidence of many of the military, whom he combined with the various corps of cannoniers, under the orders of Liman Agba, then general of artillery or topchy baschy, a brave officer, who is at this moment honoured with the confidence of his sovereign, is charged with the care of the artillery in general of Top Hane, and of the environs of the capital, as also, inspector of the brass cannon foundry.

To his party Hussein added Carcè Dgeherrine, surnamed the Black Infernal (from his strength and courage), and to this corps were united all the artillerists which occupied the fine barracks of Top Hane. To it also were attached the bostangis,

guards of the palace, and imperial gardens, to the number of six or seven thousand under the orders of *Tatar Osman* (originally a courier), at this time *bostangé bashy*, their general, and in recompense for his fidelity, at this moment, pacha of two tails, commandant in chief, of various regiments of infantry of the *bostangé* guard imperial. Hussein, in concert with Papoutchy Mehmed, governor of the navy arsenal, and Izet Mehmed Pacha, wrought incessantly, to paralyze the numerous party of the boatmen who were enrolled among the janizaries, and who had become extremely insolent of late. They all belonged to the corps of janizaries. Papoutchy, under whose orders they were, and who could, in great emergency, command their services in the navy, and on board the ships in ordinary, called on great numbers for purposes connected with his command, and on their arrival on board the vessels and in the navy yard, had them all strangled. Many others were exiled, and those only of this class, on whose fidelity to the reforming party, calculations could be made, were spared.

Every thing was thus prepared, but Hussein wished to save appearances, and to make another effort to bring the corps of janizaries to obedience, and to modify their ancient system by the introduction of the new tactics. To this end he obtained written authority under the hand of the Sultan to address them. With this authority, he, accompanied by the grand vizier, presented himself at the department of the janizaries, and endeavoured to induce them

to listen to the voice of their sovereign. He assured them that his highness had consulted the grand mufty, who had given it as his opinion, that the new system of tactics which was intended to place them on a footing with the European troops, was in no way contrary to the koran. This was on the twenty-ninth of May, 1826.

The reception which these ministers met with from a multitude of janizaries there assembled, and their chiefs, was in appearance highly respectful, which was manifested by a thousand conciliatory attentions.

After the preliminary discourse, the grand vizier explained the necessity of beginning at once with the *canoure pami*, military regulations, which had been too long neglected, and to observe strictly the rule of firing at a mark twice a week, in the place designated for this purpose outside the walls of the city.

The grand vizier had brought with him two muskets of the European construction, and two sabres, to submit to their inspection with the desire that none others should henceforward be used by them; that they should all be of the same length and calibre.

He explained the utility which would result from a change in their costume, which was too cumbrous for a soldier, and only served to embarrass them in action, in advancing, and retreating. Their clothing he told them should be more simple and fit snug to the body, to give them the free use of their limbs, and be light, so as not to fatigue them in marching;

and, besides, that they ought to be less expensive, that of the janizaries being in many instances extremely rich and costly. A plurality of the *ortas* or divisions, in appearance, consented and signed officially a paper agreeing to accept of the proposed changes. This act was confirmed by one hundred and sixty-six signatures of the chiefs of the *ortas*.

The dress of the janizary soldier was to consist of a green cloth cap, with a tassel of silk, to fall behind, a vest and jacket of fine cloth, a species of large spencer of thick and strong cloth of the manufacture of the country, called *abà*. Trowsers of the same. A woolen sash and red morocco shoes. The reformed janizaries were to have a ration of rice, a pound and a half of good meat, a half pound of butter, and two large loaves of bread per day each.

The pay of each soldier was to be established at sixty-seven and a half piasters every three months. The *cara koloukdgè* at seventy; the *pourvoyene* one hundred and thirty-seven, and twenty paras; the *odas bachy* two hundred and fifty; the *buluks aghassis* seven hundred and fifty; the *koul kichayassy* seven thousand five hundred; the *simien bachy* the same; the *zoghardgè bachy* four thousand five hundred; the *samrondgè bachy* four thousand; the *tourmadgè bachy* three thousand five hundred; the *maunzour agba*, three thousand; and, the *kichaya agba* two thousand five hundred. The piaster at this period was worth about ten cents, which made the pay of a janizary soldier about two dollars

and twenty-five cents per month. A soldier at this time has only fifteen piasters per month, when the piaster is only worth five and a half cents, making his pay only eighty-two cents, with which they say they are perfectly contented. The pay therefore offered to the janizaries was munificent compared to what is given to the new tacticians, so were their rations, as the new tacticians receive no meat.

This establishment of pay and rations was to take effect on the express condition that the *essamis*, that is to say, the ancient mode of paying a certain number of aspers per day, to every officer and man should cease, neither should they be transferable or pass to the parents of the deceased, or to persons expelled from the corps, or persons promoted; but that the *essamis* of the janizaries, and the deceased officers, should from that moment cease and return to the treasury.

That no promotion, brevet or certificate could be bought; that the aghà of the janizaries should promise under the most sacred oath, never to sell places, to extort money for military advancement, nor to inherit under any pretext whatever, the goods or money of the *essamis* of deceased persons who had ever belonged to the service, and that this chief should content himself with a salary of two hundred thousand piasters a year, and nothing more, that is to say \$20,000.

The grand vizier after having thus executed the orders of the Grand Seignor, and after having ex-

plained fully to the janizaries their duty, hinted to them that his august master desired most ardently to have a corps of light troops of twenty thousand men, elegantly dressed, to be well paid and fed, on condition that they should be exercised twice a week, and be ready to march at a moment's warning to whatever point the sovereign might think proper, and that the selection would in due time be made from among the most meritorious. The vizier *Selim Mehmed Pacha* was enchanted with the apparent success of his mission, returned to the Porte and made a written report to the Sultan, and *Hussein* was the first to place at the foot of the throne, the issue of this affair. They did not neglect to inform the *Schek al Islam* grand mufti, and all the members of the council civil and military, of what had been done. Hussein going in advance even of the wishes of the Sultan at the meeting of the council, insisted that the acceptance of the orders of his highness of the 29th of May, 1826, by the corps of janizaries, should be sanctioned by all the council, and that a judicial act, (*hadgety scheriff*) should be signed by the two cadilaskers, which was unanimously agreed to.

The fourth of June of the same year, a general council was held at the house of the *mufti*, where Hussein addressed the assembly with great success, insisting that the voluntary acquiescence of the janizaries to the new system of discipline, should be followed by a law of the empire, dissolving that corps; but that this act should be drawn up with

great prudence for enforcing and consolidating the new system. They should guard with great prudence against the use of the phrase *nisamy dgeded* (new regulations), a word so fatal to Selim Third, who was strangled by the janizaries for attempting to reduce them to discipline, and to substitute the words military regulations or system for the formation of a body of disciplined light troops.

Although the true end and object of the Sultan was to reduce the janizaries to European discipline, (according to the plan of Selim), and have them instructed by French officers, yet he was obliged by policy to conceal the full extent of his project, so as not to shock too much the inveterate prejudices of the colossus, which he wished to reduce to order; if there were means of doing so in a gentle manner, and without much bloodshed. On the Sultan mentioning this to Hussein as a caution against too much precipitation, he replied that if it was necessary he would cause the new corps to be sanctioned in the name of the prophet, and to avoid all further objections and disagreements as respected their title, they might be called simply *tufenkly askur*, corps of musqueteers, a title to which no one could object.

This sort of management, and these precautions on the part of the government, did not prevent the janizaries from soon knowing that all these cajoleries and fine promises were nothing more than schemes for the abolition of their corps.

The act to abolish the corps was remitted after

the council to the Sultan, signed by all the chiefs of the law, and Hussein throwing himself at the feet of his highness delivering to him the law, expressed how sorrowful he was to announce that there was some blood to be shed.

The abolition of the *essaimis* exasperated the public mind, as every one was more or less interested in them, and Hussein saw that the janizaries by joining with the populace would excite them to violence, for they had found the means by these *essaimis* of squandering away the public treasure from one extent of the empire to the other. The janizaries who were dead were not so to the public chest. Billets of *essaim* were for ever multiplying; they gave them to their children in the cradle; to their nephews; to their cousins and second cousins; consequently the seffendér, the minister of finance, trembling at the demands made on him, paid immense sums for a stationary army, and more for an imaginary one, the number of which could never be estimated.

On the day of the divan, the general pay day, might be seen mountains of bags of money destined for the payment of the janizaries of the empire, and lists burthened with the names of persons who had ceased to exist for half a century.

The cessation of this abuse and the necessity for government to establish a new system of finances carried the despair of the Turkish speculators in these *essaimis* to the highest pitch; who losing the resource of the sordid profit which they enjoyed by

their speculations, blew the flames of discord among the dregs of the people, who were also interested in *essaim*, and who are always ready for disorder.

To these enemies of good order Hussein saw with pain the *ulemas* of the second rank, and the *moudiris saftas* (students of law of the alcóran and its commentaries) unite themselves.

He thought it best to paralyze at once their plans, by arresting all suspected persons, and causing them to be secretly executed. This measure enraged the janizaries and made them insolent, and this caused the next day the executions to be made in public and in vast numbers.

To these disorders succeeded suddenly a dreadful silence and a tranquillity that omened some terrible convulsion. It lasted until the 10th of June 1826. This state of things did not by any means satisfy Hussein, who suspected, and not without reason, some grand stroke on the part of the disaffected, and he informed the sovereign of the situation of affairs of the capital. It was decided that the grand vizier with Hussein should convóke hastily all the ministry, the nobility, the pachas of the new party, and the *ulemas* of distinction. It was determined to risk every thing, it was no time to think about trifles. With this splendid and imposing assemblage of the grandees of the empire, he on the 12th of June presented himself on the square of the *Et meidan* in front of the grand quarters of the janizaries, and gave orders that the whole corps should assemble in his presence.

The *Et meidan* is a vast oblong square in front of the mosque of Sultan Achmet, where the janizaries in case of discontent or revolt have their rendezvous, and manifest their discontent by turning upside down the cooking kettles of their respective companies, or *ortas*, things as sacred to them as the standard is to the European troops. This place takes its name from *et*, victuals, and *meidan*, place, for it was here that were daily distributed the sheep necessary for the dinners of the different cohorts.

The janizaries in great numbers accepted the summons and came in crowds to the place mentioned; and on this day (the 12th) was publicly proclaimed, and with formalities never before seen, the new military regulations to which the janizaries were to submit.

The pachas always ready to obey the orders of their Sultan, required the janizaries to go through the exercise of the musket, without bayonet, under the instruction of four Egyptian officers detailed for this service by *Mehmed Ali Pacha viceroy of Egypt*. After having invoked the aid of God by solemn prayers, preceded by the *musty* and the corps of *ulemas*, these *volunteers* swore again to conform to the new military laws. The day passed off well, and without the least disorder; the janizaries retired to their quarters quietly, and in apparent harmony and submission.

The ministry and every one thought that this affair had finally terminated in favour of the Sultan, after a promulgation so brilliant, and on the spot

which for ages had by the janizaries been made so redoubtable, but the corps was under great excitement, some distrusted the promises of Hussein, others were meditating vengeance for the destruction of the chiefs of the *ortas* their protectors, and in fine all were adverse to the government, and its measures with respect to them. When on the 13th of June an unforeseen incident occurred which hastened the revolt and was fatal to them. It originated in the imprudence of one of the four officers arrived from Egypt. One of these instructors of the European system of discipline, at the time he was exercising ten of those soldiers in the use of the musket, rashly gave one of them, in impatience at his awkwardness, a box on the ear. This insult naturally excited the indignation of the man, who, when he retired to the barracks, told his comrades how he had been treated, and spoke with so much heat, that he soon kindled their indignation to such a degree, that they all swore to resist the adoption of the new system of tactics. The insulted man, at the head of sixty of his company, and the most enraged among them, completely armed, sallied out at midnight, the 14th of June, A. D. 1826, and commenced an attack on the extensive mansion of the *Yenitchery Aghassy*. At that time the doors were shut, but they broke them open, and rushing in with fury, put to death all whom they met, demanding to have the aga, and cut him to pieces. One of the servants assured them, that at that time his master had retired to his *harem* (the apartment of his wives,)

but the monsters, without loss of time, forced the inner doors, to the terror and despair of the females within. Their search however for Dely Mehmed the aga of the janizaries was ineffectual. He was no where to be found, having effected his escape by a private stair-case and door, and fled to the palace of the grand vizier, Selim Mehmed Pacha, who by accident did not sleep that night at the Porte, his ordinary place of abode, but at a country house on the Bosphorus. Dely Mehmed's first step was to throw himself immediately at the feet of the Sultan his master, with whom he already found Papoutchy Mehmed, arrived with astonishing alacrity with his troops, at the palace of *Top-Kapou*. They here formed a council and issued a convocation in the name of the Grand Seignor, of all the pachas of the capital and the Bosphorus, who were to take an active part in case of necessity. Meanwhile, the partisans of the insulted soldier increased so rapidly, that they amounted to the number of two thousand, who, after having plundered the palace of their chief went to the beautiful mansion of Negib Effendy, a favourite of the Sultan, and chief of the party against the janizaries, who was also general inspector of the powder mills belonging to the government, and diplomatic agent, *Basch Kapou Kichaya*, of the the viceroy of Egypt, Mehmed Ali Pacha, to kill him; but being fortunately at his country house, they satisfied their rage by ransacking his palace and levelling it to the ground; putting to death all his domestics who dared to resist their

outrageous conduct. In a few hours, the rebellious party had increased to such a degree, that a great mass of them poured into the palace of the grand vizier, at the Sublime Porte, and putting to the sword all the guards employed there, despoiled it of its immense riches and ornaments. From thence, having had a momentary revenge on the government, they retired to the square of Et-Meidan, where they were joined by an immense crowd, armed and ready to support the claims of the janizaries against the government; and at one o'clock in the afternoon, their number was increased to upwards of thirty thousand, protected privately by the *oustas*, and publicly by Scimen Bachy, who was exasperated against the Sultan. The rebels immediately took their *cazans*, or kettles, in which they cooked their food, and turned them upside down at the square of Et Meidan, on purpose to give to their revolt the appearance of a formal revolution.

At this time, the Sultan was surrounded by his powerful pachas, and all the chiefs of the seraglio. Mahmoud felt confident of subduing the rebels, who nevertheless sent a formal and riotous deputation, from the square of Et-Meidan, to the government. This body of men presented themselves at the outer gates of the seraglio, loudly demanding a compliance with certain inadmissible claims, but fortunately, at that moment, Cara Dgehenem, a chief of the Sultan, arriving with a body of flying artillery, in the vicinity of the imperial palace, well provided with ammunition, and a corps of infantry, (having

been informed of the deputation en masse from the rebels), made a vigorous attack on them by which they were all destroyed or dispersed.

On this occasion, Hussein Pacha displayed a courage and heroism almost without example. He was seen every where, and his name and presence were sufficient to repress the courage of the rebels. About this time, Liman Agha, *toptchy bachy*, or general of artillery, arrived from Top-Hane at the seraglio, with a numerous pack of artillery. The Sultan immediately convoked an extraordinary council of the ministers of the Porte. The nobility, and military officers assembled at the seraglio, to deliberate without loss of time on the means of at once extirpating the whole body of the janizaries.

At this cabinet and general council, it was deemed proper to send a supply of artillery and troops to be under the command of the brave Cara Dgehenem, who was now with his troops in the centre of the city, amidst all the danger. This supply consisted of twelve field-pieces well served with artillery-men and ammunition, to be distributed through the capital with matches in their hands. The sacred banner of the prophet, the *sangiak scheriff*, was placed in the square of Sultan Achmed's mosque, surrounded by a mass of true believers, assembled to offer their prayers to the prophet, and pay respect to the short, but energetic proclamation, of Sultan Mahmoud, who caused it to be promulgated near the sacred banner. This proclamation set forth the violations by the janiza-

ries, of the sacred engagements which they had solemnly and publicly entered into with the imperial government, and which had been ratified in due form, by their mutual signatures and seals, only ten days before their present rebellious conduct.

Soon after, a second deputation of the janizaries, consisting of five thousand men, arrived at the gate baby-houmayoun of the seraglio, headed by the treacherous Seimen-Bachy, and the yasidgy effendy, first secretary of the whole body, declaring that not one of the janizaries would henceforth accept, or conform to the new military regulations; and insisting that ten of the ministers, should be given up to them to be immediately put to death.

The imperial palace was exceedingly well guarded, but the active Cara Dgehenem, having heard that the outer gate of baby-houmayoun was occupied by a multitude of the rebels, immediately assembled his troops, and through by-ways, arrived at the principal gate of the gardens of the seraglio. He caused the gate of baby-houmayoun to be thrown open, and presenting himself to the enraged multitude, having his artillery with lighted matches all ready, harangued the rebels, demanding of them, what they would, and what propositions they had to make; but all his inquiries being unavailing, and his remonstrances haughtily rejected, he ordered them instantly to retire to their quarters, telling them that if they did not, they would be fired upon by his artillery. The rebels became so intimidated and terrified by this intrepid harangue, that abandoning

their object, they hastily retreated. Soon, however, Cara Dgehenem gave them a severe lesson, by pursuing and giving them no quarter. It was in vain that a remnant of them sought safety in the square of Et-Meidan, it being proclaimed that researches and investigations should immediately take place to discover all the rebels and put them to death. By three o'clock in the afternoon, Sultan Mahmoud had under his orders more than sixty thousand defenders of the throne, assembled under the banner of the prophet.

The Sultan, influenced by feelings of humanity, directed several messages to be conveyed to the rebels inviting them to desist from their outrages, and surrender themselves, assuring them of their lives, but the answers of the infatuated janizaries being of an insulting and threatening nature, it was decided to make use of the cannon loaded with case-shot. Previously however, to the execution of this fearful decree, the grand vizier, being by special order on guard of the *sangiak-scheriff*, or sacred banner at the gate of the mosque of Sultan Achmed, appointed the Agha Hussein, seraskier generalissimo; conferring on him the command of the capital, and of all the imperial troops, with full power to act against the rebels. This measure was immediately sanctioned by an ecclesiastical decree, written by the hand of the *schiek-ul-islam* or *moufty*, and splendidly confirmed by a *hatty-scheriff*, or warrant of the Sultan, written from the seraglio. Immediately the seraskier Hussein marched with a body

of troops to meet the rebels, followed by a strong corps of flying artillery. The janizaries supposed themselves strong enough to resist this force, but as soon as the artillery began to cut down their chiefs and ring-leaders, a general consternation prevailed in the immense mass assembled; they fled, and sought shelter in their barracks.

The seraskier Hussein, still desiring to show some lenity, sent in haste a written report of the momentary situation of affairs to his highness, desiring his orders thereon. The Sultan immediately answered him by a *hatty scheriff*, giving him full authority and instruction to circumvallate the vicinity of the barracks with his troops, to set fire to them, and destroy them with his artillery, together with all their inmates. The chosen troops of the *toptchys*, or artillery-men, the *bostangis* and the *seimens*, distinguished themselves in this horrid affair. They were under the orders of Liman Pacha, Cara Dgchenem, and Tatar Osman, (afterward pacha), and many other distinguished officers of inferior rank, whose troops destroyed great numbers of the janizaries as they fled from the devouring flames of the barracks.

On this horrible occasion, the brave Cara Dgchenem received a musket-ball in his thigh, and from loss of blood, became so weak that he was nearly fainting. While in this situation, and scarcely able to stir, one of the chiefs of the rebels, endeavoured to take advantage of his forlorn condition, and tried to kill him with a carbine, but Cara Dgchenem, sud-

denly recovering his courage, and summoning all his strength, fought, and killed the chief, Gara Dgehenem is now one of the Sultan's favourites, and is held in general estimation.

The seraskier Hussein Pacha, and Izet Mehmed Pacha, also distinguished themselves on that memorable day, fighting with the desperate courage of lions, and giving no quarter to the rebels; of whom, by the sword, and the destruction of their barracks by fire and the artillery, more than six thousand perished.

The most prompt measures were now taken for securing the several gates of the city, and to cut off all external communication, by numerous guards and patrols. Many fugitives in trying to scale the walls, were killed by the imperial troops, who by a general search of the houses of the inhabitants, and killing all the janizaries they found secreted in them, concluded in this manner, the horrors of the day. In addition to the six thousand, who were slain by the Sultan's troops, or perished by the burning and demolition of the barracks, the government received on the same day, an account, by which it was stated, that more than ten thousand fell by the sword and fire-arms throughout the city, independently of the suburbs and the Bosphorus.

After having so far satiated its vengeance against the janizaries, the government issued a proclamation to the troops, declaring tranquillity to be restored, and enjoining the fidelity of the inhabitants to the Sultan's authority. The seraskier Hussein, ac-

· accompanied by Izet Mehmed Pacha, left the place of slaughter at Et-Meidan, and its environs, and went to Sultan Achmed's mosque, to meet the grand vizier, who presided over the ministers, guarding the banner of the sangier scheriff, and having under his orders an armed and faithful body of more than sixty thousand Mussulmans ready to support the Sultan.

The grand vizier, highly satisfied with the bravery and intrepidity of the seraskier Husscin, and the activity and zeal of Izet Mehmed Pacha, immediately authorised the former to take possession of, and occupy the department of Agha Kapoussou, and to keep a good police there; with an order to discover and put to death all rebellious persons. On that day, the seraskier had thirty thousand men placed under his command. Izet Mehmed Pacha, with a body of four thousand men was ordered to watch the numerous patrols, and maintain a strict police through all the city; to arrest and examine all culprits, to ascertain their places of abode, and promptly to execute the private orders of the grand vizier. This pacha obeyed his instructions so effectively, that on the next day tranquillity was restored, not however without innumerable executions; all the intervening night having been passed in throwing into the sea, the bodies of the janizaries, drawn from the streets by their comrades, who were in their turn butchered on the sea-shore by the *seimens* and *toptchys*.

The grand vizier continued at the mosque of

Sultan Achmed employed in examining the rebels, who were continually, and from all parts of the city brought before him. Those of high rank, as *tciorbadgys*, *oustas* and *moutuvellys*, were strangled in an apartment adjoining the place, and their bodies heaped together at the hippodrome. The janizaries of the common class, were sent to the Agha Kapousou, where the seraskier ordered them to be despatched, as soon as possible; their bodies being taken away in wagons, and thrown into the sea.

While the seraskier Hussein was examining the prisoners pouring in from all quarters of the city, he perceived seventy Greeks dressed in the uniform of the janizaries, and on examining their officer, whose name was Cara Coulouedgy, recognized him for an old friend and companion of his youthful gaieties, and spared his life, on condition, that he would find out one of their former associates, who was still alive, a certain Moustapha Nakildgy, of the 71st regiment. Cara Coulouedgy said, that he knew very well of a plot that the same Nakildgy had planned, and that the diabolical scheme was on the eve of perpetration. This was, to take advantage of the general confusion of the capital, head a band of twenty-seven rebels, and go and ransack the houses of the wealthy Armenians in the remote quarters of the town, such as Samathia, Yeny-Kapou, Kçum-Kapou, Adty-Mermer, &c., and after having murdered the masters and male servants, to ill-treat and abuse their wives and daughters. This gang had planned even further atrocities. It was

their intention to attack the handsome houses of the *nyas*, and particularly the house of Cazas Arcim, a powerful and opulent Armenian heretic, inspector of the hotel of money, chief jeweller to the imperial palace, and a favourite of the Sultan. They intended also to visit several harems of the *grandees*, and plunder them of their jewels, shawls, and other valuable effects. Also, to put to death the grand vizier, Selim Mehmed Pacha, the seraskier Hussein, Negib-Effendy, the diplomatic agent of Mehmed Ali, viceroy of Egypt, and the *silihdar* of his highness. After this, enlarging their number, they were to proceed to Galata, plunder the richest of the inhabitants, and take by force the money from the counting houses of the bankers and European merchants; and to finish their outrages by establishing a new despotic government.

On hearing of the extensiveness and enormity of Nakildgy's plot, the seraskier Hussein handsomely rewarded his old friend Cara Coulouedgy, and gave him a patrol of sixty men in his confidence, to go in search of Nakildgy and his gang, and to bring their ringleader before him, alive or dead. The Cara Coulouedgy succeeded in discovering Nakildgy and twenty-one of his accomplices; the remainder having been massacred a few hours before, by the enraged mob. The twenty-one accomplices were instantly despatched in the presence of Hussein. The fate of Nakildgy is not warranted, and was probably reserved for the moment, for the further development of his atrocious designs. The Cara Coulouedgy

who had disclosed the plot, and made captive Na'kildgy and his accomplices, was received by Hussein into his household and treated with great respect.

On the 17th of June, 1826, the Sultan by a *hatty scheriff* or proclamation, publicly read, ordered that the sangiak scheriff, or sacred banner, should be immediately transferred, with great thanksgiving to God, and his prophet, from the mosque of Sultan Achmed at the hippodrome, to the divan, and placed in the second court of the seraglio, with the most magnificent and ostentatious display of grandeur.

As soon as the sangiak scheriff was received, and placed with great solemnity in the interior court of the imperial palace of Top-Kapou, it was ordered by the Sultan that a number of elegant pavilions should be erected in the first court of the palace, to form, as it were, a military camp, for the residence of the grand vizier, the ministers and other public functionaries, and the location of the officers of the different departments of the government, that business might be transacted there as at the Sublime Porte.

This measure was considered not only necessary as a demonstration of profound reverence due to the sacred banner when removed, or publicly exposed, on so extraordinary event, but also, in a regard to its safe keeping at that juncture. The grand vizier, by his rank, is the principal guardian of the sangiak scheriff. It is his duty to protect, and keep in the most perfect security, this sacred pledge of islam-

ism, which indeed constituted a principal reason for the formation of so numerous and splendid an encampment of the officers of the government contiguous to its location. A second reason for the forming of the camp was, that the Sublime Porte, being partly destroyed by the conflagrations of the 15th of June, and ransacked by the rebels, was rendered partially uninhabitable; and a third cause was, the fear of the government, that a second revolution, or some other urgent or extraordinary events might happen, that would render it wise as a precautionary step. The Sultan considered that it would be prudent for his ministers and other officers to continue to reside for a time in these elegant, but temporary structures, lest in the occurrence of any fresh party commotion or tumult, of which considerable apprehension was entertained, from the numerous adherents of the janizaries, a similar catastrophe should happen to them, which befel the unfortunate Moustapha Bairactar, who, in the revolution which cost Sultan Selim the Third his life, was burned to death in the palace of the Sublime Porte.

The Sultan was exceedingly pleased with the behaviour and services of the scheik-ul-islam, and in consequence, presented him on the same day with the palace of Agha Capousson, for him and all the mouftys, his successors; and also ordered that the beautiful palace of Esky-Seray, should belong to the seraskier Agha Hussein, and his successors, in the seraskierat.

The imperial government, while encamped in the magnificent pavilions, suspecting many of the inhabitants of the city of a turbulent and rebellious disposition, deemed it necessary to keep up a strict police, and endeavoured to establish general tranquillity by occasional executions of rebellious persons on the Bosphorus.

At length, Hussein weary of shedding blood, found it necessary to spare an immense multitude of various classes, whose only crime consisted in being included in the general register of the janizaries. The government now commenced a more lenient line of policy, which was to exile to Asia many hundreds of vagrants and idle persons from the country, who had left their lands and rural business, in the hope of enriching themselves in the capital, and who increased ostensibly the body of the janizaries. Such were the bodies of the *hamels*, or porters; the *touloumbadgys*, pumpmen, or water-carriers, and the *katchys*, or boatmen; some of whom were exceedingly insolent and turbulent characters, from Asia Minor. To these may be added the Albanian bakers, and many who were employed in the public baths. By this salutary measure, more than one hundred thousand persons returned to their native country, a great proportion of whom were spared immediate death. In less than six weeks, Constantinople was cleared of all suspected and useless persons, and orders were issued to prevent their receiving any *teskieret* or passport, to enable them to return to the capital.

By this policy, the government got rid of a vast multitude of persons, who were always ready to embrace any party against the sovereign authority. Tranquillity being thus restored, and the government becoming every day stronger, it thought proper to give its full attention to the establishment of the new system of military tactics, and other important measures, which had been for some time in contemplation, and respecting which, it had only been waiting for a favorable opportunity to promulgate them; the existence of the janizaries, in their insubordinate and turbulent spirit, being considered a restraint if not an effectual bar to the success of all the innovations intended.

The Sultan now began to put into practice the European system of military discipline, with a determination only increased by former obstacles. Hussein Pacha however, on this occasion, represented to the Sultan, in the most dutiful and respectful manner, that he had not any knowledge of the new system of discipline, and pleading his incapacity to take a leading part in the business, solicited that he might be removed from the high station he occupied, and as a worthy substitute, begged permission to represent that the brave and active Hushreff Mehmed Pacha, would be the fittest man for the important object. Hussein's request was immediately complied with, and he was removed to the post he had before held, of *boghaz nasiry*, governor, civil and military, of both sides of the Bosphorus: with the revenues of the pachalic of

Menteche and Cara Hissar in Asia, and an assurance that he should be rewarded for his services on the first opportunity.

At the declaration of war against Russia, Hussein Pacha, was ordered to march with an army of irregular troops, composed of *bachy bosoucs* and *seimen*. He behaved gallantly, and performed many great achievements; but it is generally considered that he was badly supported and harassed by intrigues. He nevertheless maintained his military position, faithful to his duty and the orders of his sovereign; always firm, and acting with courage and intrepidity. The bulletins, diplomatic and military correspondence throughout Europe, as well as the newspapers in general, pass great encomiums on his military conduct in a campaign which would have been glorious for the Sultan, if dissensions, insubordination, and the want of military plan in the imperial staff, together with an insufficient supply of ammunition, money and stores of every description, had not prevented it.

After the conclusion of peace with Russia, the Sultan desired to see again, Aga Hussein Pacha, when thanking him for all his military services, he invested him, with his own hand, with a collar of diamonds, and a star of great value. Hussein Pacha was confirmed in his former post of governor general of the Bosphorus, and still enjoys the full confidence of the Sultan. He is a constant member of the privy council, seconding in general the views of his sovereign; and is now engaged on the

favorite, but delicate and difficult project of the Sultan, of a reduction of the privileges and immense revenues of the *ulemas*, with an ultimate object of dissolving the tremendous power of that ecclesiastical body, which always tended to a secret understanding with the janizaries, and a support of their turbulent spirit.

Since the foregoing was written, Hussein Pacha has been ordered to march to Adrianople, and from thence to Roumelia, being always in high favour; and he will probably return in due time, to reduce the power of the *ulemas* and their adherents.

LETTER XXXV.

Pera, January 5, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

I HAVE crawled from the verge of the grave, where I have been lying for the last twelve days, to say that I am yet in the land of the living.

The ship *America*, left here at a time when it was scarcely expected that I could live, and carried the news of my extreme illness to the United States with her. If this has been published, it has of course caused some uneasiness among my friends,

and it is to relieve their anxiety, that I now drop you these lines.

My recovery must necessarily be very slow, as I am reduced to the last degree of weakness; all my strength is gone; and in my efforts to write this, I am reminded how much I am over-tasking myself.

My attack was exceedingly sudden. A high case of inflammatory fever, brought on by exposure while encamped, when the plague was in my family, and getting wet frequently in crossing the Bosphorus, while moving from Kadi Kieuy to this place. It had been lurking in my system about a month, but gave me no serious inconvenience, until it struck me as it were, with the stroke of death. It has left me a wreck in appearance, and a wretch in my feelings.

In less than two hours, I was bled copiously three times; and besides in the course of the morning, leeches in both temples, in the abdomen, and cupped in the back of my neck. Besides mustard plasters all over, and prescriptions without number. Nothing else could have saved my life; but it has almost destroyed me.

When I get more strength, I shall write you as usual, that is, if you wish I should continue my sketches.

My regards to the family, and believe me,
Truly yours.

LETTER XXXVI.

. Pera, January 25, 1833.

MY DEAR —

I AM more and more convinced that for accurate and lively description, first impressions are the best. They have a freshness about them that is extremely attractive and fascinating. If you look at things too long, they grow familiar, stale, and commonplace; and as the mind becomes accustomed to them, they seem too trifling to mention. It is the proper course of a traveller to describe things as he sees them, and when the impression is the strongest. The too common fault is to look beyond the legitimate object, and pry into history to know what a country was; not what it is at the present moment. Many think that they know Constantinople, because they have read the history of its emperors; but what was Constantinople in the time of Mahomed the Second, or Murad, is no longer Constantinople. Scarcely a vestige of what it was at those periods now remains. The city and its environs have been destroyed time after time; generation after generation has been swept away; manners and customs, as well as dress, have altogether changed; and the Sultan, his officers, and the mass of the

people, no longer think as they did. The Turk, in surrendering the dignity of his character, has divested himself of the power of impressing others with the respect which he formerly did. There was a time, when the dogs of Constantinople were as numerous as represented by former travellers, and that time was not far back. It is within the reign of the present Sultan; and as late, I am informed, as the last war with the Russians. A great scarcity of provisions, amounting almost to famine was then felt at Constantinople, and the great number of dogs within it, became a serious evil on account of their consumption of provision, which the pious Mussulmans felt it their duty to supply them with.

I have already mentioned their kindness to them in carefully supplying them with water in every part of the city. They also as carefully feed them, never destroy their young, and frequently at their death, endow hospitals where dogs are fed and taken care of. This was formerly more the case than it is at present. The dogs of Constantinople appear to have a higher degree of instinct than those of any other place, and it would seem that they know where benevolence may be found. A crumb given to a dog at your own door, attaches him to your house for life, and to every individual belonging to it. I have seen many instances of this. You will find at the door or gateway of every benevolent Turk, half a dozen, or a dozen or more of these dumb but sagacious retainers, and they will not permit the dogs of another house to approach them, for fear of their

encroachment on their privileges. It is the same with all the dogs of one street or quarter, which will make common cause against all the dogs of another street or quarter, when sometimes a terrible battle is the consequence. All this is true now, but not to so great an extent as it was formerly, the dogs not being so numerous; yet they are fully as numerous as the hogs once were in the streets of New-York; and I should think that there are ten dogs in any street of Constantinople for one dog in any street of New-York.

During the time of the scarcity of provisions before mentioned, the Sultan ordered the dogs in Constantinople to be killed; but all the pious people, and the clergy raised a hue and cry against the cruel and impious mandate; declaring that dogs have souls, and that it was contrary to the precepts of the Koran to destroy them. What was to be done? Their consumption of provisions was a serious evil, and not to be endured. To destroy them would occasion a revolution; and the Sultan was not in a state at that time to meet so tremendous a consequence. On consulting the divan, it was determined that there was no law to prevent their banishment across the Bosphorus to Asia, and this plan was adopted to the no small annoyance of the good people of Scutary; the place selected for the banishment of the dogs within the walls of the city. Boats were collected at all the wharves, the dogs were put on board, and on the same day many thousands of them were wafted across the stream. The town of

Scutary was filled with them; the din was horrible; they tore one another to pieces; they penetrated into the houses, which the people were compelled to abandon in consequence. There was a "fierce civil war," among the canine race. The town was left in their possession. Remonstrances were made to the Sultan by the authorities and the people. The dogs were ravenous. Provisions could not be had to satisfy them. The shops were shut up, and all business was at a stand. The town was threatened with a famine. The Sultan was compelled to transport provisions from Constantinople to Scutary, to supply the wants of the dogs, as well as those of the inhabitants. The evil was increased, instead of being lessened. It became necessary to adopt some means to lessen the consumption of provision. Temporary barracks were built for the dogs, and hospitals for the sick ones furnished, together with persons to take charge of them. They were also provided with nurses. Soon however a great malady prevailed among these unfortunate animals. The hospitals were filled with sick ones from the barracks, and vast numbers soon died. The *molahs* the *ulemas*, and the pious Müssulmans raised their hands to heaven, exclaiming "*Mash Allah*," and submitted to the will of God.

Since that period, the dogs of Constantinople have ceased to be very numerous, but as many of those at Scutary had the good fortune to escape the doctors hands, they have since increased to a goodly number. A stranger landing at *Anadoli Escalise*,

or the great landing place at Scutary, might for a moment think, from reading the descriptions of former travellers, that he had got among the dogs at Constantinople.

You will see by the foregoing that even the dogs have changed; and the change can be accounted for by facts which can be proved by thousands at this day, who were witnesses of the circumstances. The narrative may appear like romance, but I am so well satisfied of the truth of what I have written, that I am willing to stake my character for veracity on it.

The dogs at Scutary, as well as those at Constantinople, live a life of pleasure. A Turkish town may be considered a dog's paradise. But the dog whose lot is cast at Galata or Pera, is to be pitied, for he leads a miserable life. The Franks of Pera and Galata have no mercy on them. The Turks, however, do not allow them to be killed, and endeavour as far as possible to protect them from cruelty; but the poor animals have a sad time of it, where charity is not felt even for human beings, much less for dogs.

I regret that I have not kept a copy of my communications to you. I have no doubt that I have omitted many early impressions that would have been interesting to you. Perhaps I have already given you the above details before.

Yours truly.

LETTER XXXVII.

Pera, Dec. 25, 1833.

MY DEAR —,

THE summer before the last, you will recollect I went to Kadi Kieuy, (Ancient Chalcedon;) the last summer I spent at Saint Stephano, a Greek village, pleasantly situated about eight miles below the City of Constantinople, on the European side of the Sea of Marmora. Here in a small house, within a wall enclosure, on a bank of about forty feet in height, overhanging the sea, and on the skirts of the village, I enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes of the sea; charming sea-bathing; and exemption from intrusion. No person can possibly enjoy solitude in greater perfection than I do within my little *kiosk*, whenever I choose to be alone, which was the case all last summer; although at times, there was no lack of company in the village. At this place, persons in small business with their families, retire during the summer months, to escape the contagion which prevails in the city, and the expense of living there, to enjoy the pleasures of bathing, fishing, and hunting. The Greek families who live here throughout the year, support themselves almost entirely,

by renting their rooms to visiters during the summer months. These generally consist of Franks who have married Greek women, small shop-keepers, tailors, and mechanics of the more respectable kinds. They generally go to the city every morning in the regular ferry boats which are established for the season, and return at night, at an expense of from about five to ten cents for their passage. During the shooting season, in the latter part of the summer, great numbers of persons visit Saint Stephano for the purpose of killing quails, which in their migration from the north, towards Asia, pass Saint Stephano in immense quantities. They are smaller than our partridge, and very delicious eating. During this season, there is nothing but songs and dancing, and all kinds of gaiety in the villages; and as the society is limited to that class which can mingle freely together, a fortnight rarely elapses without a marriage taking place among them; at the celebration of which, all the sportsmen assemble with their double barrelled guns, and keep up a *feu-de-joie* from sundown until midnight.

There is at Saint Stephano, a college for young men, under the direction of a company of jesuits, who are very intelligent men, and who reside there from the month of April until the latter part of October. The college adjoins my enclosure, and as they have a musical class in their establishment, I have the advantage of the music every evening, without the annoyance which generally accompanies such vicinity. They have between sixty and eighty

students, and with the exception of the time spent at Saint Stephano, live the rest of the year at Constantinople.

Near this place, are the extensive powder-works of the Sultan, and a palace which he sometimes visits. The chief of the powder-works, who is an Armenian, is the governor of Saint Stephano, and of the surrounding villages of Floria, Galataria, Zafra, Enchue, Medgé, Macri Kicuy, Imaum, &c. He is a man of much consequence, and has rooms in his house for the accommodation of the Sultan, when he visits the town of Saint Stephano, which he does often; and remains there for several days at a time. The windows of his apartments overlook the garden in which my cottage stands, and I have often an opportunity at such times of seeing him. The superintendent, or, as he is here called, the *berout-je bashé*,* (*berout*, powder, and *bashé*, head or chief,) or chief of the powder-works, is a very kind and obliging man, and an excellent neighbour. I have occasion to visit his house sometimes, and am always received in his harem, where I am as great a curiosity to the women, being from the new world, as the women are to me; for I see them there in the perfect Turkish costume, with all their jewels and finery, their long hair hanging down to their ankles, their loose trowsers, and other fashions.

The Armenians, although Christians, and having but one wife, have in this respect adopted the customs of the Turks. Their women confine themselves to the harem, and never visit the apartments

of the men, unless there be some special reason for so doing. Here, they congregate together with their female relations and friends, and appear to enjoy themselves as much as any women in the world. Their great enjoyment however, is to bedeck themselves in their rich garments, and diamonds, and to be admired.

The *berout-je-bashe's* harem consisted of his wife, his brother's wife, his brother-in-law's wife, his wife's sister, and another female relation. These made up a very good society among themselves; and as all of them have children, what with the nurses who have the care of them, the ladies' maids, and other female attendants, there was no lack of persons or of noise. The attendants were crowded so thickly, that they were standing in one another's way. Yet it was for the chief lady of the harem to hand the first cup of coffee, the first spoonful of sweet-meats, and the first glass of sherbet to the principal guest, who was also furnished with the longest and richest pipestem, after she had taken a few puffs to light the pipe for him.

The Armenian women are very amiable, and generally very handsome, particularly when young; but as they advance in years, they become corpulent from their sedentary habits. They look best when sitting, for their movements are awkward, as is their dress. Their salutation on receiving a stranger, is to kiss his hand, and place it on their forehead; and when they hand a pipe, a glass of water, or other refreshment, they place their hand on their

breast, and touch their forehead, with an inclination of the body forward. This salutation is graceful, but it looks oddly at first. The *berout-je-bashé*, as well as his lady, always kissed my hand on meeting and parting, and accompanied me to the lowest step of the house; the lady taking hold of my arm to help me carefully down stairs. Of this Armenian family I have seen more than of any other in the country, and perhaps, with as little restraint as any one could have entered the harem. I was regarded as a wonder, as I have before mentioned, because I had come from the new world.

It is extremely embarrassing to entertain Armenians on account of the oriental customs observed by them. You cannot, in your own house, rise from your seat for an instant, but all the company rise, and they will not be seated again until you are seated. You cannot make the slightest movement whatever, but you occasion some evident uneasiness among the whole, lest some formality may be expected by you, that they have omitted. "Do tell me," said the *berout-je-bashé* to me one day, "what ceremonies we shall make that will be agreeable to you?" My reply was, "make such ceremonies as is your custom with relations and friends." This placed him ever after at his ease.

With the ladies there is no difficulty. If you sit still and merely notice their dress, their smiles, and agreeable looks, and amiable ogles, you will be excellent company for them for hours. It is a kind of silent conversation. If you look at them, it calls

forth a sweet smile, exposing a row of teeth like pearls; then a coquetish movement of the head, and a glance at the eye, which pierces you through; and then a downcast and retiring look. Look at the next, and the next, it is the same thing; each one, in turn, displaying, apparently without design, a row of pretty fingers, on each one of which is strung several diamond rings; or perhaps she will contrive to bring into full view, a diamond aigrette on her forehead, a rich pearl necklace, or a diamond bracelet. These things are done without any designs on the heart, or any evil thoughts whatever. Their object is merely to display their pretty eyes, and finely painted eye-brows, beautiful teeth, and delicate hands; accompanied and blended with rich ornaments of diamonds, pearls, and other costly articles, of which they are equally proud; they think that you are as much pleased with the sight of them, as they are themselves in the possession.

About half a mile from the village of Saint Stephano, stands a palace of the Grand Seignor, forming a conspicuous object. It overlooks the sea, and there is an extensive plain on the land front, where he sometimes reviews his troops. I have been present at a review of 10,000 men, none of whom were under eighteen years of age, nor above twenty-three or twenty-five. The scraskier pacha, the *factotum* of the Grand Seignor, generally commands at the grand reviews. The troops had been in preparation, and encamped on the ground about a month. The Russian lieutenants were left here by Count

Orloff, at his request to instruct them. One regiment had been taught to form the hollow square, and echelon movements, and the rest to march, counter-march, and fire. The Grand Seignor reviewed the troops, who marched before him, with a line of artillery of perhaps a hundred pieces or more, as bright as gold, which evidently gave him great satisfaction. This took up about two hours, and the troops certainly made a fine appearance. The costume was what, I believe, I have formerly described, short jackets faced with red, red caps, and white trowsers. No troops could have marched, or looked better.

In the evening, the Sultan went to spend the night with his two sons, at the *Berout je Bashé's*, and next morning at day-break, he despatched them in the steam-boat to Constantinople. A few hours after, the Sultan took his departure from Saint Stephano, with two frigates, and two corvettes for the gulf of Mudania, to visit his navy yard at Guimlik; a place I have already mentioned in the account of my journey to Broussa.

At Saint Stephano, I have the advantage of seclusion, without being out of the world, and of doing as I please; two very great advantages to a person who is inclined to live within his means, and who loves retirement. I do not dislike company, when it is such as I can choose; but I dislike to have it forced on me whether I like it or not. Besides, I love to look out upon the dark blue wave, and to hear it beat against the rocks under my window. I love

to see the thousand sails of all descriptions which whiten the Marmora, and give it an appearance of life and activity not to be witnessed in any other part of the world, or at any other spot than Saint Stephan; as coming and going, they pass in fleets, in full view from my window, and most frequently within hail. It is also an hourly feast, to cast your eyes around among the lovely and populous isles, with which the Marmora is studded; to point out the villages seated on each; to trace the indentations of the bays, and the windings of the deep gulfs which afford navigation for the largest ships. Here the gulf of *Nic Mid* extends, inland to Nicomedia, and by its side, and parallel to it, the gulf of Mudania reaches almost to Broussa, and within a short journey to Ismit, the ancient Nice. Hundreds of coasting craft are seen of every rig that man could invent, and many, that must have been thought of by accident, for which no names are used, that can convey to the mind any idea of what they are like. Yet strange and uncouth as they are, you will find on examination, that they have each their conveniences; and are well suited to the purposes for which they are intended. It would be folly for me to attempt to describe them. An idea of the different kind of rigs can only be conveyed by pictures, and the variety would confound any one who attempted it.

Directly across the Marmora, in front of Saint Stephano, at the bottom of the gulf of Mudania, and stretching off to the right, stands Olympus in all his majesty, raising his hoary head far above all the

neighbouring mountains. The atmosphere is at times so clear, that with my glass, which is not a very good one, I could have seen the Assembly of the Gods had they ever been in session since my residence here. I have never seen them yet, I therefore take it for granted that they have adjourned to another place.

It is time I should say for what Saint Stephano is remarkable, besides its pure air, good bathing, and retirement. And now I must refer you to history, which will inform you that in 1203, the Latins under old Dandoli, sailed from the Adriatic to the Propontis, and made their first debarkation for the attack on Constantinople, at the Abbey of Saint Stephano, three leagues to the west of the city; but finding the country all under arms, and it being difficult to obtain forage for their horses and provisions for themselves, they attempted to reach Prince's Islands but were driven to Chalcedon, where they debarked, and marching to Scutary, crossed the Bosphorus, and captured Constantinople. The venerable church of Saint Stephano is still standing, with all the marks of great antiquity about it, and service is still performed in it by some venerable Greek papas, who look nearly as old as the church itself. Every thing about the edifice is ancient, and perhaps from a visit to it, a better idea may be obtained of what the chapel of an abbey formerly was, than from any other now, in existence. The hand of man appears never to have visited it with violence. The same furniture, the same paintings on

the walls, the same ornaments, and books; every thing appears to be the same, as it was during the invasion of the Latins, except the abbey and its riches: these have disappeared. The church of Saint Stephano, is small, but large enough for the number of the inhabitants of the village, who are all Greeks, excepting those belonging to the *Beroutje Bashé*, who chiefly belong to the powder-works, and who, being Armenians, have a church to themselves. There is not a solitary Turk in the town, consequently, there is no mosque. The church stands within a small enclosure which completely conceals it from view. I passed it several times before I found where it stood. The walls of the enclosure, though not high, effectually conceal it; one half of the building being below the surface of the earth. The descent to it is by a flight of stairs. This is the case with Saint Sophia, and it is probable, was so with all the early Greek churches built in this country, to protect them against the violent shocks of earthquakes, which at times, have been severely felt. Saint Stephano has been roughly handled by them, as appears by the rents and fissures in the walls, and notwithstanding the precautions taken in its construction, which one might suppose, would have rendered it as firm as the walls of a cellar, it hardly escaped destruction. Below the building there are vaults, as I should judge by the sound, more than by the assurances of the priests who all say that there is no entrance to them, and that they know not the object for which they could

have been intended. Some superstitious notions prevent research. I have noticed the mouth of a well within the church, sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, which it is possible may lead to the entrance of the vaults; having heard of such contrivances for the sake of concealment. In the long, narrow, and dark corridors of the church, are paintings in fresco, of the life, miracles, and sufferings of Saint Stephen, from whom the church takes its name. There are also rows of portraits of evangelized papas, whose names in the ancient Greek character, are affixed to each; but it may appear strange to persons not acquainted with the ignorance of the Greek clergy in this country, to be informed that there were none of the priests belonging to the church of Saint Stephano, who could read the names of the persons whose portraits were painted on the wall. The language and the character of the Greek have undergone an entire change for the Romaic, which is spoken by all the Greeks in the Morea, and throughout this country. In the porch of the church, and entirely unprotected from the weather, except by the roof, is a school for boys and girls. A young lad who knows how to read, teaches them, and an old priest who cannot read, superintends the school, which consists of forty-five children, from twelve years of age downwards. On inquiry, I found that they had two books among the whole of them, containing some church prayers which they were to commit to memory. I told them that the next day I would distribute some suitable books

among them ; which Mr. Goodell, the gentleman appointed by the missionary society in America, had kindly furnished me with for the purpose. I took the opportunity, as the parents of the children attended at the distribution, to say, that I would agree to supply them with proper books to learn from, if they would employ a proper master to teach them, which they agreed to do, with the approbation of the priests ; and a few days after, one was brought from Constantinople at thirty piasters (or one dollar and fifty cents), per month, which was about the amount that the parents paid for tuition, to wit, three piasters per month for each child, or fifteen cents. The Greek children are naturally very intellectual, and it is astonishing with what facility and aptitude they learn. Mr. Goodell has established every where schools on the Lancasterian plan for the Greeks and Armenians, with the approbation of the patriarchs and bishops ; and two Turkish schools of the same kind, have been established by him at the desire of the Sultan ; one, at the barracks at Scutary, containing one hundred young soldiers ; and the other at the barracks near Dalma Bashé, with four hundred and fifty scholars of the same kind. I visited both these schools three months after they were established, and saw the young soldiers first go through the exercise of their arms, with all the precision of veteran troops ; after which they took their places in their classes in the school room. At the commencement of the school, not one of them knew his letters, and when I saw them

go through their examination, many of them could write, and cypher as far as multiplication and division. Some were making their letters in sand, who had been there but a short time; but most of the others could read and write perfectly well. I found there a planetarium, and celestial and terrestrial globes, furnished by Mr. Goodell; and spheres, cubes and cones, with all their sections. In fact, I found all the elements and apparatus for teaching geography, geometry, and astronomy; and teachers preparing themselves. It was a college for soldiers, what West Point is for our officers. A topographic class is also in preparation, and they have commenced their operations on a road, and exhibit plans of it, together with other things, which are highly creditable to them. The instructor in this branch, is a German, whose instruments, being made in the barracks, are of a rude construction, but which answer in every respect the purpose for which they were intended.

The young Turks of whom it is intended to make soldiers, are the most docile creatures in existence. There cannot be a more perfect obedience than they show to their officers; and it is surprising that it should be so, as they place themselves very much on a footing with their men, and treat them with great familiarity. I never saw a soldier punished for any military offence. When out of the presence of their officers, they are not so respectful to Christians as they ought to be, and not knowing how to discriminate, are very apt to treat all Franks

alike. I make it therefore a rule, never to leave my house for any purpose, without my Turkish guard. It so happened lately, that a subaltern officer and a soldier who had been drinking, and not noticing the guard, were insulting to me in their manner. I consequently sent to the barracks to complain. The men were identified, and the next morning they received by order of the Sultan, three hundred bastinadoes each, on their feet. This had a salutary effect on all the soldiers, and made them more careful whom they insulted.

The bastinado is the most common mode of punishment, and there is no rank exempt from it. A captain of one of the finest frigates belonging to the Sultan, had committed some offence, I know not what. The captain pacha sent for him to come to the navy-yard, where he generally holds a kind of court of justice every morning, and while they are executing his sentences in front of the window where he is seated, he generally employs himself in reading over the papers submitted to him. On the occasion alluded to, the captain of the frigate appeared before him, and after a few words, the captain pacha seized the diamond decoration hanging on his breast, and tore it off. He then ordered the *cavais-ses*, who are always in attendance to take the culprit out, and give him three hundred strokes with the bastinado; and while they were carrying the sentence into execution, he went on reading. The punishment being finished, of which he was reminded by the blows ceasing, he threw the decoration

to the captain, and told him to go to his duty again. I heard that this was not considered any kind of disgrace. The captain commands the same frigate to this day, and every thing goes on as well as ever on board her.

This long letter is some evidence of my being in better health than usual; but I fear you will not see any improvement in my writing.

Most truly yours.

LETTER XXXIX.

Pera, January 6, 1834.

MY DEAR —,

As this will in all probability be my last letter to you on the subject of this great and interesting empire, I shall devote it principally to a summary of the character of Sultan Mahmoud, and the people over whom he exercises absolute sway, if not as prophet, yet as high priest and king. The Sultan reigns as the successor of Mahomet, and governs as his representative. Hence his authority is founded on divine right, and has no other restraint than the precepts of the korán. The government and institutions of the Ottoman empire being thus founded, not only on ancient prescription, but divine authority, and based on the religion of the state, have therefore,

until the reign of the present Sultan remained inflexible to time and the changes it every where else produces. Sultan Mahmoud has however attempted, and is in the daily progress of achieving the noble yet difficult task of adapting this government and those institutions in some degree to the progress of intelligence in the rest of the civilized world, and if he succeeds, as I earnestly hope he may, will merit to be ranked with Peter the Great, King Alfred, and the most illustrious benefactors and reformers of every age and country.

I have heretofore sketched the person and aspect of this extraordinary man ; a man who is endeavouring to burst the chains of the human mind, and to break the ice of a thousand years ; a man whose intellect towers above the prejudices of education, and who in the recesses of the seraglio has caught a light which never penetrated there before. The dignity of his person and appearance corresponds with the vigour and decision of his mind, and the extent of his genius. He is exceedingly well formed, the expression of his countenance is highly interesting as well as commanding ; his action is graceful and dignified, and every thing about him bespeaks a man qualified not only to undertake, but to perform great things.

That he possesses, not only an expanded genius but great courage, is evidenced in the destruction of the janizaries, which freed the people from an intolerable tyranny, and their sovereign from an unruly and capricious despotism. They were less the

defenders of the empire than the oppressors of the people, and oftener turned their arms against the bosom of their country, than raised the p in its defence. Their conduct had become intolerable, and not only the people, but the throne was at their mercy. They sported with the rights and property of the one, and disposed of the other at pleasure, as interest, passion, or caprice dictated.

Under these circumstances, Sultan Mahmoud, having succeeded the Sultan whom they had murdered, determined to rid the empire of this rabble of tyrants. How he succeeded I have already detailed; and the whole train of circumstances which preceded, accompanied, and followed that daring undertaking, on which he staked his life and his empire, distinctly indicate a great mind. A more daring and difficult task was scarcely ever conceived and executed, and the history of modern times affords but one parallel, in the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great.

The spirited, wise and successful attempts of Sultan Mahmoud, to change the dress, the discipline, and the organization of his army; to increase and improve his navy; to adapt the manners, habits, and social relations of his subjects, to the physiognomy of the present age, and to place his empire on a par with the surrounding world, are known to all that world, and have drawn the attention of mankind with a degree of interest, to their ultimate success. If he succeeds, as I am decidedly of opinion he will, if his life be spared a score of years longer, he

will be entitled to the gratitude of mankind, and the admiration of succeeding ages. He has already done much, and is daily achieving more. The changes produced since I have been here are perceptible every where, and the time I think is not far distant, when the pictures of Turkey, one hundred, or one thousand years ago, will be as obsolete, as those of the darkest ages of Europe.

Peter the Great found more difficulty in changing the dresses of his courtiers, his boyers, and his soldiers, than in all the rest of his reforms; but this difficulty Sultan Mahmoud has already overcome in relation to his army. The change is quietly operating in other quarters, and the turban gradually disappearing. The manners and customs of the Franks are gradually creeping by almost imperceptible degrees, into the social relations of the Mussulman; schools are establishing in various parts of the empire on the Lancasterian plan; the rigid prejudices of ages, are slowly giving way to little innovations that may lead to greater, and perhaps the phenomenon may one day be exhibited, of the Turk acknowledging the followers of Jesus, as fellow creatures, instead of calling them dogs.

I am not the apologist of Turkish prejudices, but it cannot be denied, that the barbarous invasion and excesses of the mad crusaders; the persecutions and final expulsion of the Mahometans from Spain; the uniform language of all Christian writers, as well as the uniform conduct of Christian states towards the

Ottomites, have all combined to furnish no slight justification of their feelings towards the nations of Europe. I am convinced that bigotry and fanaticism, in this as in all other cases, that have come under my observation, have been the main causes of that bitter never dying enmity which subsists between the Christian and the Turk. Religion instead of being a bond of peace, has proved to them but a firebrand of bloody discord, and the unity of belief in one God, nothing more than the signal of eternal disunion. It is my firm belief that nothing is wanting to the final extinction of this bloody feud of ages, than a reciprocity of friendly policy; and that under Sultan Mahmoud, the Great, for so he deserves to be called, there will be little difficulty in establishing friendly relations.

Certainly nothing can more clearly sustain my opinion, than his conduct towards the United States, which having never been parties in inflicting injuries on the Ottoman empire, and having on all occasions manifested a desire to respect the laws and customs of a faith professed by four hundred millions of human beings, have continued to receive at least equal attentions, with the most powerful and dangerous of the neighbouring nations. The remembrance of ancient injuries which renders the Turk vindictive towards other people, does not extend to the United States, and I am satisfied never will, provided they continue to pursue the policy they have adopted towards the Sublime Porte. The prejudices of the

Turks are in a great measure confined to the old world, and as yet do not extend to one from which they have received neither insult or injuries.

Thus you will perceive what cannot but excite some remote and obscure vision of great and extraordinary changes in the future relations of the world. Here is a monarch, whom those of Europe are pleased to call a barbarian, bending the energies of a great genius, to reforming his government, and ameliorating as far as circumstances will permit, the condition of his people, while the universal spectacle of civilized Europe is that of Christian monarchs, using every effort of their power and policy, to stem that mighty torrent which rising in the forests of the new world, is now rolling from kingdom to kingdom, and from one quarter of the globe to another, apparently as certain in its consequences, as it is inevitable in its course. And let it be remembered that almost all the obstacles to the immediate success of this glorious plan, exist in the prejudices of the subjects of Mahmoud, not in his own. They will not yet accept what he is anxious to bestow, and thus is exhibited another phenomenon in the Ottoman empire, namely, that of a people opposing their sovereign in his attempts to meliorate their condition. They seem to have lived so long in darkness that as yet they cannot bear the smallest ray of light: but they will become used to it by degrees. The ball is rolling, and what will you say to my vision, when I tell you that I almost confidently predict, that ages will scarcely pass away, before Europe,

which received its arts and its civilization from Asia, will repay her by returning them again. - This is the way of the world; it seems almost as much a law of nature and Providence, as that the moisture exhaled from one part of the earth, shall descend in dews and showers on another.

The principle of fatality, which enters so deeply into the religion of the Turks, is one great basis of their habits and character. It is without doubt one main cause of their indolence, and their indifference to death whenever they think it is decreed. They take few precautions against any thing, and this from the settled belief, that all depends on Allah, and that nothing they can do, will in the slightest degree effect the irreversible decree of fate. Hence they take little trouble about any thing; if in imminent danger, instead of striving to avoid it, they go to prayers and leave all to Allah. Nothing but the absolute necessity of supplying the wants of nature, and those luxuries of coffee and opium, which habit has rendered quite as indispensable, can move to action the common people; while those who are brought up to public employments are susceptible to no other interests but devotion to the cause of Mahomet, or personal ambition, or the desire of wealth. It is astonishing how little avarice mingles with the desires of the lower orders in Turkey; and hence, as I have before observed, they are by a thousand degrees the most honest people I have ever met with. In this respect there is not a Christian nation but might benefit by their example.

Hospitality is another of their characteristics. It is a part of their religion, and enjoined upon them by Mahomet, who himself was indebted for safety to the hospitality of Medina. Charity is also another duty every where inculcated in the Koran. They are the most charitable people in the world, and their benefactions are the most useful and extensive. Fountains and khans, the creations of munificent Mussulmen, are every where found, in situations most conducive to the comfort and refreshment of travellers; and it is a principle never to demand, although the poor will accept of a present as a remuneration for lodging or food. In no Christian country, but the United States, I might rather say a portion of the United States, is there so much disinterestedness in this respect. The religion of the Mussulman imposes on him the practice of charity and hospitality.

It cannot be denied that the Ottomite is cruel, that is to say careless of the lives of others; but so is he of his own. The truth is, that human life is not considered so inestimable among them, as it is held by the Christians. Every true Mussulman who has been constant in his devotions as is generally the case, and above all who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, which is very common, is sure of Paradise after he dies, and a Paradise peculiarly agreeable to his senses as well as his imagination. He therefore cares little for dying, except for the bodily pain, and submits his neck to the scymeter or the bowstring, with the same indifference that he

applies them to the necks of others. The frequency of executions, and scenes of blood in Turkey, is therefore not so much the consequence of a cruel disposition as of an indifference to life and its enjoyments, such as philosophers inculcate as the perfection of wisdom. Indeed I am compelled to say that the Turks are the most philosophical nation I have ever met with, though you know I have been a traveller all my life, and am personally familiar with the people of every quarter of the globe, white, black, tawny, and copper coloured; Scotch, Irish, English, French, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Mexicans, Jews, Turks, Armenians, Arabs, Indians, Moors, Negroes, and Hottentots.

If you wish me to sum up the result of all my wanderings, experience, reflections, enjoyments, and sufferings, here it is in a few words. I have found that there is not that vast, disparity of wisdom, intelligence and virtue, between the different nations of the earth, which the vanity of every people imagines, while it arrogates to itself the superiority. I have found every where the faculties of the human mind, and the virtues of the human heart, best adapted to the attainment of happiness in the situation in which providence hath placed us; and above all, I have discovered that as one man's meat is another man's poison, so those who set themselves up as the standards of excellence, and as models to all nations in every circumstance and situation, are for the most part supremely ignorant blockheads, or arrogant coxcombs. This I take to be

all that a man gets by selling his own land to go and see that of other people.

Farewell a while my Dear —, “When shall we two meet again?” I know not, but whether in sunshine or in rain; in a few months or many years; in the old or the new world, you may be assured it will be a happy moment for me, and that in the interim, I still remain

Your faithful friend.

THE END.

